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CASIMIR MAREMMA.

CHAPTER I.

A MINISTERIAL RECEPTION.

"THE soul is said to be dual: why should not the life be dual too? And, certainly, mine is dual." Thus soliloquized a very young-looking man, who formed one of a crowd which thronged the rooms of the Prime Minister of England, at what is called "a ministerial reception."

A very young man, literally speaking, he was not. His was one of those fair complexions which make their happy owners appear to be younger than they are. His features were not remarkable either for beauty or for expression, with one striking exception. He had a habit of looking fixedly at you in a way which bore no resemblance to a stare, but which seemed to say most distinctly, "I wish to know who you are, and what you can tell me." Indeed, a consuming curiosity had, as it were, burnt itself in upon the countenance, and left little else to be discerned in it on a first acquaintance.

The young man did not speak to many people,

and was not welcomed with any warmth by those he spoke to. He was, evidently, merely one of those persons who fill up rooms, and help to make what is humorously called Society.

One thing was notable in his demeanor—that he occasionally looked at his hands; and that once, having taken off one of his gloves, he showed the utmost hurry and confusion in putting it on again, and blushed as if he had been a young girl discovered in wearing something out of fashion, or committing some solecism in good manners.

The Prime Minister's party was at length, after the usual noisy and fussy dreariness of such entertainments, brought to its conclusion. Not that it had lasted long; but then, as Canning well said, in reference to some sermon which he had been expected to praise because it was short—a thing may be short and tedious too. However, the party had come to an end; and then, and not till then—for it would seem as if the young man, up to the last moment of the party, had hoped to see something, or hear something, or be instructed in something—he went moodily away.

The cabman hesitated a moment, after receiving the direction given him by the young man, and asked a second time for this direction to be repeated. Then, nodding his head once or twice, and talking to himself, the driver obeyed the order he had received, and drove rapidly in the direction which had been indicated to him by his fare.

CHAPTER II.

MAGGIE'S HOME.

THERE must be some good reason for poverty being the rule instead of the exception, in human life.

One advantage which, at any rate, the poor have, is, that they hear the worst that can be said of them in the plainest manner; whereas some of the upper classes, if they are not in Parliament, may go through life without having once ascertained thoroughly what is thought of them by their friends and neighbors.

The current of our story takes us at once from a place where only polite dislike is politely expressed, and where nothing worse is said of a man than that he is a bore, or of a woman, that she is ill-dressed and tiresome, to a place where every thought is expressed in the plainest and the coarsest terms—from a prime minister's drawing-room to a house in one of the meanest suburbs of this great metropolis.

The house in question, though now disfigured and almost disguised by the squalor which surrounds it, had once been a house of some pretension. Indeed it had been a manor-house, and but little imagination was required to picture it in the midst of green fields and rivulets, the quiet abode of some rich citizen. An architect would notice the care that

had been taken in building it, and the lavishness of expense that had originally been bestowed upon it. There were arches over the windows; and, though blackened by the accumulated smoke and filth of a century and a half, there were the remains of a portico which had once been a labor of art. The house, even now, needed no substantial repair. The staircases alone, trodden by such a multitude of heavy feet, were in a ruinous condition. The front door was open, as it had been in days long by-gone: now, from there being nothing to steal, as then from there being no robbers in the peaceful village which the house formerly commanded.

In an upper room of this house there was a young man at work with a turning-lathe. He had just come back from his work at a great factory in the neighborhood, and was engaged in making some experiments in machinery on his own account. He might have been twin brother to the young man whom we have seen at the Prime Minister's party: the only difference was that this twin brother, if brother he were, was begrimed with the griminess of factory labor, and was dressed in the coarsest clothes.

Suddenly there was a noise throughout the house of many voices in fierce altercation, amidst which there rose occasionally the plaintive screams of a young girl who was evidently undergoing some personal chastisement.

The young man left his work, opened the door of the room, and listened attentively.

"Poor Maggie again," he said, "what can I do to save her? If I go down and interfere, there will

only be more punishment for her when I am not here to take her part—just as there was the other day for that poor cab-horse in whose behalf I interfered. I think I will go, though; it is worse than usual. Amongst them they will kill that poor child some day.

He had not time, however, for much reflection. A noise, as of many people coming up the stairs, was heard; and he closed the door. In a moment more it was burst open, and in rushed a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She did not, however, fulfil one's idea of a girl of that age, for stinted fare and hard usage had made her look both younger and older. Her unkempt hair floated behind her. The upper part of her dress was torn off; and, on her white shoulders, there were the angry marks of recent punishment. Close behind her came a fierce, coarse woman, two repulsive-looking men, and a tribe of young children. It was, indeed, "poor Maggie." Not, however, called "poor Maggie" in that melancholy house; but "silly Maggie," "mad Maggie," with other epithets too coarse to mention.

The girl fled to the young man, laid hold of him, and exclaimed, "Oh! George, good George, do save me from them!"

"Let him, if he dares," said one of the men: "we should like to see him at it. She is our sister, eats our bread, and does little or nothing to get her bread for herself."

They then poured forth the coarsest abuse both of him and of her.

"See," said one, "what gentleman George is

about. This is the way the beggar is going to bring down our wages."

For a moment their fury was directed from the girl to the turning-lathe. Gentleman George gently removed the girl's arms from him, put her in the corner behind him, and began to fight in the cause of silly Maggie and the turning-lathe.

It was well that gentleman George had studied the noble art of self-defence at the hands of an eminent professor of that useful as well as noble art, for he had now enough to do to protect himself as well as Maggie and the turning-lathe. He had not only to hold his ground against Maggie's two brothers, who were men quite as powerful as himself, though not as skilful, but also to protect Maggie, who could do little for herself, from incursions which were made upon her in the corner by the fierce virago, her sister-in-law, and by the junior members of her amiable family. Moreover, there was a crowd collected at the door, and there was but little doubt which side they would ultimately take, if gentleman George were to get the better of his assailants.

This nick-name, "Gentleman George," had, perhaps, been given him from an old song which was current many years ago; or, perhaps, it was an original nick-name given him because he had been unable to conceal that his birth and breeding were superior to those of his fellow-workmen.

The noise of the conflict had been like that of an Homeric battle, and had, for some time, been audible in the street, where, at every house, rough and squalid-looking beings might have been seen

looking from the open windows; all of them feeling that it was a great shame that the row should not be transacted in the street where every body could see it. For these rows were the plays, operas, concerts, and oratorios which the inhabitants of that quarter most delighted in witnessing, and, indeed, were the only festivals at which they had a chance of assisting. Human nature likes to see a good earnest downright quarrel, whether in parliament or in the back slums. And it must be confessed that a good quarrel brings out all the dramatic elements of character innate in every man and woman, and furnishes the grandest of plays.

Some stern critics of this kind of entertainment were, however, not far distant. There was a cry raised of "the police," two or three of whom made their way into the house. Intelligence of this was as quickly communicated throughout the building as the entrance would be of ferrets into a rabbit-warren. The fight in gentleman George's room, which was at a most critical point for gentleman George's safety, and for that of poor Maggie and the turning-lathe, was abruptly broken off; and his assailants, men, women, and children, made their way down the stairs more quickly even than they had come up, in order to repel or deceive the new enemies who had arrived, so inopportunely for them, upon the scene.

For some time there was the confused noise of many voices and of much objurgation: then all was silent. There were no longer any heads out of any windows in the squalid street. The play was over, and its merits were to be discussed at many tea-

tables at which shrimps and water-cresses were the most tempting viands, and where the names of silly Maggie and gentleman George were much brought in question. The men for the most part maintained, with many oaths and adjurations, that "silly Maggie" was, after all, not half a bad girl, and that her brothers were great brutes; while the women declared that poor Maggie was an idle, good-for-nothing slut.

Meanwhile, what was going on in gentleman George's room? Have you ever, reader, owned a dog which, before it came into your possession, had lived with cruel people, and which bore many marks of their ill-usage—a point of resemblance which was not absent in the present case; and have you noticed that, though it trusts and believes in you, it has, from previous habitude, retained the fawning, anxious, frightened gestures that belonged to its former state of existence? If so, you can more aptly picture to yourself what happened in that dreary room on that memorable evening, for memorable it was to be to both of its occupants.

Poor Maggie gathered herself up from her corner; smoothed, as best she could, her tangled hair; did what dressing she thought needful—chiefly by shrugging her shoulders, and bringing up her clothes around her by that primitive method; and then, in a sidling, crouching manner, gradually approached her protector.

"Oh, Mr. George," she said, "I am so sorry; I would not have come if I could have helped it; but *they* were so hard upon me, Jenny the worst of all." *Here she gave a look* at her shoulders, upon which

the red raised marks of a leathern strap, kept on purpose for her punishment, were visible. His eyes followed hers, and he exclaimed, "My poor girl, what a sad fate is yours!"

She needed no further encouragement, but sprang towards him, and, with her face upon his breast, while he smoothed her hair, sobbed out her sorrows to him.

Maggie, though haggard-looking, was a very lovely girl, and her misery could not conceal her loveliness. Her ancestors, or ancestoresses, must have been Irish. She had that beautiful blue eye which is so often to be met with in the Limerick lasses, and to which such a depth of tenderness is given by the dark, solemn eye-lashes, and the beautiful dark hair.

Now gentleman George, though a very good young man, against whom the female inhabitants of that quarter had nothing to say but that he was a little too good, and whose whole soul, as far as that soul could be interpreted by the people by whom he was surrounded, seemed to be given to his work at the factory, was yet a young man, and was not utterly insensible to poor Maggie's charms. Indeed, if he had been the twin-brother whom we fancy we had seen at the Prime Minister's party, he might have said to himself that, unless it were a certain Lady Alice, there was not one in that gay throng who could be compared with Maggie for beauty, if she could be made happy and be well-dressed. Some such thought—a dream of his, perhaps, of what might be seen in the upper classes—did enter his mind.

"*Maggie,*" he said, "dear Maggie, be a good

girl; bear with it all, or with as much as you can bear, for my sake, to please me." And here, I am afraid, I must acknowledge that he kissed her, and pressed her to his breast.

The girl, with a delicacy that princesses might have envied, knowing, with the fine instinct of her sex, that it was pity, and not affection, which made gentleman George fondle her—she thought, too, that she was far too abject a creature to be noticed by him, except for kindness' sake—disengaged herself from the young man's embrace, and went to the turning-lathe. The turning-lathe had suffered most in the contest, and Maggie was loud in her exclamations of the injury that had been done to it, and how gentleman George must grieve over it.

"I wish you would go away from here," she said, "and then I shall be no more trouble to you, or to anything you care about."

Then George said, "We must go down to them, Maggie, or they will come up to us. Don't be afraid; I will make it all right."

So saying, he took her by the hand, and they went down together into the living-room of her brothers.

These quarrels amongst the poor are wonderfully short-lived. Instead of being greeted with a new outburst of fury, the young couple were only greeted with an outburst of jeering of the coarsest kind.

Gentleman George, however, was afraid to leave the girl in the hands of those who should have been her natural protectors. He joined, artfully enough, in the abuse of the police; boasted, with sundry oaths—a boast which was received with shouts of

laughter—how he could have fought them all, and the police into the bargain; stood an unlimited quantity of gin; and the evening was closed in coarse revelry.

Gentleman George drank like the others, and did not refuse his full share; but, with a craft which seemed to be of a kind superior to his order, did not neglect to pay the greatest attention to the eldest brother's wife, the mother of the hopeful family. Between them it was agreed that, if Maggie was not punished for the next month, a certain bright blue and yellow shawl should be the reward of this lady's forbearance.

It was with a sad heart that gentleman George, at a late hour for that neighborhood, betook himself to his room, and gazed on the ruins of his turning-lathe, thinking, however, much more, and much more sadly, of the many human ruins which surrounded him.

CHAPTER III.

CASIMIR'S CHARACTER.

It need hardly be said that the two young men whom we have seen in such different circumstances in the course of the preceding chapters, were but different phases of one and the same person; and that person I shall proceed minutely to describe.

His name was Casimir Maremma. He was born in one of those provinces in the East which may be considered debatable land; and the government of which, and the national existence of which, are connected with what is called, in European cabinets, "The Eastern Question."

His father, Count Maremma, was a man of moderate fortune, who lived entirely on his own estate. In early life the Count had travelled much, and had married an English-woman. He had then retired to his estate, which, after the death of his wife, he never left. Casimir's mother died when he was ten years old; and ever afterwards the Count abjured society and lived a lonely life with his son and his son's tutor.

The Count was a man of genius, or, at least, almost a man of genius. He was very studious, but the subjects of his studies were always eccentric. The only things that interested him were the most

recondite antiquarian, physical, and metaphysical researches. He was very indolent, and his days passed away in that unaccountable fashion in which musing, indolent, thoughtful men get through time.

Remarkable men may differ in many respects in their youth; but there is one in which they mostly agree. It is in a love of solitude. They either find, or make, a solitude for themselves, which they people with their fancies.

Thus it was with Casimir Maremma. He had some interchange of thought with his father, which interchange of thought grew to be more frequent and more deep as he advanced from boyhood into manhood, but to no other human being did he tell his thoughts.

The bent of his strange character was early made manifest in his studies. Resembling his countrymen in their wondrous aptitude for acquiring languages, and having a learned German for his tutor, Casimir rapidly acquired a sufficient knowledge of the dead languages, and also of French, German, and English. This last language he spoke as a native; for, in his earliest years, he had been tended by an English nurse and an English mother. But, anticipating in his precocity the use of all languages, he merely cared for them as the means of getting at something which he wished to know. He had hardly begun to master a language before he began to insist upon its telling him something; and when he found it could not tell him what he wanted to know, he dropped it. The sweetness of Virgil, the grace of Horace, the lusciousness of Catullus, were, to a certain extent, lost upon him. He said to himself

that they did not tell him anything; and, as he had soon acquired the mastery over his tūtor, he was, for the most part, able to direct his own course of study. Lucretius held him much longer than the rest of the Latin poets, and was, perhaps, the first work in the Latin language that had any interest for young Casimir.

In the natural sciences he took fiercely for a time to chemistry; but, at length, he again said to himself that it did not tell him anything about the real nature of things. There were, however, at the end of the last century, or at the beginning of this, certain works written which treated of the nature of atoms. His father's library, which was as strangely composed as his father's mind, contained these books; and the young Casimir had never wearied of studying them.

This young man was one of the most inquisitive of human beings. But his inquisitiveness was of the strangest nature. He mastered two or three of the great metaphysical systems, receiving much aid from his German tutor in that work; and, when he had mastered them, he said to himself, with all the arrogance of youth, "There is nothing in them."

So far, as regards his studies. The time then came for him to travel. The parting of father and son was sorrowful; but still, not nearly so sorrowful as might have been expected, considering that each was to the other the only real friend and companion in the world. The son, however, was chiefly anxious to find out something by his converse with the world; and the father, to hear of that something. Indeed the father felt as if he were sending out into

the world a part of himself, which would come back to himself rich in new thought and knowledge.

Count Casimir set out upon his travels. These travels he conducted in the same strange manner in which he had conducted his studies. He looked everywhere for types of being, and did not care to repeat the observation of similar things. Thus he travelled through a great part of France, Germany, Italy, and America—the southern, as well as the northern part of America. His rate of travelling was very fitful. Sometimes he travelled with much rapidity over a great extent of ground. One commercial city was like another commercial city, and he did not care to master more than one; but in that one he, perhaps, stayed a long time. One mountain was like another, and the ordinary desire of ascending mountains was not his, for he knew that there was little hope of finding any one at the top of the mountain who would tell him anything new. Indeed, to the aspects of nature, and to the beauties of art, he turned a somewhat indifferent mind. He might have said with the poet—

> "I see them all so excellently fair,
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

Only with Count Casimir the word "care" might have been substituted instead of "feel."

And yet he wished beyond all things, to gain knowledge through feeling. Hence, he resolved to live the life of any class of people whom he wished to understand. Herein lay his great originality; and this accounts for his being found in the two very different positions which he has occupied in the

two preceding chapters—one, as a guest at a prime minister's reception; and the other, as a poor artisan in the most squalid part of the suburbs of London.

Notwithstanding his strange mode of life, and his peculiar ambition—not to be somebody, but to understand something—he had a great deal of common sense, and was gifted with that tact which belongs to the Eastern races. One wild idea, however, occupied his mind. He had a hope of meeting with some exceptional being, who should possess, in some direction, powers greater than those allotted to the ordinary mass of mankind, who would lead him into some secret path of knowledge, enabling him better to understand this world of manifold confusion.

Some of the fables of the ancients had made a deep impression on him. He used, as a youth, to say to his father, "There has been a Hercules; there has been a Lynx; there has been a Pygmalion, or a Prometheus: indeed, there have been men who knew something, or could do something more than we now know or can do. There has been somebody closer to Nature than we have ever been. Perhaps there is some one who, even now, unconsciously, possesses such powers."

Count Casimir has now been travelling for the greater part of seven years, having, however, returned home, and remained with his father, during one or two intervals of six months during that period.

In personal appearance he was not remarkable, except for the expression, before mentioned, of his eyes, and the way he fixed them upon you. He did

not stare at you; but he looked at you as if you were an inanimate thing which he was considering, and of which he wished to know the inmost, and the whole, nature.

He was not above the middle height, and, though of slight figure, was deep-chested, strong, and agile. He was a person who could dare and endure much.

CHAPTER IV.

A LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

In order to make the reader thoroughly acquainted with Count Casimir, I cannot do better than give, from time to time, the letters which were addressed by him to his father. I subjoin one which was written at the time when our story commences. It is as follows:—

Sunday.

My Dear Father:

I wrote immediately on my return from Alexandria, and did not fail to acknowledge the receipt of your most welcome letter, and of the bills it enclosed, which have been duly honored.

How delighted the Herr Professor must have been at discovering an inscription so near to our home. You and he, my dear father, will forthwith commence a new edition of *Gruter's Inscriptions*—a book which, I remember well, you both used to pore over, but which did not much delight poor ignorant me.

I can hardly give you an idea what a comfort it is to me when Sunday comes round again. I begin the week with a heavy heart, which feeling lasts till Wednesday has been passed, and then I begin to count the hours to Sunday. We (I mean our class) know little of the joys of this day of rest. As a working man, I now know something about them. This is the day, too, on which I take a solitary walk into the country; and the country *about London is very* beautiful when you get to it. The

people are a good and religious people; but their religious exercises do not suit me much.

This is the day, too, on which I have time to write to my dear father. You may bethink you, father, that you have every day to write to your far-off son.

Shall I tell you a thought that came into my mind as I was walking to-day? It was, when I was on Richmond Hill—the Richmond Hill I have often heard you talk of, where you used to walk with my mother.

I took up a common pebble, and I said to myself, I should be contented if I only knew what that stone could tell me; if, springing into life, it could but narrate its whole history. I am a restless creature, as you often tell me—restless for knowledge; but it seems as if that pebble could tell me all that I care to know.

But I must not pursue this thought. You will hardly care to know what I have been thinking, so much as what I have been doing, and what I have been suffering.

First, I will tell you where I am. I am at this moment sitting in a little room, in a mean house, of which the different rooms are let out to many lodgers, which house is in one of the most squalid suburbs of London. The name of the suburb is ——. The street is very narrow, and from my window I look into a room on the opposite side where there are three rough-looking men and two coarse women drinking, and apparently, from their gestures, quarrelling.

I find my week-day work not very difficult, but requiring constant attention. I do not know what old nurse Bettina would say if she were to see my hands, which are in a pitiable plight, for I was at first very awkward at my work.

It seems to me that I have already gained a great deal of knowledge of the people; but I hardly know how to tell it to you. As they say at public dinners, and in works of *fiction*, I feel more than I can express. I think *I know what* a working-man here is likely to say or do

on any given occasion; but I cannot exactly describe his nature. In fact, my dear father, there is a great deal of originality amongst these people, and they differ one from another more than any other people I have ever lived amongst. Still, of course, there is a general resemblance pervading a class. The class amongst which I live are very good-natured, and are very little given to envy. A great deal might be made of them; there is good stuff, and they would follow leaders very faithfully. Their language is inexpressibly coarse, and they seem to have but two or three adjectives, which they apply indiscriminately to everything. For instance, I heard a man, whom just now I followed from the baker's, say, "That it was a bloody little pie that his missus had made, and there would be a sanguineous row amongst his sanguineous children when they came to see the sanguineous little pie." I need hardly say that I have Latinized the adjective in the latter parts of the sentence, for I have a sort of horror of this coarse word which is being always dinned into my ears. I am obliged sometimes to say it myself, else I should be found out.

I assure you, though I dwell upon these trifling details, I have not lost my time, and have made many notes of the views held by those amongst whom I live, upon strikes and combinations of workmen. These things, however, are not for a letter, but we will discuss them when I have the happiness to see you again.

I delivered all your letters of introduction, which procured me a most kind reception, especially from the Earl. I cannot but fancy, my dear father, that you must have been rivals in love in former days, from the way in which he speaks of my dear mother. His second daughter, the Lady Alice, is very beautiful, and has a smile which sometimes reminds me of that in my dear mother's picture. The Earl and my mother were cousins, were they not?

They took me the other day to a great political party at

the Prime Minister's. It was like all other parties, somewhat wearisome, but Lady Alice showed me who were the notable people, and I looked at them. There was one thing, however, which astonished me not a little. The Leader of the Opposition was at this party, and seemed quite at his ease. We could not do this at home, could we, my dear father? It is a great advance of civilization. When I talked about it to the Earl, he told me that there was a club, at which the chief political men on both sides meet. They have a dinner once a week during the session. At this dinner politics are talked about most freely; but nothing discourteous is allowed to be said, or ever has been said, even in times of the greatest political excitement. The English are certainly like no other people in the world. Now, in such an apparently trifling thing as the existence of this club, I see how the English revolutions have been conducted without bloodshed, and with that appreciation of the merits of compromise, which seems to be the peculiar property of the British mind. They never seem to push anything to its logical conclusion, and there are no executions after a victory. They are a wonderful people for knowing how to live together. It is an odd idea, you will say, my dear father, but in their most serious affairs they always seem to me a little like boys at play. They delight in fun and playfulness of every kind; and they love an adversary who gives them an opportunity for hard hitting.

You can hardly imagine how difficult it is for me to keep up the two characters which I am now obliged to maintain. The change of dress, and the occupation of two sets of apartments, are most difficult; but I have, as you know, had to manage such things before. The state of my hands cannot, of course, be concealed from the family; but they lay it all to the shipwork I did coming here, and to my work at machinery; and then they know that I had a *turning*-lathe at my other lodgings, where the *Earl called upon* me the day after I left your letter, and

fortunately found me at work with it. They think me an odd fellow; an oddity, as you must know, is not a recommendation in England, notwithstanding each of them is odd enough in his own way. But it is generally pretty well concealed by a good varnish of conformity. My repute for oddity serves me well. I am now going to call at Lochawe House, so no more, till next Sunday, from your very loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P. S.—Please give my dutiful and affectionate remembrances to the Herr Professor, and my love to the dear old Bettina.

I could get you a wonderful bull-dog here. We delight in bull-dogs and pigeons in this district, and have some choice specimens of the former; but I must wait till I can bring one to you myself.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE OF LOCHAWE.

THE Earl of Lochawe was the Earl alluded to in the young Count's last letter; and the scene of our story now changes to Lord Lochawe's house. This house gave indication of the taste, or rather, the want of taste, of this well-known statesman, for it was furnished with the utmost simplicity, and there was not anything that could be called a work of art to be found in it. There were a few portraits of distinguished statesmen in the Earl's study—of Canning, Peel, Huskisson, and Lord Palmerston; but elsewhere the walls were perfectly bare.

The one great pleasure of the Earl's life was business. The harder the business, the more there was of it, the more intricate it was, and the more research it demanded, the more did it delight the mind, and the soul too, of Lord Lochawe. Under-secretaries of State, and private secretaries, who had served under him, and did not understand his nature, had sometimes, with well-intentioned kindness, but with unconscious unkindness, sought to save him labor; but they soon found out their mistake, and the witty Delmar, who was once his private secretary, was wont to say this of his master:—"After his Lordship has done all his own business; when there is no cabinet box, and no

despatch left unanswered; after he has done all my work for me; and after he has tied up all his papers with red tape, if one of the housemaids of the office wanted to go with her lover to the play in the evening (it would then be late), and were to ask his Lordship to dust out the office for her, such is his good-nature, and such his love of work, that I believe he would gladly do it."

This passion for work often indicates a heart not fully occupied; and so it was with Lord Lochawe. The astute young Count had discerned the truth. Lord Lochawe had been passionately fond of the young Count's mother. This had been the only romance of his life. After it was over, and Count Maremma had carried off his bride, Lord Lochawe married very properly a woman of his own station, very fair, rather beautiful, somewhat cold, and very business-like. Their marriage had been blessed with two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter had married, and was the Duchess of Brecon. The second daughter, Lady Alice, was still unmarried, but had many suitors. The eldest son, Lord Glenant, was, as often happens, the exact opposite to his father—not entirely in nature, but in his pursuits; and he devoted to pleasure the Lochawe vigor which his father gave to business. The father and son were on excellent terms; and when Lord Glenant was living at home, they occasionally met in what are called the small hours of the night, the son coming home from a ball, and the father beginning to light his fire, and to set to work at the business of the day.

Lord Lochawe had been delighted to receive Count

Casimir. The sight of the young man had brought back the sensation of youth to the Earl, and he felt for the "Sclavonian boy," as he called him, those peculiar feelings of tenderness, dashed, sometimes, with slight and transient feelings of dislike, that often render the after-tenderness more touching, which men feel for the children of women whom they have loved and lost.

There was one room in Lochawe house which, though not resplendent in works of art, was highly decorated, and most gracefully adorned. Its occupants at the present moment were two young girls. One was Lady Alice, and the other Miss Ruth Sumner. Each of these young ladies requires, and deserves, description.

Lady Alice was one of the most beautiful young women of the day; indeed her beauty was, of its kind, perfect. Often in these so-called perfect beauties there is some defect or deficiency which mars the beauty. Their gestures are ungraceful, or their faces are inexpressive. But it was not so with Lady Alice. She moved as gracefully as one of Mozart's melodies, and every feature was informed by bright expressiveness. There was a touch of languor about her, and it will hereafter be seen whether she had much depth of character or not, but all that was visible about her was beautiful. She had exquisite tact, and always said the right thing to the right person—a quality which must have been derived from some remote ancestor, for it was not known either in Lord Lochawe or in his deceased wife, both of whom, like many other respectable and

good people, had given some pain in their lifetime by plain speaking, unleavened by anything like tact.

Ruth Sumner was a very different kind of being from Lady Alice. Her mother, an orphan, and a near relation of the Lochawes, had been brought up by Lord Lochawe's parents. This mother had married, to the intense disgust of her family, a dissenting minister, a man of much originality of mind, and of great resoluteness of purpose. She had died in child-birth, and the present Lord Lochawe had taken charge of her child Ruth, and had brought her up with his children. What had become of the dissenting minister nobody knew, for the Lochawes never said anything about him. It was conjectured that he was dead, or had gone as a missionary to India. Ruth Sumner was not remarkable either for good looks or for bad looks. Inheriting some of the beauty of the Lochawes, the upper part of her face was almost beautiful; but the lower part was somewhat stern, and reminded the few persons who had known him of the dissenting minister. She was small in stature; but exquisitely formed.

The day was beautiful, and the sun streamed in through a window near which Lady Alice was sitting. The girls, both of whom were fond of art (though Ruth viewed this rather as a sin), had placed transparencies of colored glass in two of the panes of the window, and at this moment a faint yellow light fell upon the features of Lady Alice.

Ruth rose from her seat, drew back the hair from Lady Alice's forehead, and said, "Now you would make a good picture of a saintly nun, with the yellow tint of fasting upon you, and even Lord Lochawe

might endure the picture. There is a little weariness about it too, which would, perhaps, make it more nun-like; but you must not smile. Nuns do not smile, you know."

"My father is too weary of his pictures at Lochawe, even of that beautiful Correggio, to wish for any more. Besides I am not a great favorite. I am too perverse and silly, and get up late, and make a mock at business. But whatever our merits may be, we shall be cut out by this Count Casimir, even the serious Ruth, who can copy letters accurately, talk business, and who is as good as a private secretary."

"It's not right, dear Alice, to jest at your father."

"He does not like me the less for a little jesting; and if we were all as solemn as you, Ruth, it would be a dreary household. We do not see much of Glenant as it is; but then he would never come near us. I can't imagine what papa sees in this Count Casimir, for he does not talk business: he only looks it at you."

"The Count is a very remarkable man, Alice."

"There, you talk like an American, 'One of the most remarkable men, sir, in our country!' I want to know what this remarkable man likes or cares for. The poets are invaluable to us young women and young men. I do not know how we should get on without them. They are as good as the opera, or the High Church, to talk about at balls and evening parties. I tried him upon Tennyson, and then upon Browning; and asked him to explain passages. He did explain them, but did not seem to care for

them at all. And then, he sits here for hours—last Sunday, two mortal hours."

"But I think you rather pressed him to stay, did you not, Alice?"

"Perhaps I did. I feel as if he were a sort of poor relation come up from the country, though the Maremmas are not, I believe, particularly poor. One feels one must be civil to him. And then, papa likes him so much, and always cross-questions me as to whether I pressed him sufficiently to stay. Do you observe how papa will look at him when he thinks he is unobserved? Even our grand duchess of a sister has condescended to wonder, and duchesses seldom wonder, you know, Ruth, as vulgar people do, what papa can see in that young man. I wonder, for my part, what he does on week days. It is a noble occupation, turning a lathe, and highly intellectual."

Here the conversation between the two girls was interrupted by the entrance of some visitors.

CHAPTER VI.

CASIMIR'S ASPIRATIONS.

I NOW give two letters which I find were written by Count Casimir at this time. They chiefly serve to show the nature of his thoughts at this period, and do not carry on the story of his fortunes at all. They will, however, be interesting to those who may wish to study the character of a remarkable man; and to perceive the gradual change in his aspirations —from a desire to know, to a desire to do, something.

Sunday.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I have again to thank you for a most kind letter. I am very glad to find that you approve of what I have been doing. I do believe, as you said, that England is the country best worth studying in the world, and that it is a country that will still have immense influence upon the world's destinies.

I am not writing to you in my old lodgings in the east end of the town, and I have also given up my work as an artisan there. I think I have seen enough of it, and have learnt enough about the views and feelings of the poorer classes in that part of the town.

One thing remains impressed upon my mind: I do not see how our views and hopes of civilization can be promoted while there remain these immense masses of squalidity attached to most of the great towns in Europe, and, indeed, to some of those in the New World too. I

should like, if I were a despot, to raze to the ground all the quarter of London in which I have been living; but what is to become of the inhabitants?

Do you know, my dear father, that I am beginning to think that emigration is the only remedy left us for these great evils? It is only recently that this idea has dawned upon me. I used to scorn it formerly. I used to say we ought to be able to make people thrive in their own country. No country is highly cultivated enough; and there are wastes everywhere as in our own dear country.

But now I see this: I see that so much has been done in the old countries that required to be undone. I talked with the Queen's physician the other day. Through the Earl I have become acquainted with many of the scientific people. Finding that I was interested in sanitary affairs, and in the poor; and, also, that I had peculiar knowledge of the district in which, unknown to him, I had lived, he said, "From the peculiar formation of that soil, and its relative position, not a single house ought ever to have been built there. It is almost undrainable."

Now what does all this lead to? It leads to emigration. I think I told you, in some previous letter, that the lower classes here are really a very docile, kind-hearted race, very free from envy. A man might lead a great swarm of them to happier climes. Think over this, my dear father, and do you and the good Herr Professor tell me all that your lore can tell about ancient emigration.

Now, to more personal matters. I see a great deal of the Earl's family, our cousins. The Duchess is a mere woman of the world. I wish I could give you an idea how beautiful Lady Alice is, and how winning. She is considered to be the greatest beauty in London society, and at balls and evening parties all the young men are asking me for introductions. There is another cousin of ours, a certain Miss Ruth Sumner: probably you have never heard, or have forgotten, all about her. Lord Lochawe's cousin, an orphan who was brought up with him,

married a dissenting minister; and this Ruth Sumner is his daughter. The mother is dead, and no one knows where the minister is. This Ruth Sumner is a girl worth studying—full of purpose. I think you would like her. She is not beautiful.

Tell the good Bettina not to fret about my hands. They are becoming proper and gentlemanlike since I have left off work.

You think I laugh at you and the Herr Professor about Gruter's Inscriptions; but I value all knowledge, and should never venture to laugh at any knowledge that is dear to my dear father.

I am, as ever, your loving son,
CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P. S.—The Earl is such a different man from you that I cannot, sometimes, help being amused at the idea of his having been the rival of my governor for my mother's hand. This word "governor" will rather astonish you. It is the favorite word in England for a father. It looks as if it were very dignified and respectful, and equal to "honored sir;" but it is used most familiarly, and is almost what they call a slang word.

P. S. No. 2.—There are no such things as hawks to be had in England now. Hawking is quite given up, so we cannot execute Count Kresinski's commission; but I have brought away from my old quarters a bull-dog for you—such a bull-dog. She—for it is a she—has about her the scars of many battles, and is unapproachable almost, except by her master. Oddly enough, however, she takes to Lady Alice, who makes much of her. Certainly there is something very potent in relationship. Venus—that is the name of the creature—evidently knows that Lady Alice is a second cousin of mine, and behaves accordingly. She—Venus—has a great dislike though, to the Earl, and we are obliged to keep her away from him.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I have many things to tell you, and to talk to you about.

In the first place, let me entreat you to discourage our good Professor from writing upon any subject connected with politics, especially upon the subject you mention. I always feel that it is somewhat of an impertinence in me to venture to give you advice; but, my dear father, consider by whom you are surrounded. There are spies everywhere about you.

You have read much of English literature; you must have read "Tristram Shandy." Did you not feel that you were something like "my father" in that remarkable book—ready to discuss every earthly or heavenly subject? Now it is only in England that such a book could have been produced, for it is only in England that a Mr. Shandy would have been perfectly safe, especially if he had been Count Shandy, and a magnate in his own country.

I send this letter to you by a very safe hand, whom I have sent on purpose, in order that he may communicate to you intelligence that I had better not put upon paper. Lord Lochawe thinks as I do upon this matter.

Though I have ceased to belong for the moment to the poorer classes, I have not ceased to go on with my work; but the work has been rather that of thought than of action. I must tell you, my dear father, a thought that has much pressed upon my mind of late. There are many worlds in the universe. I cannot help thinking with Fontenelle that they are inhabited. Now it is not probable, is it, that the development of these worlds should at all times be simultaneous, nor that they should partake the same rate of development? I imagine all of them to be left to the operation of free-will in their inhabitants, also to the operation of certain general, physical, and metaphysical laws.

Now, to take our own earth. Does it not seem as if, contemplating this generation, we are, at the same time,

too much and too little developed? This is the most uncomfortable state—a state of transition. How intelligent we are! How much some of us perceive that could be amended. How forward we are; at the same time, how backward. With what fearful inequality is education distributed amongst us! Then, again, there are such dreadful physical inequalities. Look at the houses of the rich and the houses of the poor. These hardly seem to belong to the same class of beings. In any great improvement for mankind which we may contemplate, whole masses of towns must be destroyed. With the present dwelling-places of the poor, it is impossible to have high civilization for the general body of mankind—that is, in the older countries. You, doubtless, see the drift of my remarks—namely, the foundation of new states; the organizing of emigration in a way that it has not been organized for more than two thousand years.

Looking back at what I wrote to you during my travels in North and South America, I feel now that I did not sufficiently dwell upon the wonderful advantages to be found in those countries for the formation of new states. I wish I could convey to you all that I felt when contemplating the vast plains of Paraguay. That country impressed me with the idea of a terrestrial Paradise. I assure you I do not exaggerate. All the most valuable products of the earth are there. The climate is delicious. The rivers are magnificent; and, my dear father, even we may live to see the time when river-power will be made far more subservient than it is to the wants of mankind. You used to talk to me of English parks. I declare to you they are nothing when compared with the boundless parks of Paraguay. The whole country is practically uninhabited. Here we are oppressed with the perpetual sight of bricks and mortar, and with the not always welcome sight of crowds of human beings. There the sight of a human habitation or a man was most welcome, from its rarity. Again, it

is not even as if these regions were the remotest parts of the earth—far distant from what we fondly call the centres of civilization, instead of being within easy reach by a transit occupying only a few weeks.

Enough of this. You must see to what end my thoughts are tending more and more. I want to begin habitation on some new ground, to which new inhabitants shall bring the large experience of past errors.

The other day I could not help telling them at Lochawe House what I was thinking upon this great subject. The Earl (he is never hard upon my fancies) admitted that there was a great deal in what I said, but that all emigration was counteracted by the growth of a certain provincial smallness which infested all rising communities in foreign lands. "You cannot emigrate away from man, my dear boy"—he always calls me his "dear boy"—and thus saying he left the room.

Lord Glenant said that the leaders of emigration generally had a miserable time of it, as, indeed, had all those who tried to do anything good in the world. "When I go with my father to the parish church," he added, "and pray for the 'noble army of martyrs,' I always include discoverers and inventors, and statesmen and poets, and what my friend, Napoleon the First—a fussy but a discerning man—called ideologists, such persons as my good cousin Casimir."

Lady Alice was very witty, and contemplated the misery of life in a country where there was only a barbaric and provincial opera.

Ruth Sumner (there is a great deal in that girl, my dear father) was the only one who sympathized with me; and in her earnest, modest way, maintained with me that the chief thing left for some great man in this day to do, was to organize emigration, and to found a state, which would profit by the want of organization that prevails even in the greatest civilized states, and which should at least avoid some of their most patent errors.

The difficulty—the, perhaps, fatal difficulty—would be to provide a race of governing men. Colonists are mostly poor, very poor. To provide the means of life is their first object. But, if one could only bring out from the close parent hive a perfect swarm having its nascent rulers in it—surely it is not a mere dream of enthusiasm that a state might be educed, in these lovely fertile regions I have spoken of, which should be both an aid and an example to all the other states of the world.

Forgive me, my dear father, if I have inflicted upon you too long a letter; but you know that, at any rate, I do tell you all that presses most earnestly on my mind.

I have sent off all the books you wished to have, and have added some others which you did not mention. Amongst these are works by Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky. I think they will greatly interest you. I am, as ever, your very dutiful and loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

CHAPTER VII.

DOMESTIC RELATIONSHIP.

THERE is a very disagreeable kind of young English gentleman to be found occasionally in certain classes of the present day. Disrespectful to his superiors, supercilious to his equals, and insolently indifferent to the feelings of his inferiors, he endeavors to compensate for his want of knowledge and experience by an outward bearing, which seems to claim superiority without having anything to back it.

To a superficial observer, Lord Glenant might have seemed to be one of this class of young Englishmen, but in reality his character was quite apart from theirs. He was extremely good-natured. His indifference to effort of every kind did not proceed from a contempt of other men, but from a conviction that the objects they aimed at were very little worth obtaining. He was totally without ambition of any kind. Had he been in a lower sphere of life, and obliged to earn his bread, he would have earned it, but at the same time he would have been indifferent to the prizes to be obtained in any walk of life which he should have chosen. He respected other people, admired their industry, admired their perseverance, but did not share their hopes or their aspirations. He admired his father, but thought that the laborious old Earl wasted his time and his

life in efforts that would lead to nothing, and in work that other people might do quite as well. Lord Glenant had travelled largely, and had mingled in the society of many capitals. A greater contrast could not well be found than that which existed between him and his foreign cousin, Count Casimir; but the Viscount appreciated the Count, and did not view with any jealousy the manifest interest which the Earl took in Casimir. Lord Glenant thought that when the young Count should be older, he would be wiser (by the way, Lord Glenant was the younger of the two), and would discover that there was not much to be found out, or much to be done, that was new upon this earth.

It need hardly be told that Lord Glenant had many times been, what he would call, in love, and had, as he supposed, been loved, the real truth being that he had never hitherto had the slightest conception of what being in love is like.

He was now, however, fated to experience the passion of love in what he imagined to be its utmost force and urgency. The object of his love was his cousin, Ruth Sumner. After the days of childhood, which they had passed together, he had first begun to take an interest in her by the pleasure he had found in teasing her for her business-like habits, and in shocking her somewhat formal notions of propriety. She regarded him with some of the affection of an elder sister for a brother. She fought his battles with the Earl; concealed, or managed to provide for, his pecuniary scrapes; and regarded herself only as a useful confidante to him. Day by day, however, he began to rely upon her more, and

to admire her more; and, what is of more attraction than perhaps anything else in the relation of woman to man, he began to find in her conversation a charm which he did not find in that of any other person. If he had an hour to spare, and dissipated men are often very busy men, and have but few hours to spare, he used to come to Lochawe House to listen to what his demure cousin Ruth would have to say about the follies of mankind, and his own follies in particular.

He often brought with him a favorite companion of his, Charles Ashurst, who was only too glad to come with him, as he was one of the numerous suitors of the Lady Alice. This Charles Ashurst, a young man, was the presumptive heir to an Irish barony. He was a pleasant, good-natured fellow, not very brilliant, but not deficient in ability.

The five young people who figure in this tale had all met together in the boudoir of Lady Alice, and their several characters cannot be better shown than in the conversation which there and then took place.

"Well, Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "you have now seen some of our principal literary, political, and scientific personages. Are we 'outside, savage barbarians,' as the Chinese call us, or are we, as my father tells me when he condescends to talk to so frivolous a person, leaders in the great 'battle of the world?' Ashurst, too, thinks that there is nothing like an Englishman, especially if he can hit a leathern ball with a bit of wood very hard, and if he can move a longer bit of wood in water, so as to propel a canoe very fast. It is no good telling this Sclavonian philosopher about cricketing or boating. He would *not understand the* words."

"If I were you, Casimir," said Lady Alice, "I would decline to answer Glenant. If you reply to him in his own vein with a jest, you lower yourself to his level, and if you answer him seriously, he will only find something to mock at."

"Commend me to a sister for always taking the shine out of her brother when he is most disposed to shine. You see what comes from the dreadful familiarity of brothers and sisters. I suppose it is the same with wives after they have been married a year or two, and have found out all the weak points in their husbands' characters."

"Ah, Glenant," exclaimed Charles Ashurst, with a sigh, "if you had ever been in love, you would not talk as you do."

"In love! I don't believe there is anybody in London so much in love as I am at this present moment."

"I should like, my dear Ronald," said Lady Alice, "to hear a description of the young lady. Is she a friend of mine?"

"I doubt the existence of friendship, Alice, amongst you women. I can only tell you that she has every vice of which I am innocent."

"Then, Ronald, she must have very few vices, because, as your enemies would say, it must be a small catalogue indeed which does not include some of yours."

"I tell you, Alice, that her vices are numerous; but happily they are not mine. She is active, energetic, punctual, gets up early, writes a good hand, *is fearfully* ambitious, and holds that nobody *will be saved* who does not believe in her nice little,

well-regulated, well-defined creed. But, notwithstanding all this, I love her to distraction. Could I but persuade her to look upon me without disfavor, we might be a pair that would combine between us all the vices of the civilized world."

"It seems to me, Lord Glenant," said Ruth, "that the lady of your love would not be much flattered by your description of her. She is narrow-minded; she has a poor creed; she has what you call 'vices.' I suppose she is a beautiful fool?"

No; she is neither beautiful, nor is she a fool, Miss Ruth. That is, she is not beautiful in the eyes of the world in general; but she is beautiful in my eyes, more beautiful than any other woman. And her only fault is, that she thinks too highly of the world and hopes too much from it."

"I suppose," said Lady Alice, "we must not ask of what nation she is."

"Yes, you may," said Lord Glenant. "She is English, or rather she is Scotch; and I always maintain that an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman, must be an uncommon fool if he does not find in these islands a woman who is suited to him, for the women of these countries are the women of the world."

"Lord Glenant, dear Alice, speaks with all the wisdom of experience, for it is evident that he has studied the women of all countries."

"I think you have all forgotten," said Count Casimir, "that Glenant addressed to me a question, asking whether I thought that the British were outside, savage barbarians. Well, of course, I do not

think that you are outside, savage barbarians; but, if I must tell the truth—"

"Oh, yes, tell the truth," said Lord Glenant. "One knows, when a fellow begins in this way, that he is going to say something very unpleasant."

"Well, then, if I must tell the truth," said Casimir, "you are a little harder than I expected you to be, and less pious."

"Piety," said Lord Glenant, "is not our forte. But what do you mean, Casimir?"

"Well," said Casimir, "when I was being taught English as a boy, my father used to give me bits to learn by heart from the great English writers in former days. A writer called George Herbert was one of his favorites; and I remember well a poem of George Herbert's which began thus:

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

"And then it ended, if I recollect rightly, in this way:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

"Now I don't know that I find anything corresponding to this strain in your modern English. You have a great deal of the bull-dog in you, but you have not so much of the—"

"Do not compare us to dogs, my dear Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "for of course we shall be found *wanting if* you do. One of the puzzles of my life

has been why dogs live with us, and love us as they do. The great metaphysical puzzles do not disturb me much. I am content to leave 'subjective' and 'objective' alone. The doctrine of 'contradictory inconceivables' (you see I have read about these things) does not perplex my commonplace mind; but I cannot discover the answer to the problem why dogs love us, and follow us about as they do. Sometimes I think it is because they are so very dull of comprehension; sometimes I think it is because they are so very imaginative, and picture to themselves that we are saying such good and such clever things when we are laughing and talking in their presence. One thing I am certain of, and that is, that they would not worship us as they do, if they understood our language."

"Depend upon it, the great art of loving is not understanding; that is, perhaps, the reason why I love my charmer so much, as I am sure I do not understand her.—Good morning, my Lord" (here Lord Lochawe entered the room), "or rather, good afternoon. I hope your Lordship's speech last night convinced your brother Peers. I assure you I read it through, as a dutiful son should, in more than one paper, and it seems to me to be best reported in the 'Times.'"

Hereupon the conversation became political; and as soon after as they could, the young ladies and the young gentlemen took leave of Lord Lochawe, and went out to ride together, Lord Glenant keeping very close to his cousin Ruth, on the pretence, which was not far from the truth, that she was a timid rider, and required an attendant cavalier to be in proximity to the bridle of her horse.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

MANY, indeed most, of the letters which passed between Count Casimir and his father are lost. I have, however, succeeded in recovering three more of them, which must have been written at this early period of our story. In each of these letters it will be observed that a Mr. Thurston is spoken of, who evidently, from these letters, as well as from circumstances which will appear in certain parts of the narrative, exercised much influence over the young Count's course of thought and of action. By those readers who only care for the events in a story, and are not anxious to learn the causes which form the character and conduct of a hero or heroine, these letters may most judiciously be skipped; but to others, who are desirous of ascertaining the real motives of the persons described in it, these letters will be very interesting.

There are persons—I am afraid I am one of them—who, when they hear a great composition of Beethoven, or of Bach, only delight in the little bits of melody which their, comparatively speaking, uneducated ears can feel and understand; and there are others to whose nicely tutored and exquisitely *refined hearing* every note tells something, and goes *to make up the* wondrous whole. And so, in a story,

much that at first hearing appears irrelevant, contains the real essence of the story, and is the part to which the most thoughtful readers will assuredly return. The story that is only a story—which has nothing in it of history, or of philosophy, or of the deep delineation of character—is read eagerly, but is only read once. I do not say this to magnify my own powers of description, which are but small, but to account for my introducing these letters, which may otherwise be considered an unreasonable interruption of the narrative, but which I hold to be essential, and which I would rather give in the young Count's own words than endeavor to supply, by a sort of *précis* of these letters.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I am rather surprised, and somewhat disheartened, at not having received any letter from you for the last four weeks. The apprehension which I mentioned in a former letter may appear to you very timid; but when one is at a great distance from those whom one loves, one is a victim to timidity on their behalf.

I have made a new acquaintance: indeed, I may almost say, I have made a new friend. His name is Thurston. He is a middle-aged man; but, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, he seems to have taken a great fancy to me, and tells me everything in the most unreserved manner. You have probably never heard of him; but he is a most powerful person, and in his quiet way pulls many strings. I first met him at the Earl's table; and the Earl had previously told me to pay great attention to him, as he was a man somewhat of my own nature.

There is, though, this great difference between us: *he cares to know* everything that is going on at present —*I mean the* secret history of it. He does not seem to

care for knowing about the future and directing it. You would be perfectly astonished at his knowledge of the most secret affairs both here and on the Continent. For instance, he knew all about you, and warned me to give you the hints which I ventured to give.

Mr. Thurston's views about the future, or rather about the immediate present, are most gloomy. He thinks that government in this country is becoming almost impossible. He says that all power is undermined. No, that is not exactly the word. He thinks that all power is fettered in such a way that if ever a time comes for prompt action by the government, there will be no promptness. Now, he says, this was all very well, and no great harm could come of it, when the scene of action was at a distant place, like the Crimea; but, if that scene should be nearer home, the want of promptitude and force will be fatal. He complains that the statesmen of the day deal with everything in a hand-to-mouth way, like the members of the Stock Exchange; and that there is next to no far-seeing statesmanship.

Do you see, my dear father, how these views, which may be somewhat exaggerated, fit in with mine? Every day I become more and more enamored of my thought, that emigration is the main thing left to us. I fell in the other day with an historian who has written much about Spanish emigration; and he described to me how the Spaniards carried out with them certain ideas which rendered colonization much more facile. I take it, this was from their partially Roman descent. For instance, they had the complete idea of a town in their minds. The centre of it was to be a great square. In that square were to be the cathedral, the governor's house, the public offices, and the market-place.

Now, you know, such an idea has never pervaded the Anglo-Saxon race. All with them seems to be done in a hap-hazard fashion, and each man does what is good in his own eyes. This makes colonization much more rapid,

but much less secure, and much less grand. A swarm of young bees takes out with it the idea of a perfect hive, and executes that idea with the completeness of supreme instinct. There is no derogation from the original idea, but there is no improvement. My ideal is this, that emigration should be conducted by men whose minds are strongly set upon gaining for the colonies they establish all the benefits of our present civilization, together with some provision against its dangers. Say that this is Utopian, if you like; I put it only as an ideal. Now, in our great European cities what is the most striking defect? It is the want of open spaces. You will think me a sad Radical, my dear father; but I have often thought that the chief use of kings has been to keep open spaces in great towns. It is the king's park, and the king's palace gardens, and the king's hunting grounds, that are now, to use a phrase very common here, the lungs of the Metropolis for the people. Now, to apply this maxim directly, if I were to lead a band of emigrants I would keep this Spanish idea of a great square in my mind; but I would also contrive to keep many open spaces, alloting them to the public buildings.

Then, you know, my dear father, that there are several great problems of government which are being gradually solved in the old communities, notably that of governmental interference. I have made up my mind (you will smile at the impudence of a young fellow like me presuming to make up his mind on such matters) that there are several things which must be subjected to continuous governmental interference. These things relate to education, medicine, and sanitary well-being.

Again, where we fail in emigration in modern times is, that our bees emigrate in twos or threes, or twenties or thirties together; and then there are only room and play for one kind of work, for that of the digger and delver and the artisan. Is it a dream, a foolish dream of your enthusiast of a son, that he could plan an emigra-

tion which would afford room and scope enough for men of education and of station?

I have attained an odd kind of influence over Lord Glenant. He half-likes, half-dislikes, me. He seems to care for nothing; but do you know I think this young man would make a remarkable emigrant? I must not weary you any more with these fancies of mine; but they are gradually usurping most of my thoughts, and I know that you always like to know what I am thinking about.

You jested in a former letter about the women of my colony, and wanted to know whether this Numa is to have an Egeria. By the way, if he is to be an Æneas, he intends to carry his dear Anchises with him. But to return to his Egeria, I suppose I am very cold, or perhaps I demand an inordinate quantity of sympathy, but I no not find many women that I could live with, my dear father. They are so limited. They think it very pretty that one should have what they call great ideas; but they look upon one merely as a curious specimen of humanity—as a lion, as they call it here. They would only play at greatness. My two cousins tolerate me wonderfully; and sometimes I think that Ruth sympathizes with me. I have not yet met with any one who is equal to her.

With kindest regards to the Herr Professor and Bettina, I am ever your loving and dutiful son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Your last letter comforts me a little, but not much. You say that our good Professor writes nothing that can be considered dangerous. Writing at all is dangerous in a country where all writers are "suspect." I think I see you smile, and hear you exclaim, "My boy with one of his aphorisms again." You remember you used to say that *aphorisms* were things written by the young for *those who are* younger than themselves; but indeed I am

right, my dear father, in warning you, in every way that I can, of your danger.

This is not, however, what I sat down to write to you about. I have just had a long conversation with Mr. Thurston, and I cannot help imparting the substance of it to you once, while it is fresh in my mind. He knows what are my present thoughts about emigration. After talking a little about them, he said suddenly, "Have you ever read any history?" I replied, "Only a little." He then said, "I have been thinking a great deal lately about the Pope of Rome and the Doge of Venice—I mean the Pope and the Doge of former days; and, somehow or other, it seems to me that the result of my thought has some little application to your subject.

"The Doge was mostly powerless, the Pope mostly powerful. Yet at first sight there is a great resemblance in their offices. They were both elected for life: neither of them had any hereditary claim. If the Doge had his Seignory, the Pope had his Conclave of Cardinals. But the Pope was the Master of his Council: the Doge the slave of his. The Doge, as well as the Pope, often had nephews; yet how rarely we hear of the nephews of the Doge, while those of the Pope always play a great part in history.

"Now how do I account for this difference? I account for it in the mode of election. The election of a Pope was often the triumph of a faction, and the Pope remained the head of that faction, which did not afterwards seek to control him. The election of the Doge was guarded in the most curious and almost ridiculous manner, and absolutely prevented the triumph of any faction.'

Mr. Thurston referred me to a passage which I quot

"At Venice, as many balls as there were members of great council present were placed in an urn. Thirty these were gilt. The holders of gilt balls were redu

second ballot to nine. The nine elected forty, w

lot reduced to twelve. The twelve chose twenty-five by separate nomination. The twenty-five were reduced by lot to nine; and each of the nine chose five. These forty-five were reduced to eleven, as before; the eleven elected forty-one, who were the ultimate voters for a Doge. This intricacy appears useless, and consequently absurd; but the original principle of a Venetian election (for something of the same kind was applied to all their councils and magistrates) may not always be unworthy of imitation." *

"Now when you arrive with your little colony into your new country, Count Casimir, you will, of course, abide mainly by the laws and customs of the mother country. But if you ever have an opportunity of regulating election matters, be so good as to perpend the present state of things in Great Britain, and indeed in Europe and America, as regards these matters.

"All power in all countries is manifestly falling into the hands of a democracy. I am not saying whether this is good or bad; but I do say that it behooves us to look carefully into systems of election and representation if we do not mean to place all power ultimately in the hands of very inferior persons. Nothing will be more dangerous for liberty, I mean for the highest liberty of thought and the best kind of freedom for action, than for a state to be governed by *one* representative assembly chosen *directly* by the people at large."

Much more he said, my dear father, upon this subject, and he gave many forcible illustrations, but this is as much as I can remember accurately, and perhaps as much as you would care to hear. But I know that you do care to hear about these things, and therefore I have written this long letter to you. Besides, I have no one else to talk to about such matters. Lord Lochawe would say that these discussions are most unpractical; and the other members of the family, except Ruth, would take

* Hallam's "Middle Ages," vol. i. p. 480.

no interest in them. Kindest regards to the Professor and to Bettina. Always your affectionate son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Again my letter will be chiefly occupied by what I have to tell you of Mr. Thurston's sayings. I do not repeat his words to you because they are interesting in themselves, but because they bear upon the subject which is always in my mind.

We had a long conversation to-day, which he began by saying that one point of interest which my scheme of emigration had for him was, that it related to the formation of a small community.

"Now look at the planet Mars," he said. (He has the oddest way of bringing in things that seem to be very remote from his subject. I will give you the rest of his conversation as if it were a monologue, without "he said," and "I replied." You must conjecture what I did say from the current of his talk.)

"I think that planet must be inhabited by creatures not largely differing from man and the other animals that are upon our earth. Now, when we look at Mars, we perhaps do not think that the division of its surface into states is the first thing almost that we should wish to know about it—and *the* thing which would tell us most about its history. At any rate, this division into states has been the most difficult matter in our world, and has made the chief noise of all the noises that have been so continuous and so potent in it.

"Now, I may be very wrong, but I am a great advocate for small states. I am a great believer in small states. Look at Weimar. Look at the republics of Genoa, of Florence, of Greece, the Greece of ancient days. Upon my word it may almost be contended that the greatest men have been born, or at any rate fostered, *in the smallest states*, especially if we consider England

as a small state; and small it was when it produced some of its greatest men. The Duchy of Saxe Weimar rejoices in a population of about 270,000. Its Metropolis contains about 12,000, a very trifling number compared to the inhabitants of Clapham or Peckham, but what a large share in the empire of modern mind belongs to Weimar with its Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and others!

"You say that this is accidental. I do not agree with you. You want to know what are the advantages of a small state. I will tell you. Life is easier in it. Wealth is not so potent. Men of ability have more chance of being put in their proper places. When they are in their proper places, they are not worked to death by the routine work which has to be undergone by men who attain to power in large communities. Men live with greater freedom from care and trouble in these small states. Did you ever think how large a portion of our lives is consumed in mere locomotion in the great cities of great states? Again, fashion is not so powerful. Now, a gigantic wave of folly passes over some great nation, and, perhaps, infects a neighboring nation, causing all the female denizens of these great states to encase themselves in hoops of iron, or to overbalance themselves with huge masses of false hair. If there were smaller communities, fashion in dress would have less power, and would be stopped at the many barriers. Good sense would have more chance of being heard. Then, again, the press would not be so powerful, and its power is an immense danger at the present moment—likely, moreover, to increase and become a much greater power, tending to level down all individuality of character.

"Yes, I admit there are disadvantages. Small states do not form a good barrier against the ambition of some huge neighboring state. They are always liable to be devoured. Then there is something provincial in their character. But there is less danger from this defect than

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there ever was, now that a man can so easily disperse his thoughts into many nations by means of the rapid intercommunication of thought which exists in these times.

"You speak of America. One hardly dares to say what one thinks upon this matter to the citizens of the United States; but, for them, for their culture, for their real greatness, as well as for the peace and happiness of the world, I, for one, think that it would be a great blessing for them to be divided into three or four states. I believe that thus there would be more great men, more individuality of character, developed; and that, in the end, civilization would find great gain in this division.

"Surely you will admit that cities may be too large—too large for comfort, for society, for moderation in the mode of living, and for the complete culture of science, art and literature. In such a city as London, who but the favored few can get away from noise? Who but the favored few, who are blessed with ample means of locomotion, do not feel the difficulties and the annoyances which are imposed upon them by the distances they are obliged to traverse in this great city? People are frightened at the prospect of the supply of coal failing them at no very distant period. A much greater, and much more imminent cause for apprehension is to be found in the continuous and rapid increase of this great capital. How are the millions of its inhabitants to get that most needful supply of the most pressing necessity for life—fresh air? Skill in locomotion does not advance in equal rapidity with the progress of over-crowding.

"There is a writer of whom you, as a foreigner, have perhaps never heard. His name is Cobbett. He was a rough, hard, severe man, but a real lover of his country. He wrote our language with more force, terseness, and accuracy than almost any writer we have ever had. He looked things straight in the face; and, when he could divest himself of prejudice, saw things clearly—more clearly than almost any man of his time. He is not much

read now, but his works are well worth reading, especially for you, who wish to understand the nature of the common people, and to be a leader of them to new lands. This man always called London 'the Wen.' I am much of the mind of Cobbett in this matter. A great part of the possible beauty of our lives is prevented and destroyed by this huge excrescence of disease.

"I tell you, my young friend, that one of the greatest problems of the present time is to guard against an irrational centralization in great cities. Centrifugal, and not centripetal, should be the effort of mankind for the future.

"You say it is mere chance that has produced, or brought together, such eminent persons as have appeared in the small towns of Athens, Weimar, Genoa, Geneva, Florence, Padua, Venice. I contend that it is in the nature of things that great men should be thus produced, or at least should thus have the greatest opportunities for culture and development. They become known in these small circles. They have far more chance of being justly estimated. Do not think it egotism, my young friend, but I myself feel that I should have had a much better chance in a much smaller state. Now, if I were to seek the suffrage of my fellow-citizens, I should be overcome by 'shoddy.' What I mean is, some eminent contractor, or some other rich man, would be sure to get the better of me.

"I think that what I have said is at least sufficient to make us sorry when small states are swallowed up, and not to make us sorry when large states are disintegrated.

"Patriotism! Do you mean to say that patriotism belongs to large states only? To maintain that, you must really ignore all history."

I am tired, my dear father, as you may imagine, of writing this long letter. I have recounted but feebly all that he said; but you will supply all the deficiencies from your knowledge of life and history.

I have no more time to-day, and so must conclude, being, as ever, your very loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

P. S.—"Shoddy" means cloth not made of fresh wool, but of old material beaten together.

P. S. No. 2.—One of the greatest problems of the day, he said, is *distribution*. And this word must not be limited, as the political economists would limit it, to the distribution, amongst the consumers, of the products of the producers, but must extend to the distribution by judicious centralization, and by still more judicious decentralization, of human beings, whether producers, distributors, or consumers.

CHAPTER IX.

A DECLARATION.

How strange many of our tales of fiction must appear to any person living in a country where polygamy is allowed! A good Turk, listening to one of these stories, would simply exclaim, "Why doesn't he marry them both, and have done with it." Probably the Turk himself would be a man quite contented with one wife; but, rather than be involved in such delicate embarrassments as the tale describes, he would avail himself of the privilege of being able to marry two or three wives.

These embarrassments mostly proceed from, or are allied to, a presumptuous thought which many people suppose has only been entertained by that King of Castile, who said that, if he had been consulted in the making of the world, he could have made a much better thing of it.

Most people, unconscious how closely they are following in the steps of this King of Castile, are wont to think how much more complete the characters of mankind and of womankind would have been, if they, the critics, had been listened to when the world of character was formed. They would have combined the tact of this man with the enthusiastic energy of that man—the sweetness of this woman with the helpful energy of that woman; and

out of the two combinations would have made two sets of perfect characters after their fashion. The world would have been rendered somewhat dull by this judicious combination and division; but then it would have been very near perfection.

Our hero, Casimir Maremma, at this point of his fortunes, was not unlike the presumptuous King of Castile. He sighed for the perfect woman who should have the beauty, the grace, and the sweet womanliness of his Cousin Alice; but who should combine with these merits the receptivity, the enthusiasm, and the largeness of mind which belonged to his cousin Ruth Sumner. Then there was this in Ruth's favor, that she was the one who seemed to understand him, and believe in him. And all great thinkers and great workers sympathize with Mahomet, who loved Kadija because she was the first person who believed in him. As for our hero, we cannot say that he was in love either with Lady Alice or with Ruth; but he would, undoubtedly, have been in love with a woman who should have combined the qualities and the beauties of both of them.

Meanwhile, how did it fare with the other persons of this domestic drama?

Lady Alice was charmed, was indeed, to a certain extent, fascinated by her cousin. She had never seen any person like Casimir. It may be questioned, however, whether her feelings were those of love; but, indeed, what young person knows, at first, whether he or she is in love? Love is like sleep. It comes imperceptibly upon you. No man has

ever been conscious of the exact moment when sleep came upon him—so of love.

Ruth's feelings were not more decided than Alice's, or rather were not more known to herself; but there is no doubt that she admired this young man more than any other human being she had ever seen. She began to wish that in some way she could sacrifice herself for him, or at least to promote his grand designs. In Ruth's mind love always took the form of self-sacrifice.

The Earl, as was hardly to be expected from him —but affection sharpens observation—saw that Casimir had some admiration for Alice, and that Alice listened to Casimir in a way that she had never before listened to anyone. The Earl could not help wishing this admiration might on both sides develop into love. It is a remark, which those only who have seen much of the world will fully appreciate, that some of the most unworldly men are those who are most devoted to business. Count Casimir was not, according to worldly views, a suitable match for Lady Alice, who had a large fortune derived from her mother, and who had already been sought in marriage by great personages. But the Earl pined to have Casimir more nearly related to him. It seemed to the Earl that he would then have more right to indulge in his affection for his early love, Count Casimir's mother. Then, too, he thought that the young man would do great things; and that through his son-in-law, if not through his son, the Lochawes might maintain that hold upon government which, for generations, they had maintained.

Poor Charles Ashurst, of all the persons in this story, was the bluntest in perception. He did not perceive, at any rate in its full extent, the danger which threatened him from the presence of Count Casimir. Lord Glenant, on the contrary, had the keenest perception of the danger that threatened *him;* and he gave more thought than he had ever given in his life to any subject to see how he could avert this danger. After much rumination, aided by innumerable cigars, he came to the conclusion that his best plan would be to speak out at once to Ruth. If she gave him any favorable hearing, if she did not utterly and at once reject his suit, he thought he might improve upon that favor, however small it might be, and he knew that she would be constant and abide by anything that she had once said. He resolved in the words of the gallant and daring Montrose:

> To put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all.

Fortune, often so cruel in her seeming kindness, apparently favored his design. Shortly after he had made up his mind how to act, he happened to come into his sister's boudoir, when Ruth and Alice were together, and when Alice was singing, "*La donna è mobile, Qual piuma al vento.*"

"Now," he said to himself, "now is the time that I will make the trial. Why should one be afraid of any woman?" Notwithstanding this brave soliloquy he had that shivering feeling which comes upon *all discreet* and worldly persons (and Lord Glenant, *notwithstanding* his follies, was very discreet) when

they venture upon ground which is utterly unknown to them, for they have none of the buoyancy of hopeful enthusiasm; and knowing that failure is the rule rather than the exception, always calculate that the chances are rather against themselves.

He came and stood by his sister at the piano. It may be observed that people like Lord Glenant generally have great taste in, and some faculty for, music. He joined in the song with his sister, and contrived to introduce certain words which were not to be found in any authorized copy of that most graceful and telling song. The words were "Vanish, and keep the coast clear." Now Alice loved her brother, and loved Ruth, and had long ago made up her mind that it would be the salvation of her brother if he were fortunate enough to gain Ruth for his wife; and that Ruth, too, would be happy in having some such person as Glenant to manage, for Lady Alice believed that Ruth's happiness lay in having to manage people. Accordingly Lady Alice was glad to obey her brother's orders: she vanished discreetly, and took care to keep the coast clear.

Ruth was sitting on a sofa, which was an additional piece of good fortune for Lord Glenant. She was a much finer musician than Lady Alice, and had been instructing her how to throw into the song that wicked, triumphant feeling of which it is so capable.

Lord Glenant hastened to place himself on the sofa close to Ruth. Presuming on his cousinship, he took hold of one of her hands and said, "What a pretty hand it is, and forcible too as well as pretty. A learned German taught me, Ruth, how to estimate *hands, and showed* me how there might be both

delicacy and force in the same hand: a love of art too, I see."

"To how many young women in France, Germany, Italy, and North and South America, have you made similar speeches, Lord Glenant?"

"Is that a public or a private question, as the witty Lord H—— said, when, after much bepraising Spenser, he was asked if he had ever read any of the writings of that poet."

"A public question," Ruth replied; "for I should not presume to enter into your private affairs."

"Well, I may have said it to one or two young women; but to none with so much sincerity and meaning as to my dear cousin Ruth."

"Lord Glenant!"

"Now, why 'Lord Glenant?'"

It is very hard upon a fellow to be addressed in that cold way. He grows up from boyhood with a girl, and they are Ruth and Ronald, or Rue and Ronny; and then all of a sudden the Ronald and the Ronny are discarded, and he is held off at arm's length, being talked to as if he were a perfect stranger.

"Well, Ronald, then; but it is true what I have said about the numerous young ladies in all four quarters of the globe to whom—"

"Now Ruth, dear Ruth, you must listen to what I am going to say."

Poor Ruth felt her heart sink within her. She knew what was coming; most young women know full well when they are loved. Visions of the awful ingratitude she was about to commit to Lord Lochawe *floated before her.* Then, too, she had a most ten-

der, affectionate, sisterly feeling for the young man himself. She knew the use that she could be to him; her heart was torn by the conflict of contending thoughts; but she had seen Casimir Maremma, and she knew now what love might be.

Lord Glenant resumed: "I know that my dear Ruth does not expend much of her time upon novel-reading; but even she must have read several of those innocent productions, and doubtless she has read some one in which the hero, a sad scapegrace, has told the heroine—a heroine of whom the poor hero is generally most unworthy—that if she would but look kindly upon him, it might be the turning point of his life, and that henceforward he would be all that she could wish. He generally says something about her being his Egeria, his good angel, his guiding star. Consider it all said; for, dear Ruth, I am that scapegrace, and you are that heroine. To win your love I would do all, and be all, if I could, that you would wish. Ruth, you know that you might make of me anything that you pleased."

When he had finished this speech, he let go her hand; and, rather after the ancient than the modern fashion of making love, he then knelt before her, clasping both her hands in his.

The girl felt very sorrowful, very sorrowful for him, very sorrowful for herself, in having to give so much pain to one she loved. She remained silent for a few moments; and, after the fashion of most women in such circumstances, tears came to her eyes.

"Dear Ronald," she said, "it cannot, cannot be. *I should be false* to you if I said it could be. I love

you very much, more than you can believe; but not with that love, that love which you want from me;" and, so saying, she stooped down, kissed him, disengaged herself from him, and fled from the room.

Lord Glenant rose up, took two or three turns about the room; devoted Casimir Maremma to the gods, not those in heaven, but those beneath the earth; and left the room, as much dispirited and heart-sore as it is possible for that kind of man to be.

"It is too late," he said, "everything in life comes just too late. I have only myself to blame for this ruin to my hopes."

CHAPTER X.

PHILOSOPHICAL COMFORTS.

After such a blow to his hopes and affections as that which Lord Glenant had just received, it is common for young men to vanish from the scene, betaking themselves to foreign travel, or new enterprise of some kind. But Lord Glenant had not much faith in change of scene; and it was he, or some young man like him, who said, "What a bore it is that we are always obliged to be somewhere"—a saying which would have delighted a good Buddhist, who, according to his desponding notions of religion and of life, objects to individual being.

Lord Glenant returned to his lodgings at the Albany, and sat down to meditate. It was in vain that his valet brought him his favorite hookah, for he refused even the consolation of smoking—a circumstance so rare that the valet concluded that his master must be going to have a serious illness, and hovered about him, expecting that the doctor would be sent for. All his servants loved Lord Glenant.

Lord Glenant's meditations lasted long; and the result of them was one which showed the young lord's thorough kindheartedness, for he said to himself, "I will go and warn Charlie Ashurst. I must *not let him be* such a fool as I have been, and sub-

ject himself to a refusal while the girls are under the glamour of our Sclavonian cousin." Accordingly Lord Glenant called upon Charles Ashurst, and found him at home. When he had taken his seat, and accepted a cigar, he said abruptly, after a few minutes' silence, "Charlie, don't be a fool."

"That is comprehensive advice, Glenant, but not quite so clear as comprehensive."

"My dear Charlie, when a wise man tells another man not to be a fool, he always means he is not to make a fool of himself about some woman."

Charles Ashurst blushed, and looked very much embarrassed. At length he said, "If you mean, Lord Glenant, as I suppose you do, that I am unworthy of your sister, and that both Lord Lochawe and you might most reasonably object to a man in my position aspiring to her hand"—

"Stop a minute, my dear fellow; neither my father nor I, you may be sure, think anything of the kind."

"What then, Glenant?"

"Listen to my philosophy. There are four kinds of fools in the world. First, there are the fools pure and simple, who are neither frivolous, nor serious, neither learned, nor wise, but who are essentially commonplace fools.

"Then there are the frivolous fools, amongst whom, I suppose, with all the candor and good-nature of friendship, you will be ready to place your friend Glenant. They do nothing, because they see, when they are wisely frivolous, that there is nothing to be *done, at least* nothing much worth doing, in this *muddled world.*

"Thirdly, there are the frivolously-serious fools—the fools of business. I am too good and respectful a son to place my honored and very dear father in this class. But if anyone else should so place him, I should not feel it my duty to call that person out.

"Fourthly, there are the romantic fools—the people who think they have a mission in life, who make Utopias, or live in them. In this class of fools our cousin Casimir holds the foremost place.

"As a compensation for the miseries which this last form of folly will entail upon its votaries, is to be noted that they are all-powerful with, and all-attractive to, women, and that none of the fools in the other three divisions have a chance against them when they enter into the lists. The wisest policy is to retire for a time, and to leave the field to the Utopian. Mayhap he will ultimately be too Utopian to succeed with a creature so practical, and sensible, and really so little Utopian as a woman.

"Am I clear, or am I not? Is the advice I give, that of a Delphic oracle, or that of a man who lives in the Albany and has seen something of the world outside the Albany?"

"I think, Glenant, I understand it all; and I was not without a suspicion that the case was as you put it."

"You see, my dear Charlie, if you were an eminent member of my fourth class of fools, I would not counsel you to quit the field for the present; but the truth is that, to my thinking, you belong partly to class number two, of which I am a distinguished member, and partly to class number three, of which, as I before intimated, some people would say, my

most respected and respectable parent, the Thane of Lochawe, is a most distinguished member. You would have a better chance if you belonged wholly to either of these classes.

"But, speaking most seriously, my dear fellow, do not tempt your fate at present, or come into competition with the heroic Casimir. I have tempted mine, and have just had the felicity of being refused by the only woman whom I ever really admired—my cousin Ruth. She kissed me, Charlie; she absolutely kissed me, which was the most fatal thing of all—a most kind, affectionate (detestably affectionate), sororial kiss, the like of which I have had many before from her, when we were boy and girl together, and she had got me out of some scrape with my very loving, but somewhat rigid, father. There is no further hope for me, Charlie."

"My dear Glenant, I am so sorry. I do not say it to flatter you, but I should have thought that you would have prevailed with any woman."

"No, no, my dear fellow; even the seriously-frivolous individual has a better chance than I have—parson, doctor, merchant, politician—anybody who has before him a career which the woman fancies she will guide and further. I should have had fifty times more chance if I had been a poor Methodist parson.

"I tell you what I'll do, Charlie. I'll have a mission myself. I'll never be cut out again in this way by a Utopian. And you, too, you must have a mission, if it is only a mission to teach the world how to play at cricket."

"But how do you know, Glenant, that it *is* this Casimir?"

"I do not *know* it, Charlie, but I feel it; and, in some matters, our feelings guide us more surely than even our knowledge.

"I would take up the serious line, I say; but there is a sad drawback upon me. I see through it all; and there is much more need for Enthusiasm, than for Justice, to be blind. I make a jest of things, but, 'you'd little guess,' as our friend Hamlet says, 'how ill all's here about my heart."

"Do not be disheartened, Glenant. What is a woman's first refusal?"

"Yes, but she kissed me, Charlie—she kissed me. I would rather that she had stormed at my presumption. I shall never meet the like of her, at least the like of her for me, so winning in her seriousness, so gentle in her condemnation. And then every word she utters, every gesture she makes, is as beautiful to me as the movement of the trees or the clouds, obeying summer breezes. Forgive the poetry; I am not often poetical, Charlie. You know the musical notes she utters after any one of her sentences, when she is in earnest and much touched by the theme she is descanting upon. Well, I never heard the like of it in any other woman."

"It's an odd thing, is it not, that any one woman can have such a hold over us? No man can have assisted at my father's solemn official dinners, without picking up, however unwillingly, some knowledge of statistics. There are about 900 millions of men, women, and children in the world. Now let's *do a sum, Charlie*, though you and I are not great

arithmeticians. Let us say there are 250 million men, 250 million women, and (five from nine there remain four) 400 million children. Of the women, let us say (I like odd numbers) there are at least 67 million marriageable. Of these 67 million there are 66 million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine who are as painted pictures for me, and there is only one Ruth.

"In a Christian country, and where the climate is bad, there is nothing, Charlie, really so intolerable as poverty; but there is nothing which seems to the sufferer so intolerable as disappointed love." From the utterance of this aphorism it may almost be inferred that Lord Glenant was not so completely miserable as might have been expected. Those sorrows which can be philosophized about, or even talked about, are not the worst.

"Good-bye, I can't talk any more: I have said what I came to say. Be ruled by me, Charlie; and, as I say, do not tempt your fate until this dreadful Casimir is gone. He will go some day to introduce the steam engine amongst the Kamtschatkans, or some other enterprise of that kind. Confound the fellow, I cannot help liking him though—he amuses me so much—and I have half a mind to go with him to the Kamtschatkans, even though Ruth should go, too, as his wife. Ta, ta, old fellow; be wise."

So saying, Lord Glenant quitted the room, and left poor Charles Ashurst to his melancholy meditations.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

MEANWHILE the one who disturbed all these love arrangements which, but for his unwelcome presence, unwelcome, at least, to Lord Glenant and Charles Ashurst, might have proceeded so differently, was totally unconscious of the mischief and misery he had created. Men who are absorbed in great designs have never spare time or thought, to be conceited, or to think much about themselves.

Day by day Casimir was more and more attracted by Ruth. She it was whom he sometimes took apart from the others to tell her of something which he had discovered, or was looking into; and their intimacy had so far advanced that he had begun to make her work for him. He did not know as yet that he could not have had the same heart and hope in his work but for her sympathy for it, and with him. Ruth accommodated herself so naturally to this partnership in thought and work, and made herself so completely, as she had been accustomed to make herself, a woman of management and business, that it appeared as if they were two youths at college together, intent upon the same course of study, but yet with no touch of rivalry. As for love *having* anything to do with it, each of them *would have* repudiated that notion as most unworthy

of two persons engaged in a great cause. But the bystanders, proverbially clear in their apprehension of such matters, knew full well that these two were lovers, though they themselves did not know it.

Much, too, was to happen which would prevent their enlightenment on this point; and Casimir Maremma had many things to undergo which would put all thoughts of love out of his mind.

He was sitting one day in his chambers studying a big book relating to the condition of the poor. It was the great work of Sir Frederic Morton Eden, a work probably read by no other young man of the day, except indeed a certain rising statesman who reads everything that has any substance in it. Occasionally he desisted from his study of the big book, and then thoughts of Lady Alice, Ruth, poor Margaret, Lord Lochawe, and Lord Glenant were mingled with thoughts about the poor, and about the topic which had now become the principal topic in Casimir's mind, namely emigration.

He had not long been engaged in this commingling of thought and reverie before there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Thurston entered. They were soon occupied in discussing the subject of emigration; and in fact this was what Mr. Thurston had come to talk to his young friend about.

Thurston was one of those men in whom all people are prone to confide—who go through life, listening to innumerable secrets—indeed for whom there are no secrets. There are, in various degrees, many such men, and many similar women. They are confided in, not so much from the expectation of *sympathy, as from* the certainty of whatever you

tell them being understood and appreciated. Perhaps, however, there is little difference between understanding and sympathizing.

"Let us look round the subject in every way," said Thurston, "if you have a real purpose you are not to be hindered by difficulties; and it is well to understand them thoroughly. You see when men are let loose, as it were, by emigration, it is so difficult to retain any hold on them. The old motives of persuasion and guidance are gone. Then, again, so much time and thought must be given to matters that are purely physical. You have to extemporise all the means and arts of civilization. Nothing is done to your hand. Then too there are the accretions which follow, often very unwelcome and very embarrassing—I mean the new settlers, who come in a scattered way by driblets, and over whom you have no control. Moreover, look at the jealousies there must be in a new country. Here you have people who have settled down in their respective classes. There you have to make a new classification; and everybody wishes to be in the first class. I don't wish to discourage you, my dear Casimir, but you must look at all these drawbacks."

"I see them all, my dear Mr. Thurston, or at least, I see a great many of them; but sum them all up together, and make the most of them you can, they are not equal to the difficulty of having to deal with a settled state of things which, from the accumulated mischief of ages, has gone wrong. Take ——" (here Casimir mentioned the hideous suburb in which *he* had lived); "to do anything there *worth doing*, you have to reform not merely

thousands of human beings, but to alter, almost by destruction and re-construction, millions' worth of property. Now to deal with property is always the great difficulty."

"That is certainly a very shrewd remark for a young one," Thurston replied.

"I remember once, when I was your age, trying to cover over a pestiferous open drain, which for some distance, passed through a place thickly inhabited. I found I could manage the people; they were ready enough to aid me: but the property was quite unmanageable; and I had to give up my well-intended effort in despair."

"Now, the main thing, Mr. Thurston, which encourages me is this—that it seems to me that our present knowledge, which in physical science is enormous, when compared with that of any previous generation, would enable us to lay down such foundations, physically speaking, as should make it difficult for these evils to arise, which in an old state, are the results of centuries of ignorance."

"The boy talks like a book," said Thurston, "like a very good book. (*Aside*) There is generally a touch of the pedant mingled with the nature of the enthusiast."

"What are you saying, Mr. Thurston? I am sure it is something very satirical."

"No, my dear fellow, I was only intimating to myself that to play the part which you design to play in life, one should combine the rather different ages of twenty-three and sixty-seven; and upon my word I think you do combine them. But who is this?"

Here there was a knocking at the door; and, to

the astonishment of both of them, Lord Lochawe entered. His Lordship was not a man prone to pay morning visits.

Lord Lochawe shook hands warmly with his young relative; but there was a shade of coldness in his manner of greeting Mr. Thurston. Now, it is true that Casimir had made Mr. Thurston's acquaintance at Lord Lochawe's table. His Lordship was well aware of that fact; but, at the same time, he had never intended that they should become such great friends. Lord Lochawe knew that Thurston was a man of many ideas, and his Lordship did not approve of a man's having many ideas, certainly not of his having more than one at a time, which one was to be dealt with in a business-like fashion. Casimir had too many ideas to please Lord Lochawe; but, then, his Lordship trusted that most of them would vanish as the young man should grow older and wiser. Whereas Mr. Thurston was a hardened offender, and there was no hope of clipping his wings.

Thurston perceived at once that his presence was not peculiarly acceptable to Lord Lochawe, and he soon took his departure.

Casimir waited in silence to hear what Lord Lochawe would say. He felt sure that the Earl had not called upon him without some distinct purpose.

Visions of some scrape of Lord Glenant's, or some imprudence of his own in respect to Lady Alice, or Ruth Sumner, crossed his mind, and made the young man's heart beat quickly. If he could *have but known* what was coming upon him, it would

have beat more quickly—that is, if he could but have seen a certain young girl hurrying through the streets pursued furtively by a little boy; both of them moving to the quarter in which Casimir's rooms were situated. How fortunate it is that we do not see the evils that are advancing upon us! if we did, we should have no time for thought about anything else.

> Man is too blind a creature to indulge
> In wishing—oft with anxious, straining, eyes
> We watch the coming of some joy long-hoped for:
> And now 'tis near.—But at its side a dark
> And stealthy thing that we should fly like death,
> Did we but see it, is advancing on us—
> Yes, step for step, with those of its bright compeer—
> The dark thing smiles to see us hailing both
> With mad delight. *

Lord Lochawe began, with a touch of his usual pomposity, "My time, my dear boy, as you know, is very valuable. The Cabinet is at half-past two to-day; but I have something very important to say to you, which may affect the prospects of your future life." Casimir grew pale, thinking of Lady Alice and of Ruth. "I have received further intelligence respecting a danger that your father runs of being compromised by his untoward political opinions, or rather by the opinions of that empty headed Professor who was your tutor, and lives with him. I am afraid, Casimir, that that man has done you some mischief, too."

The young Count breathed freely again. He loved his father very sincerely—more, far more, perhaps,

* *King Henry the Second*: an Historical Drama.

than any other human being as yet; but he knew that he had given his father full warning of the danger, and he felt, comparatively speaking, comfortable on this point.

"I think you had better throw in your lot with us," continued the Earl. "Great Britain is the only country where there is a fitting career for such young men as you. Your father must come here. You shall be naturalized: you can take your mother's name of Gordon. We Peers, as you know, do not interfere in elections; but there is a town" (here the Earl drew himself up) "which has always viewed the scions of the House of Lochawe with a certain favor. You shall enter Parliament. Glenant, poor fellow, does not care for these things. I see he will never alter; but you might represent Aldengate in the Lower House. For generations we have always had such a representation. Besides, other ties may come to keep you with us."

Casimir felt that he blushed. He remained silent, thinking how he should deal with this torrent of new ideas and new circumstances which Lord Lochawe had suddenly brought upon him. The silence, however, was not broken by him, but, by a confused noise on the staircase of two voices, one of which he recognized to be his landlady's and the other a voice which sounded strangely familiar to him. The altercation did not last long, the door was opened, and who should make her appearance but Maggie, heated, out of breath, and looking, to use that most expressive word, as "draggled-tailed" as ever. When she had shut the door she leant against it,

not venturing to advance, and looking quite bewildered. Casimir was the first to speak:

"What, you here, Margaret; what brings you?"

"Oh! don't be angry, Mr. George! Oh, do forgive me. Since you have been gone I haven't had a moment's peace. They have threatened to kill me. They say such things about you and me. Let me stay with you. I'll be your servant—they will kill me if I go back."

Meanwhile Lord Lochawe had contemplated this strange scene with an expression on his countenance of the utmost disgust. As was but natural, he put the worst construction on what he had just heard.

Casimir turned to him and caught the full force of the expression. If there was anybody in the world he feared, it was Lord Lochawe. Men of Lord Lochawe's temperament have a peculiar power of quelling enthusiasts of Casimir's nature.

"I assure you, Lord Lochawe, it is not what you think; it is not, indeed." Poor Casimir could not explain himself more fully in Margaret's presence.

"It is not my business, Count Casimir, to require any explanations from you of your private conduct. I think we had better consider much of what I have said to you unsaid, except, of course, as regards my warning respecting your father."

"Certainly, my Lord, I should not wish to be the recipient of unwilling bounty."

"I do, indeed, now pity your poor father," said Lord Lochawe, whose wrath was now rising; "Glenant himself could not have behaved more unbecomingly."

This was about the severest thing that Lord

Lochawe could say; for, though he loved his son very dearly, he thought him a model of irreclaimable bad behavior in certain respects. This was not true; but Lord Glenant had all his life, from a wild love of mischief, made himself out to his respectable father to be infinitely worse than he was.

"But," added the Earl, "Glenant is no hypocrite. You know the worst of Glenant from himself; he never pretends to be anything but what he is. The Lochawes may err; but they scorn to conceal their errors."

Now, if there was a signal fault in Casimir Maremma's character it was that he was a little too conscious that he was a very good young man—a young man with different purposes from other young men, and not condescending to any of their vices. This consciousness alone prevented him from being a great man of the first order, for their greatness is ever simple and unconscious.

His anger now was roused, and it quite overcame his fear of the old Earl. "There is no Lochawe," he said, "if there have been Lochawes from the flood, and I doubt not our ancestry dates from that early period, my Lord, who is less of a hypocrite than Casimir Maremma."

The Earl rose on hearing this offensive speech, made one of those haughty bows of his which were well known in the House of Lords when he condescended to assent to anything that had been said by an adversary, and saying merely "Good-morning, Count Casimir Maremma," quitted the room; not, however, as he passed the young Count, failing to

say in low tones which could be heard by him alone, "and such a creature!"

Poor Margaret drew back from the door, scared by the words of the old gentlemen; and, when he was gone, folded her arms meekly and awaited Casimir's reply.

You never know how anyone will behave in any emergency; not even how you yourself will behave in it. In vain we arrange a mode of action for mankind, in every possible circumstance; but mankind being a very eccentric personage, declines to act in the way that we so wisely lay down as natural. It always seemed to me very pedantic in Horace to lay down rules of behavior, even for well-known characters—

Sit Medea ferox, invictaque; flebilis Io:

for Medea will, all of a sudden, be gentle and tamable; while Io will be wrathful rather than tearful.

The Earl had scarcely left the room before Casimir handed Margaret in the politest manner to a seat; helped her to take off her fragmentary shawl; brought her some biscuits and a glass of wine; and, in fact, treated her as a welcome and expected visitor. Not one thought of being unkind to her—the unintentional cause of so much mischief to him—entered the mind of the young Count, for he was truly chivalrous. Margaret ate and drank at his bidding to please him, and then looked patiently and humbly at her master, for so she regarded him. Meanwhile he had sat down to think. His thoughts *ran thus:*—"The new school of theology may say *what they like*, but there certainly is a devil-

being whose sole business it is to perplex and mortify us. This is the second time only that he (not the devil, but Lord Lochawe) has honored me with a visit—

> Much honored were our humble home,
> If in its halls Lochawe should come—

and she must come, too, not only on the very day, but at the very hour—the very minute—that was the most inappropriately damnatory. What could he think but what he does think? There is a great deal that is dramatic left in life, notwithstanding we wear swallow-tail coats and trousers.

"What could he think, I say, what could anybody think, but just what they ought not to think? I was hard upon the old man, rude to him. No doubt he is right in supposing there was a Lochawe very soon after the Flood, but I need not have alluded to that fact so pointedly. I jest; but it is with the heaviest heart I ever knew. By the way," and here Casimir spoke aloud, and in the gentlest manner, "how did you find me out, Maggie?"

Maggie, encouraged by the kind tones of Casimir's voice, prattled away; and, in a circumambient fashion in which people of her class talk, not only answered his question, but gave him an account of all that happened in his absence. Sister-in-law had been very kind for the first week after he left (Casimir had paid highly for this kindness, and had promised more); then she began to persecute Maggie; and they were all so unkind; and they told her how she might get money from him; and they *threatened to* beat her if she didn't find him out and

get some; and at last they did beat her cruelly; but she knew all the time where Mr. George was, though she wouldn't tell them, for they talked about being revenged upon him. And how she came to know was this: that she knew the man who had helped him to bring away his turning-lathe after he had given the rest of his furniture to her sister-in-law.

She told enough in her rambling way to make Casimir understand how it had all happened, and what sufferings the girl had gone through. He blamed himself bitterly for not having made the visit which he had intended to make to his old quarters to see how the poor girl was getting on. He declared to himself that he had intended to go yesterday, but was sure that the personage, to whom the new school of theology had denied existence, had prevented him. There was a touch of humor in his sadness which did not make it less sad. He had a "conceit in his misery, a miserable conceit." He could not help smiling at his thought; and Maggie, taking this as a sign of forgiveness, approached him, and leant over his arm-chair. Everything, even the merest trifle that was to occur this day, was to be unfortunate to poor Casimir.

At this moment the woman of the house entered. She was not a bad specimen of landlady; and her faith in Casimir, as a good young man, had hitherto been unbounded; but, as she had been telling them down-stairs, "everything was so deceiving now-a-days, there was no telling a good potato from a bad one till you came to peel it; and, as for eggs, the likeliest-looking ones had chickens in them."

The good woman's metaphors were always of a culinary nature.

"We can't have any of these doings here, Mr. Count," she said; "This has always been a most respectable house, and I beg you'll consider yourself as given notice from to-morrow week; and as for this hussy, if she don't make herself scarce this very minute, I'll send for the police, for she a'most knocked me down in the passage: the impudent creature!"

Poor Casimir was far too much depressed, and had been far too unsuccessful in attempting any defence of his conduct to Lord Lochawe, to be otherwise than most submissive to the landlady.

"Certainly, Mrs. Reddington, I will leave your lodgings to-morrow week." ("He spoke like a lamb," as Mrs. Reddington afterwards said, "and I had almost a mind to make it up if he wouldn't do such things again.") "But, perhaps, you misjudge me, Mrs. Reddington. As for this young woman, she shall go immediately. Will you have the kindness to send for a cab?" ("And here," said Mrs. Reddington, "he made me a bow, as the foreign Lords do, and I couldn't say no more to him.")

When the young Count ordered the cab he had not the slightest notion of where he should conduct Maggie. She naturally supposed that she was to be taken home again, and began quietly to cry. Before the cab came, however, Casimir had made up his mind to go to Mr. Thurston. One thing he was sure of, and *that* was that Mr. Thurston would listen *to him, and would* believe all he had to tell, even if,

which he doubted, he should blame him for ever having interfered in Maggie's behalf. He fortunately found Mr. Thurston at home, told the whole story, which we know, and found that he had very little difficulty in persuading that good-natured man (there was no Mrs. Thurston) to receive Maggie into his house as a servant. They would then have time to arrange what could finally be done with her. Casimir returned to his lodgings, and though it was still so early in the day that the cabinet which Lord Lochawe attended was not over (by the way never was Lord Lochawe known to be so unbusiness-like, and so *distrait* as at that cabinet), Casimir fell at once into a deep sleep. This has often been observed to be the result of great mental agitation or vexation, which according to a most beneficent arrangement of nature, seems to have a stunning or numbing effect upon most persons.

And here, for the present, we will leave him, not without in some degree partaking his conclusion that sometimes, the very Principle of Evil seems to be able to give its time and attention to one human being only.

CHAPTER XII

THE RESULTS OF MAGGIE'S VISIT.

In tales of fiction, as in real life, we often pity least those who suffer most; or, rather, we do not pity at all those who suffer much. Our interest centres wholly on the young; and we forget to pity the old, the uninteresting, the unromantic, as if the heart ever became too old or too dull to suffer.

We left the young Count Casimir in a state of mind much to be pitied; but Lord Lochawe, elderly, uninteresting, and most unromantic person as he was, should perhaps claim our pity fully as much. Lord Lochawe's circle of affection was a very restricted one. He rather liked the general public for whom he had worked faithfully the greater part of his life, but whom, if the truth were told, he thought to be a little ungrateful, in not recognizing his merits and his services more amply. He had "a great regard and esteem," to use his patronising official mode of speech, for two or three of the gentlemen who had acted under him as private secretaries and under-secretaries of state. He loved his son, Lord Glenant, but thought him a sad fellow, and felt that there was a great gulf between them in thought and feeling which could never quite be filled up by *their mutual* affection. He loved his daughter, *the Lady* Alice; but there again he felt that

there was little in common between them; and even her affectionate mode of jesting, when she tried to divert him from his work, was not understood by him, much as he loved her. Ruth, he esteemed and loved, but still it was not as he would have loved a daughter. There his affection ended, or at least had ended until Count Casimir had come into the home circle of the Lochawes. In him the Earl had found a young man after his own heart, so wise, so earnest, so capable of being made business-like—and then too with such a resemblance to the Earl's early love.

I said that the Earl had been very *distrait* at the Cabinet; so much so, indeed, that the witty Mr. Hardlines had whispered to his neighbor "If I had known that old Lochawe would have been so tame to-day, I would have brought with me the heads of my bill for —— to which he will have a hundred pedantic objections to make. I don't like to see a man so different from his usual self, do you? The dear old fellow is going to have an illness, I think."

And now Lord Lochawe was in his study. It was in vain that piles of papers neatly tied up and set in order, and cabinet boxes with long labels to them, claimed an attention which such inviting documents and boxes had never before failed to gain from the precise old man. He wandered up and down, muttering to himself, "So like her, so very like her, when he was most in a rage. He had her scornful indignant smile when she heard of anything that was base, or of any cruelty to the meanest of God's creatures. I would not have minded it if he had been such an *honest scamp as* Glenant; but the boy pretended to

be so good. To use a phrase of the people's, you would have thought that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"And then, too, he was studying the manufacturing interests of this country, forsooth! He wished to know how the common people worked and lived; and certainly he has made acquaintance with the commonest of the common. I hate a hypocrite, as I told him to his face. Whatever the Lochawes have been, they have never been hypocrites. And it was to this fellow that I would have given my Alice. Good God, how little we know of human nature, even after sixty years' experience of it. And they think that we statesmen see the worst side of it too. But the fellow sha'n't break my heart. I'll set to work. After all, work is the greatest comfort." And, so saying, the stout old Earl did set to work, and did find in that some comfort.

His family soon found out that there was something very wrong with the Earl. He had a way of pursing up his mouth when he was much displeased; and this was a sign well known to every member of his family. Lady Alice said to Ruth, "Papa's mouth is *en permanence* to-day. Something dreadful must have happened. Either he is going to resign, or Glenant has done something even worse than usual."

For days the Earl's mouth remained set in its most obstinate fashion. Ruth began to divine that something worse had happened than a "difficulty" in the cabinet, or than any scrape of Lord Glenant's. Besides, too, she was the first to notice that Count Casimir had suddenly ceased to pay the visits which

were wont to be daily paid by him at Lochawe house. She resolved to fathom the mystery. Now Lord Lochawe was so accustomed to treat Ruth as a private secretary, and to be perfectly confidential with her, that he had almost ceased to look upon her as a young woman. He therefore easily surrendered to her adroit questioning, and betrayed to her the enormity, as he called it, of the young Count's guilt, the extent of his own suffering, and the hopes which he had entertained for Lady Alice. He little thought of the suffering he was inflicting upon his hearer. She, with him, could not but think the worst; and Casimir's conduct in not coming near them, seemed to be a convincing proof that their thoughts were just. The Earl, too, who was the most honest of men, informed Ruth, giving her thereby another unconscious stab, that the girl was beautiful, most beautiful. "A miserable, dirty, draggled-tailed creature, my dear, but not without beauty, not without much beauty." And here, with that odd vanity which besets men even in the most serious circumstances, the Earl could not help adding, "The Lochawes you know, my love (and Casimir is one of us) have fine taste as regards beauty in women, and it is perhaps owing to that that they are what they are, my dear,—I mean as regards good looks. But such a creature! You have never seen the like of her, nor I indeed, except when I was on a Sanitary Commission as a young man, and went, in my official capacity, to visit the back streets of London. Such horrors!"

In that beautiful passage of Dante, in which the

loves of Paolo and Francesca are told with such exquisite force and delicacy, that the story remains for ever a gain for the world, a thing that cannot be rivalled or surpassed, it ends with the simple words, "We read no more that day." With an agony corresponding in extent to the joy depicted in Dante's story, for the passions are alike in all ages, and the madness of supreme love is ever the same, we may say of poor Ruth, that she wrote no more that day.

Pleading a headache, that convenient malady for women, she begged to be excused from further work, and retired to her own room.

The Earl, who prided himself upon seeing deeply into everything, saw through the headache, and knew that it was an excuse. "Poor Ruth," he said to himself, "how tender-hearted she is, how much she feels for me and for the family." So you see the Earl was very far-sighted, but not quite so far-sighted as to see into the depths of a loving woman's heart.

The first thing that Ruth did, when she was alone in her own room, was to look into the glass.

"No, I am not beautiful," she said, "no flattery could say that I am beautiful. But, oh! if they could look into our hearts, these men might be wiser than they are. No one will ever love him as I could have loved him—each word so dear to me that he uttered—each thought, before it rose to utterance, so well understood by me." And here she laughed hysterically. "The good old man is as foolish as the rest of them. The Lochawes have always had a keen sense of women's beauty. The fools! the idiots! and this is what it comes to. 'A

wretched girl, such as I know not of,' forsooth! As if I had not seen them, as if I had not pitied them, as if I would not have died for them—while I loathed them. The dainty Count Casimir, too! this virtuous youth! so set upon his grand designs to raise the common people! He has raised them forsooth—this one at least. I cannot drive the thought of this from me; no, I cannot; for I do love him. She would be his servant, would she, as the Earl told me, and would not I? Where should he go that I would not follow him, content to be only his servant. Shame upon me! It is most unmaidenly, but there it is; and, as my Lord says, dear proud old man, 'the Lochawes never tell lies to themselves,' nor, indeed, for that matter, to anybody else—except this Casimir. He is not of our lineage: I repudiate him, but I do love him, though."

Then there was the commonplace interruption of Ruth's maid coming to assist her to dress for dinner. She went down to dinner calm and composed as usual, took her customary part in conversation, and Lord Lochawe's mouth was not so compressed as it had been for the last few days, for he had found much comfort in telling Ruth of his troubles, and he occasionally interchanged a few words with her at dinner time, which had a distant reference to the subject they both had at heart, and which were quite unintelligible to the rest of the company.

Both Lord Lochawe and Ruth Sumner were wrong in the conclusion they had come to that Count Casimir's non-appearance at Lochawe house was a proof that their worst thoughts of him were right, and *that he was* ashamed to make his appearance there.

On the contrary, his first thought after awaking from the deep sleep which had fallen upon him on that memorable day of Maggie's untoward presence in his rooms, was that he would go to Lord Lochawe; that he would humble himself before the old man, and apologise for the rude words which he had uttered; that he would insist upon being heard as regards Maggie's story and his own; and that he would not leave the house until he had made his peace. But the events of the last few days had proved too strong for him, for he was now upon his bed almost sightless, and in agonies of pain.

It may be remembered that in a preceding chapter it was mentioned that Maggie was followed through the streets by a little boy. This boy was one of her little nephews who had been tempted by sundry pennies, given to him by his mother, to act as a spy upon Maggie's proceedings. He had followed her into the house and up the stairs; had seen master George transformed into a grand gentleman; and had caught a glimpse of that turning-lathe which had been the unconscious cause of so much misery to Count Casimir.

The boy returned home, and had much to tell his parents. The news was soon bruited about amongst the workmen of that district. A meeting of the club was held. The young Count was denounced as a Frenchman, as a spy, as a man who was going to take the bread out of their mouths by some new-fangled invention, who had only come amongst them to make himself master of their peculiar craft, so that he *might do* them most injury most certainly. *Why, otherwise,* should one of the rich have come

amongst them? Appearances were sadly against the young Count. It would have required a force of imagination not possessed by any of these poor workmen to have imagined the profoundly benevolent purpose for which he had come amongst them. Then, too, there was the private wrong to be redressed—the wrong that he had done to Maggie, who would have been mightily astonished to find that she had been suddenly elevated into the position of a heroine and a victim by the whole neighborhood. It was gratifying to hear how much her half-brothers and her sister-in-law had estimated her, and how impossible they now felt it to be to live without her.

The day after Count Casimir had received the inopportune visits of Lord Lochawe and Maggie, he remained at home, much exhausted and depressed by all that he had gone through, but resolving to pluck up courage, and to make his peace with Lord Lochawe on the ensuing day.

In the evening there arrived for him a small deal box. He proceeded to open it, without the least suspicion of its contents; indeed, he supposed it to be something which he had ordered at a brass-founder's, and which was connected with that unfortunate machine which had already been of such great disservice to him. It was, however, a missive from his enemies, clumsily constructed, but still not so clumsily constructed that it altogether failed to have the desired effect. The thing partially exploded as he was bending over it, and he received some injuries which were nearly proving fatal to his eyesight, and almost to his life.

By great good fortune Mr. Thurston happened to

pay him a visit that evening within a quarter of an hour of the time of the accident. The noise of the explosion had not been great—indeed it had been rather a flare than an explosion—and, in the midst of his sufferings, Count Casimir had retained sufficient power over his thoughts, and sufficient command over his pain, to think how this accident, if noised abroad, would injure his great purposes. He implored Thurston to keep the matter quiet, to manage Mrs. Reddington, and to prevent the affair from getting into the newspapers. Mr. Thurston saw how important it would be for the sufferer that his wishes in these respects should be obeyed, and he took measures accordingly; first, however, sending for the eminent surgeon, Sir James MacArthur. That good man, who had previously had some knowledge of Count Casimir, was greatly distressed at finding him in this state; but, after listening to Mr. Thurston, acquiesced in keeping the matter quiet. He did not feel at all sure, he said, of what might be the consequences as regarded the eyesight of the young Count; for the rest he could answer. There would be great pain and suffering, but nothing that would be fatal to the life of a young man.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUTH'S SUPPOSED RIVAL.

Mr. Thurston watched by his young friend's bedside the greater part of that night, and through a great part of several succeeding days and nights. But he was not the only watcher. The last thing which Mr. Thurston would have done intentionally would have been to have told Maggie of Casimir's misfortune and present state of suffering. A mere philosopher, however, has but small chance against a woman's wit when he seeks to conceal anything from her. Maggie suspected something; and, by dint of watching and listening—for she had no small scruples of refinement—she soon learnt what had happened. On the third day after his accident she was at the bedside of the sufferer. It may be wondered how she succeeded in passing the formidable Mrs. Reddington, and establishing herself in Casimir's room, contrary to all the notions of propriety with which Mrs. Reddington's mind was instinct. But Maggie, who had been dressed in decent clothes by Mr. Thurston's good old house-keeper, was a very different person to look at from the disheveled, draggle-tailed creature who had forced her way into the house on a previous occasion. Mrs. Reddington, at first, did not even *recognize her*. Then she came as Mr. Thurston's

servant, and brought something dainty with her to justify her coming. Moreover, Maggie, in her odd way, possessed, in a high degree, the great art of coaxing. Anyhow she conquered Mrs. Reddington; and, indeed, soon became a favorite with that good lady. Maggie had no especial skill in nursing, and was at first more useful in the lower regions than the upper; and, for the time, was more Mrs. Reddington's servant than she was Mr. Thurston's. For the first day or two she had only come for a few hours; but, on the fourth day, Mr. Thurston, unaccustomed to this work of watching a sick person, was ill, and unable to leave his own room. Accordingly, Maggie, with or without his knowledge, established herself for the whole day in Casimir's lodgings.

Mr. Thurston had felt that it was too great a responsibility for him to take upon himself to conceal from Lord Lochawe the serious illness of his near relative, Count Casimir. On the previous day he had called upon his Lordship, and informed him of the state of things, making somewhat lighter of Casimir's injury and illness than was absolutely true, and also concealing the cause of the injury, making it appear rather as an accident than as anything intentional. He did this, knowing that if the Earl in his fussy way, should demand an enquiry into the circumstances, it would greatly disturb Casimir and possibly prevent his recovery. Of course the Earl did not fail to tell his trusty private secretary, Ruth; and it was agreed between them, that, notwithstanding Casimir's wickedness, he must not be neglected, *and that Ruth* should call at his lodgings the next

day and find out the real state of things. The Earl could not quite compromise his dignity by going himself, though he longed to do so.

Casimir had fallen into a deep though uneasy sleep when Ruth Sumner called at his lodgings. Coming in the Earl's carriage, she was received with due obsequiousness by Mrs. Reddington, and what she heard from that good lady greatly increased her fears. Still, knowing how people of this kind are prone to exaggerate illness, her preconceived notions of Casimir's state did not by any means come up to the reality. She went up stairs, attended by Mrs. Reddington, and softly opened the door. Maggie was sitting crouched up in a large arm-chair, which was close to the bed. She rose from it; and raising her finger, said gently, "Hush, hush." In this attitude the girl looked most beautiful. Ruth's heart sank within her as she contemplated the beauty of her supposed rival, and noticed the familiarity of the position in which she had first found her. She said to herself, "the old Lord is right. The Lochawes have certainly a fine sense of beauty."

The two girls remained for some time looking at one another in silence. Maggie had resumed her place in the arm-chair, in a crouching but not ungraceful attitude. At length the sufferer, who had been moaning uneasily for some time, awoke, and called for water. Maggie was at his side in a moment, and as she gave the water to him, slightly withdrew the curtain. Ruth's horror, on the first sight of Casimir, was unbounded. She would hardly have known him again. An injury of this kind seems even worse than it is. The eyelashes were

burnt, the eyebrows partially, and also much of the hair. The eyes were closed. The face had been dreadfully scorched. "Oh, Casimir, what is this?" was all that she could say. Meanwhile Maggie was passing her fingers through the hair that was left, and was soothing him as a mother soothes her child. Ruth saw all this, and with no feelings of pleasure, for the mind is large enough to feel, at the same time, the intensest pity and the intensest disgust.

Casimir recognised the voice; and said, "Miss Sumner, thank you for coming. I suppose Lord Lochawe knows about it—an accident—an unfortunate experiment. Do not let him be uncomfortable for me. I shall soon be all right again. But come here, please. Read this to me." Here he drew, from under the pillow, a foreign-looking letter.

Maggie whispered to Ruth, "I would have read it to him, you know. I can read English; mother taught me, before she died; but I can't read this. I'm so glad you're come."

Ruth sat down close by the bedside. She felt she could hardly stand; and Maggie took up her old position in the large arm-chair. Ruth began to read the letter. It was in French, and was from the old Count Maremma.

Everyone, who has known misfortune, knows, that, as is the way with great kings, it always comes attended with a suit of courtiers like itself.

In a few hurried words the old Count told his son that the worst which had been anticipated had happened; that he was about to be denounced by the government; that most of his household had already fled; and that he, the professor, and old Bettina were about to seek their safety in flight. He did not yet

know where he should fly to. Moreover this letter might be intercepted. A further letter would give full particulars.

The last sentences were unheard by Casimir, for he had fainted. The two girls, with Mrs. Reddington's aid, who was immediately summoned, succeeded after a time in restoring him. When he had been restored to consciousness, Casimir did nothing but moan out incoherent sentences about going to his father immediately. Once he strove to rise from the bed, but was gently restrained by Ruth and Maggie. After a time he was silent; and Maggie began to sing, in a low voice, a song, which, during the last day or two, she had often found useful in calming him. At last overcome by exhaustion, numbed by sorrow, and soothed by Maggie's crooning, Casimir fell again into a sound sleep.

Ruth rose to go. Maggie followed her, and softly closed the door behind them. The two girls stood upon the landing place, confronting one another—the supposed sinner, and the supposed saint. But any superior being, who could have looked into the hearts of both of them, would have been much puzzled to say which was the sinner, and which was the saint. In Ruth's heart there was the infinite passion of love; there was also infinite shame, and almost infinite remorse, as regarded that passion; there was disgust, too, mixed with envy, as she looked into the loving eyes of the other girl; and above all, there was immeasurable pity for Casimir. She thought more meanly of him, and less meanly. One woman knows another well, far *better than* any man, and Ruth felt the innocence *and lovingness* of this poor neglected child. How

could Casimir have had the heart to betray her? But, all the while, she felt that Maggie was very lovable and very beautiful; and that it was not so surprising, or so very base, that Casimir should have loved the girl. But then, her idol—the man she thought to be a great man (and Ruth had ever formed for herself an ideal of a great man) to condescend to ignorance, and to be the merest slave of passion.

Maggie interrupted these meditations, which passed in a few moments through Ruth's mind, by these simple words, "Do come again, dear lady: come to-morrow. I can't get out every day you know. Somebody who loves him should be with him always."

Poor Maggie could not have made a more unfortunate speech. That her love should be known to this girl, and what was worse, that it should be tolerated, was to Ruth the height of indignity. She said, angrily, "Lord Lochawe will doubtless come himself. I cannot come again. Such profligacy is not for me to see."

Now poor Maggie did not understand the word "profligacy;" but she knew that it was something very blameful. Drunkenness was the thing that she thought was the worst in the world. All her troubles had come upon her when her half-brothers and her sister-in-law were drunk. Moreover she had never heard anything emphatic said without its being accompanied with a coarse word, or an oath. Whereupon she uttered the following words in defence of her "dear master George." I am almost ashamed to write them down, and to make them come from the mouth of a beautiful and innocent

girl. But they were said; and it is no good pretending that they were not said, or softening them down.

"It's a d——d shame," said Maggie, her beautiful eyes expanding with wrath, "and it's all a d——d lie. Master George never came home drunk once during all the time he was in our house. I'll swear to it, by God I will."

Ruth stayed to hear no more, but fled down stairs, only muttering to herself, "All the time that he was in our house, the wretches!" And the swift horses of Lord Lochawe bore their light freight, but if misery could be weighed, and were a thing palpable and earthly, we should have said, their heavy burden, to Lochawe House.

We have given a picture, a faithful picture, of Ruth Sumner's mind. We ought, in justice, to do the same with Maggie's. Maggie did not know what love was. Love rather belongs to idleness; and Maggie had not known a day for many years in which she had not been hunted down by ill-nature, or oppressed by work. Her idea of a happy day was one in which she escaped harsh words or harsher blows. She loved Casimir, it is true; but it was with the love of a child for a protector. She would have died for him, in the extremity of her gratitude; but she respected him far too much, and worshipped him too much,—the noblest, kindest, cleverest being she had ever seen—to love him as young women love young men. A more complete innocence was never seen; and the mind of the other girl—demure, proper, decorous, as she was—contained whirlwinds of passion, as yet unknown to, and undreamt of, by poor Maggie.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUTH'S RESOLVE.

A GREAT traveller who had wandered for many days and nights in sad disappointment and trouble of mind, for he had lost his way, came at last into a fair country. There was much that was new, there was much that was beautiful and remarkable in that country; but there was nothing which caused the traveller so much admiration, though he had seen many countries, as this: There was a tree in that country, the wood of which when formed into caskets, had a property which was magical. Whatever was put into these caskets remained for ever there, and could never be taken out. It seemed to the traveller, something awful that you should have receptacles which held for ever what was once committed to them. But the inhabitants of this country saw none of this awfulness. Out of these caskets could be taken exact images of all that had been put into them. They saw nothing wonderful in this. So lightly did they treat these caskets that they were content to put into them any kind of rubbish, for the only difficulty which this injudicious filling of these caskets caused them was, that they had to turn over more of these articles of rubbish to get at the image of anything they wanted. They saw *nothing magical*, or, as I should rather say, provi-

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dential, in all this. Indeed, they said that the substance out of which the caskets were formed had acquired this magical quality for itself, or that this property had been derived by a fortuitous occurrence of accidental atoms.

The traveller wondered at their folly and despised it; but he forgot that in his memory he carried about with him a receptacle which did not differ much in its nature from those which the inhabitants of this fair country estimated so slightly and filled so carelessly.

The book of travels of this great traveller naturally recurred to me when thinking of the words that poor Maggie had, so unconsciously, disgraced herself by uttering. How can we expect that the young, however beautiful by nature, will cease from reproducing what they have heard uttered from their earliest years—those lower layers of thought, feeling, and expression which have been first placed into those marvellous receptacles which we sum up in one word, and call their memories?

Ruth reached home an almost broken-hearted woman. She felt it to be her duty to tell Lord Lochawe of all that had passed. Her own feelings were most bitter, and were most confused. She had now no doubt of the relation in which poor Maggie stood to Count Casimir. She felt that he was lost to her for ever. She also felt that his father's loss of fortune made it imperative upon him, if he could get rid of Maggie, to marry a woman who should bring him fortune and the means of carrying out his great designs. She resolved that *he should* marry Lady Alice. Lady Alice had a

large fortune in her own power; and Ruth determined that in the present position of affairs, that fortune should go to aid in bringing to a successful issue Count Casimir's great purposes. She had long seen that Casimir was hesitating between the two—between herself and Lady Alice—as to whom he would love.

This was, however, a matter for further consideration. Her present difficulty was with Lord Lochawe, who was inconceivably distressed by what Ruth had to tell him. His first thought was that his son, Lord Glenant, would be the most useful in this emergency. "Glenant," he said "will manage everything. He will get rid of the girl if she ought to be got rid of. He will see what is to be done about the old Count."

It may be observed that Lord Lochawe had the greatest faith in his son's knowledge of the world, and in his power to get through the most difficult circumstances. "You, my dear," he said to Ruth, "must see Glenant and instruct him as to what he is to do. I must go to the house. A statesman should have none of these difficulties. He ought not, my dear Ruth, to have a wife, or to have children, to molest him. He should be as a monk, with nothing to think of but his Order."

Ruth Sumner and Lord Glenant had an interview together. It was rather an embarrassing one, for a girl is always much perplexed when she has to talk with a rejected lover. Glenant did not make this difficulty easier for her. He could not help being a little malicious. He knew that she loved Casimir, *and would* pretend that he did not understand what

she was endeavoring to explain to him. At last, however, he undertook the function which his father and Ruth had resolved to impose upon him; and, from that time forward, he was a constant attendant at the bedside of his rival, Count Casimir.

Meanwhile Maggie had gained her point: she had contrived to establish herself as the permanent nurse of Count Casimir, or rather, as the servant of Mrs. Reddington. She succeeded in managing her master, Mr. Thurston, completely. The poor philosopher had never been so treated before. She would kneel to him, kiss his hand, and ask his permission to do what she had determined to do, namely, to wait upon Count Casimir. Maggie did not behave as a servant, but rather as a wilful child. In despair he would ring for Mrs. Goodall, his housekeeper, and ask her whether she could manage this girl. Mrs. Goodall replied that she could not. Then his hopes were placed upon Mrs. Reddington; but that excellent woman had come to believe in Maggie, and was almost a slave to her. The truth is, that Maggie was so handy, she learnt everything so quickly, that, in the present emergency, she had become more the mistress of the house than Mrs. Reddington herself. This was no mystery. There is a reason for it. The people who have not been crammed with much previous knowledge, and yet have not passed the time when the perceptions are very vivid, acquire new knowledge very swiftly and easily. And, moreover, Maggie was one of those persons who are singularly deft in all work with the hands, and who seem to possess a faculty, in that

respect, which is unknown to the great majority of mankind.

Every reader must observe, that Ruth Sumner was somewhat unlike herself, and inconsistent when she seemed to think that Casimir was good enough for Lady Alice, though not for Ruth herself, on account of his supposed intimacy with Maggie. Yet Ruth's regard for Alice was very great, and one might have expected that she would have been as delicate, and as dignified for Alice, as for herself. The supposition is naturally suggested that Ruth thought that a lower kind of love than that which she must have, would suffice for Alice. There certainly was some baseness, too, in bringing in money as an element in the transaction. But then it may be observed that people who would not be base for themselves, will adopt very questionable motives, when acting, or scheming, for others. Any way that it may be taken, Ruth's views were scarcely reconcilable with the usual high tenor of her mind.

It would be worth while to have long life, if only to have the time and opportunity to study, and, if possible, to understand any one human character. No man, or woman, would appear to you to be absurd or inconsistent, if you knew *all* about him or her. There are those who fear that God should know everything about them: whereas it should be the chief comfort to all of us to reflect that there is One Being who knows everything about us, and, therefore, with a divine toleration, can pardon.

CHAPTER XV.

LORD GLENANT AND MAGGIE.

THE days went on. Count Casimir's illness was severe, lingering, and more uncertain in its results than the great surgeon had at first anticipated. Lord Glenant was a constant attendant at the bedside of his cousin,—a most willing attendant, not merely from good-nature, though he was a most good-natured man, but also from the delight he took in the companionship of Maggie. Not that these two were always friends—quite the contrary. There was sometimes dire war between them, and almost hatred, for the moment, on the part of Maggie. Lord Glenant would pretend to be very angry with Casimir, and would talk as if he believed in all that had been said against him. Lord Glenant's delight and amusement would be in making Maggie use inappropriate language; and Maggie would use such language, when rebutting the charges against her dear friend Casimir, who lay in his bed, sometimes conscious, sometimes totally unconscious, of all that was passing around him.

Shakespeare, no doubt, was right in making his Romeo, after one failure in love, most susceptible of a new passion. But the other side of the question is true, too. There are two species of mankind—*the one to whom* past love opens new love, and the

other to whom past love shuts up all the avenues of love. Lord Glenant was of the former species; Lord Lochawe of the latter. It is a strange thing to say, but the business-like Earl was of a far more romantic nature than his son. The Earl had loved but once; and all his thoughts of womankind were full of "her untried perfections," so that he could admit no other woman into that sanctuary of his soul.

Lord Glenant was entirely cured of his love for Ruth Sumner—cured by despair. He had thoroughly recognized the hopelessness of his suit in that quarter: he saw that even if there had been no such person as Casimir Maremma, he (Lord Glenant) might have won the hand of Ruth; but never would have won the utmost love which she was capable of feeling. His heart had, as it were, been opened to all soft affections by this love; but was no longer engaged by it, even if it had ever been really so engaged.

He was now domiciled with a young woman of a very different nature and character from any that he had hitherto seen; and any bystander might at once have perceived that there was great danger for Glenant's peace of mind in this familiar intercourse, of which danger Glenant himself had at first not the faintest suspicion.

The two young people were left, for the most part, quite alone together. Mr. Thurston was ill, Ruth Sumner could not, under the circumstances, come to Casimir's lodgings; and Lord Lochawe came but rarely. When he did come, Maggie made *herself scarce*, for she was terribly afraid of the old

Lord, who, she perceived, had caused Casimir so much fear and annoyance in the interview she had witnessed between them.

As Maggie Lauder will unavoidably play a considerable part in this story, it is desirable to describe her much more accurately and precisely than has yet been done. We have hitherto only seen the poor, neglected, ill-used girl, flying from the ill-treatment of her relations to the friendly protection of the only human being who had ever treated her kindly, and pitied her. But she was a woman of a rare character, and such as is well worth describing, and even studying.

It is, in general, a great difficulty, and one which is rarely overcome, to describe the personal appearance of any human being. You may see this every day. You labor at a personal description, and think that you must have attained to some success; but when the person to whom you have made your description sees the individual whom you have described, you generally find that your description is considered to have been very imperfect, and even deceptive.

Nevertheless, I shall try to give some traits of personal description, in addition to those which have been already given, of Maggie.

She was a little woman, with small feet and soft, small hands, which, strange to say, had not been much spoilt by work.

The smallness of her feet and hands will, perhaps, be accounted for hereafter. She was not what might be called, delicately framed; and you could *foresee that in* middle life, if life went well with her,

she would become one of those dames described as, "fair, fat, and forty." Not, by the way, that she would ever be fair, for her complexion was of the uniformly rich tint of a brunette. When she blushed, which she did frequently and upon very slight provocation, the warm color of the countenance merely deepened into a richer hue.

When she moved about, she did so with great rapidity, nearly twice as fast as other people; but yet these rapid movements were far from ungraceful.

I have said that her eyes were like those of the Limerick lasses, which are, perhaps, the most beautiful eyes in the world; but I have said nothing about the lower part of her face. The great man who has written about physiognomy—the only man who has ever written anything about physiognomy much worth reading, as far as I know—Lavater, after dwelling upon the other parts of the human countenance, comes to speak of the mouth. Whereupon he falls, or rather, mounts, into a rhapsody upon that "divine feature," as he calls it. "Who shall dare to describe its beauties or its significance." He feels it to be *the* feature of the human face. Now, Maggie had a most remarkable mouth. The upper lip was all that a painter or sculptor would have wished it to be, with two most exquisite curves in it, a thing of perfect beauty. The lower lip was rather heavy, and what might be called, speaking euphemistically, sensuous. There were many dimples, those pitfalls of seducing beauty, in close proximity to this pretty mouth.

I must tell the exact truth, and must confess that, *when Maggie* laughed, it was a laugh that was

rather loud, and hearty, and over-genial. It was not the laugh of a very refined person. The whole look of the face, the first expression that caught your attention, was one of beseechingness. This probably arose from the sufferings and ill-treatment she had undergone, so that the prevailing expression in her face seemed to say, "Do not scold me, do not beat me, for I would do anything to please you, and avert your anger."

I have now done my best to describe the personal appearance of this very winning girl. It remains to endeavor to describe her character. The first thing that occurs to me to say is, that she was eminently receptive—perhaps the most winning characteristic that can be told of man or woman. Very different from Ruth Sumner, who was of a much higher and much more determined character, Maggie Lauder sympathized with everybody. Nothing appeared frivolous to her (by the way, at this time, she would not have understood the meaning of the word frivolous), that others cared about. If she had been born and bred in a higher sphere of life, she would never have been fastidious. Her geniality would have overcome all fastidiousness.

She was not witty, like Lady Alice, but she had a great deal of drollery about her—there, again, the result of her Irish ancestry—and she was easily amused by a rougher kind of play and fun than would ever have suited Lady Alice or Ruth Sumner.

Maggie, though finding no sympathy in her own family, had not been without love in that wretched quarter where she had lived. The lovable person *is always* found out. The children there doated

upon Maggie; and one of the complaints that her coarse brothers and her fierce sister-in-law had been wont to make of her was, that there was always "a heap of brats after Maggie," and that the place was "alive with them."

Her abilities, as will be seen, were of the highest order. I mean her power of acquiring knowledge or of understanding anything that was well put before her.

Such a person, as I have above described, was Maggie Lauder; and everybody must own that she was a very dangerous young person to be domiciled with such a man as Lord Glenant, especially in the present state of his mind, pining, as he was, for affection, and mortified by a refusal.

Enter any great library—that of Rome, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London—and contemplate the wonderful, the colossal industry and ingenuity of the toilful human beings who have written the innumerable tomes which crowd the shelves of any such library! It seems to you as if there must have been a vast diversity of subjects to have occupied the laborious minds of those people who have written all these volumes. But it is not so. After close examination you will find that there are but three or four subjects chiefly treated of. The most prominent are love, theology, and medicine (law and language occupy a second place). And notwithstanding all that has been written on these three main subjects, they are not by any means exhausted. Indeed, after all these thousands of years, they are only beginning to be discussed. If you read what *you call, "a trashy* story of fiction," you will prob-

ably find that the writer has had some new experience in love, and will be able to tell you something new about it, something not quite like what anybody else has ever told before. And here I will venture to say my little say—"A poor thing, sir, but mine own"—and that is, that people are loved for their deficiencies, their weaknesses, their foibles, even for their errors and their sins, as much as for their merits. It is fortunate for such a poor, and erring creature, as man or woman is, that it is so.

This remark applies closely to the present case; for Maggie became attractive to Lord Glenant as much on account of her ignorance as on account of any of the great qualities which, as I have just shown, were inherent in her.

It would be useless to attempt to disguise from the reader the effect which being domiciled with Maggie Lauder produced upon Lord Glenant. He was, at first, attracted by her *naïveté*, and, if we may say so, by the peculiarity of her character. Afterwards, he became much interested in her; and finally, he fell wildly, madly, in love with her.

As to Maggie's feelings, they were very strange and perplexed. She hated Lord Glenant for speaking against her much-honored Casimir; and yet she liked Lord Glenant for himself.

Lord Glenant's attachment to Maggie may seem a very sudden thing; and such as argued much levity on his part. But, really, it was not so. The greater part of mankind have fallen in love, with much less acquaintance with the ladies of their love, than Glenant had formed with Maggie in Casimir's sick-room. At first he had only been amused

with Maggie, and had made the dull hours pass more pleasantly by teasing her. But, gradually he had begun to perceive the innate worth, nobleness, and originality of the girl. When they talked together now it was not always upon light and trivial topics; and Glenant found, to his astonishment, that about this world and the next, Maggie's views and his own were in wonderful accord, only that she had an amount of hope, belief, and enthusiasm, which was unknown to him. Glenant found himself in the position, very strange to him, of being a tutor, and even of explaining to Maggie the doctrines of theology, which her untutored mind had never heard before, though she had been a vigorous believer in a natural religion which she had formed for herself.

One of the things which immensely delighted him in Maggie was her overflowing vitality. She was never tired, either physically or intellectually; and, when once engaged in discussion, Glenant found that Maggie's interest in the subjects discussed, and her passionate desire to understand and master everything he talked to her about, never flagged. To use a strong, but not wholly inappropriate metaphor, he bathed, as it were, in the fresh flowing waters of an intelligence which was ever renewed by an exceeding desire to know all that ever had been, or could be, known. For the first time in his life, Glenant perceived what a grand thing it would be if the poor were educated, for there might be many Maggies among them—though, of course, none quite equal to his Maggie.

Maggie on the other hand, was not so much attracted by Glenant. The habit of mockery, what

the French call *persiflage*, which had become almost a second nature to him, was eminently distasteful to her; and he committed the great error, in dealing with such a mind as that of Maggie, of never talking quite seriously about serious matters.

Still, their amity was such as to give Glenant much hope and much encouragement that he would, ultimately, win her love.

It must not be supposed that Lord Glenant did not struggle against the love, which he felt was overcoming him, for Maggie Lauder. No one of the readers of this story, nor the relator of it, could be more aware than was Lord Glenant, a man of the world, of the inappropriateness—of the almost absurdity—of his falling in love with such a girl as Maggie. But the reality of the thing was too strong for all his pre-conceived ideas of the necessity of equality in rank, position, and education, of people who should wisely love one another. It may be thought a creditable thing to Lord Glenant, that he never dreamt of anything but marriage as a means of uniting himself to Maggie. Say what we may about that queer tyrant, Henry VIII., it is always a credit to him that he wished to marry those whom he loved. No man who ever loved with real, profound love—with the utmost love of which his nature is capable—ever wished to seduce the woman whom he loved; that is, if he had the power to marry her. For love of this deep kind contemplates the whole life; and the idea of the possibility of ever being separated from the person loved is so repulsive that it cannot be allowed to enter into the contemplation. *It was impossible* for those who knew him (and

those who knew him, mostly loved him) to consider Lord Glenant's position at this period without great pain. It was not that they pitied him because his love was unfortunate as regards the inferior matters of education and position of the person he loved, but because they saw that he had again fixed his heart, and this time irrevocably, upon a woman whom he might never win. One longed to tell him, but one cannot alter a man at once by a little bit of advice, that he must make himself a different man from what he was in order to win the love of this radiant and beautiful girl. His rank and station would have no particular influence with her, to whom the humblest and poorest gentleman would have been far superior in rank and station; and, therefore, his only chance depended upon his personal qualities being such as would secure the affection of a girl so original in mind and nature as Maggie Lauder.

Lord Glenant did not see this. He thought that his difficulty would not be so great with Maggie herself as with his father and his own family; and it was to that branch of the difficulty that he gave his most anxious thought and attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD LOCHAWE PERPLEXED.

LORD GLENANT resolved to have a most serious conversation with his father.

Accordingly he had the audacity to make his way into the study, and to interrupt the Earl in the midst of business.

"Well, my Lord," he said, "I have come to talk to you this morning."

"Thank you, Glenant. I am always glad to see you; but I am very busy just now. The Irish affairs are all-absorbing. I really do not know what we shall do."

"My dear father, these Irish affairs, as you call them, will be all-absorbing for the next fifty years; but your son's affairs will be finished before that time. I want to have a most serious talk with you."

"Proceed, Ronald; your father is always ready to listen to you."

"I want to make a bargain with you, father."

Now Lord Lochawe had mostly found that these bargains were about horses. Lord Lochawe was a great breeder of horses at an estate which he had in Yorkshire.

"Well, Ronald, you always cheat me as a son generally does his father; but I can't let you have both the horses that have come up from Latimers."

"*It's about* a much more difficult and delicate

matter than horse-dealing, that I want to talk to you, father. I have been a great trouble to you, have I not?"

"Oh, my dear boy, not more than other sons to other fathers."

"But I want to make a bargain with you which will be more important to your happiness, than the settlement, however prosperous, of Irish affairs. I love a young woman."

"I believe, Glenant, that this is not the first time (would that it had been!) that this remarkable phenomenon has occurred."

"But I love her very dearly, my dear father."

"Yes, my dear Glenant," said the Earl drily, "I believe this too has occurred before."

"As I said, I have been a great trouble to you."

"I would not wish to contradict you rudely, my dear Roland."

"I will now try to be everything you could wish: I will do anything you desire, if only you will not thwart me in this: if only, in a year's time, you will consent to my marriage with her."

"Is she a respectable young woman? Pardon me for asking such a question, Glenant, but your conduct has made it necessary. In a word, is she virtuous?"

"She is."

"I suppose she is poor?"

"She is."

"I suppose she is of humble parentage, or you would not make this mystery about her, and insist upon this bargain?"

"*She is.*"

"Give me ten minutes, Glenant. Take yourself from the room; and, when you return, I will give you an answer."

Lord Glenant quitted the room. Never was there a father in greater perplexity than poor Lord Lochawe. Though somewhat of a pedant, he was a man of the world. Hardly any man becomes a minister in this country who is not considerably above the average of his fellow-men. He said to himself, "This is probably a last chance for Glenant. The boy will be true to his bargain if I once close with him; but what a fearful price it is to pay. Still there is time in my favor. He does not ask for an immediate consent. He must fulfil his part of the bargain before I fulfil mine. I had better not inquire too much about her. It will be too dreadful: some ballet-girl, perhaps. There is a terrible amount of romance in all the Lochawes. If Gertrude had been a ballet-girl, should I not have loved her just as much? Selden was very wise when he said, that, of all things which concern a man, his marriage it is which concerns himself most; and yet it is the thing which other people think they have most right to interfere in.

"But then he was not the Earl of Selden. The world would never forgive this folly of Glenant's; still it is perhaps the boy's only chance. I almost think I'll risk it. What does he want this year for? Is it that she may be educated?"

Here Lord Glenant entered, and interrupted the Earl's meditations.

"Though poor, and of humble parentage, she is doubtless well educated, Glenant?"

"She is not."

The Earl was convinced that he was right, and that time would assuredly be wanted before Glenant could venture to bring the matter before him formally. The old have great faith in the effect of time. Give us time on our side, they say to themselves, and we can do anything.

Another idea now struck the Earl. Perhaps Glenant might be refused; perhaps this important preliminary of acceptance had not been settled. He would find out that.

"I suppose, Glenant, you are sure that the young lady" (Glenant could not help smiling at the words "the young lady") "reciprocates your affection. You are sure of that?"

"No, sir; would that I were!"

Lord Lochawe felt no further hesitation. "I will agree to the bargain," he said, "Glenant. I will not interrupt your happiness in any way. And to show you how thoroughly I mean that we should both abide by it, I will request you at once to enter into official harness, and to be an assistant private secretary to your father. You must, in that capacity, read and annotate these pamphlets on the Irish Church Question, which I foresee will soon be the great question of the day. I should wish you also to read the Strafford Correspondence. Here is the volume which I should wish you first to master. You will come every morning at eleven o'clock and receive my orders."

Lord Glenant, who was very affectionate and very childish in *some of* his ways, put his arms round his *father's neck* (he was standing behind his father's

chair) and pressed the Earl affectionately. The Earl felt the tears rise to his eyes, but he merely placed his hands upon his son's, "It is a bargain to be faithfully kept, my dear boy, by both of us—a somewhat severe bargain for me, Glenant."

Not so, my dear father, when you shall come to know her." Hereupon Lord Glenant left the room, fearing lest, if he stayed, any further conditions should be named. And the Earl resumed his work.

Perhaps there never was a stranger interview between a father and a son; but a vein of eccentricity ran through the Lochawes, and was perhaps the cause of their greatness in the world, at any rate, of that of their ancestors.

The founders of great families are generally eccentric personages.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUTH'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

"THERE are two things which surprise me," said Goethe, "the immensity of the Universe of Stars, and the sense of right and wrong in Man." There is a thing which has always surprised me much more; and that is, the power of endurance in man and woman—the immense capacity for bearing continuously, and for a long period, the most vast and complicated misery. Think, too, what a delicate creature, both in body and in mind, even the roughest of the species is—and then, moreover, what the most refined had often had to go through. Picture to yourself the martyr for religious opinions, lying crushed and maimed in some wretched dungeon, waiting for the next inquiry into his religious faith, and resolving amidst all his misery, not to abandon his cherished opinion about matters which he could not possibly understand. You hear people say, in these comparatively soft and degenerate days, "I could not have borne this: I could not have been a martyr." But they are mistaken, they could and would bear all that their ancestors have borne.

Then think of the man who is suffering from remorse, and yet has to go through life with an apparently unruffled front, and to behave himself just like other men.

The sufferings that Ruth Sumner endured at this time were not light; and it was the sense of those sufferings which made me think of the sufferings of mankind in general.

After Ruth had gone through her memorable interview with Maggie at the bedside of Casimir, it came upon her by reflection that there must be some great mistake about the supposed relation of Maggie to Casimir. Ruth said to herself, the girl cannot seem so innocent, and yet be so wicked. Besides, Ruth knew well, though Casimir had not said a word of love to her, that he was disposed to be enamored of herself.

The whole affair was soon cleared up when Lord Glenant came to assist, as joint-nurse with Maggie, at the bedside of the sufferer. The true state of affairs was told to Lord Lochawe, to Maggie, and to the family. Lady Alice was the only person who still blamed Casimir. Ruth could almost have been contented not to have been undeceived. She could better have borne to think of Casimir as unworthy of her love, than to have known that he was as worthy of it as ever; to have been aware, for now she fully knew her own heart, that she loved him devotedly; and to be compelled by stern duty to suppress that love, both in him and her, for the sake of his future fortunes. Ruth said to herself, "All is altered now. The ruin of his father makes it necessary, for his great purposes, that he should attain a fortune in marriage. And he must marry Alice. Her whole mind was set upon this project. She must disgust him with herself (this was the most cruel part of *her project*). She must make Alice attractive to *him*, and must reinstate him in Alice's favor.

I suppose it has occurred to most persons, when hearing of any great action, to think whether they could do a similar thing themselves. You ask yourself, could you give up Empire, as Constantine did to Nicholas, and be the subject, where you might have been the Sovereign? You think you could; and I agree with you.

You ask yourself, could you give up reputation—that is, do a thing of much worth and merit, and let any one else get the credit for it? You think you could; and I agree with you.

You ask yourself, could you give up an opinion—a cherished opinion—for the sake of conjoint action with a political party, or from a respect and belief in a greater mind than your own? You think you could; and I agree with you.

But to give up one's lover—we all hesitate about that. There is but little compensation to reward one for such an act of self-sacrifice. There is no sense of grandeur to sustain one; no pity, no admiration, to be had; and vanity, the kindest and the most surely present of all consolers, fails to soothe one in this extremity.

And yet there are many persons who have done this great thing; and now Ruth was to do it—and not only give up passively, but actively to lead herself to the altar of sacrifice, and to be both priest and victim.

Depend upon it, this is the most unbounded form of heroic self-denial that is ever practised in the world.

Count Casimir, though he had not yet recovered *his eyesight,* was sufficiently cured of the injuries

he had received, to leave his room, and to become again a welcome visitor at the house of Lord Lochawe. The old Earl was more than ever fond of him, and attentive to him, being anxious to compensate for the unkindness which he had shown him, and the injustice which he had done him, when under the influence of injurious suspicion. Lady Alice, on the other hand, was rather cold; and, though sometimes giving way to pity, had an injured air. Ruth felt that it was not sufficient for her to be cold and repulsive, but that she must contrive to imbue the young Count with a mean opinion of herself. She accordingly took up the line of being a dependant whose sole aim it was to gain something from the relatives with whom she lived. She even went so far, though her soul revolted at the deceit, as to intimate to him, when she was alone with him, that she looked forward when she should marry, to some gratification for the services which she had rendered to Lord Lochawe.

But one of the most remarkable things in love is, that, after the love has been once well set, as it were, it is very difficult, by any amount of *malfaisance*, to uproot the love. Everything that is said or done by the beloved person is seen through a softening haze of affection which destroys or veils the sharp and unpleasant outlines of the object looked at.

The young Count thought that it was rather base in Ruth to look for reward for her services to her kinsman, the Earl, or rather that it would have been base in any other person; but was not so in her who *had* been a dependant from her earliest years. *Indeed it was*, perhaps, a merit, showing the practical

nature of her mind, and convincing him what a useful person she would be as a partner in any practical enterprise. For he was more bent than ever upon his great scheme of emigration to South America.

This plan, therefore, of Ruth's failed; but she had other arrows in her quiver. She began to show him how set she was upon making a good marriage —that is, a worldly marriage. This had more effect; but not all the effect she could have wished.

It has been mentioned that Ruth was a great musician. Now, the only thing that ever diverted Count Casimir from his laborious and anxious thoughts, was music. The fond girl, though she had formerly delighted in playing to him, resolved to prevent herself from doing so for the future. One night after she had, in vain, used her utmost efforts to disgust him with her views of life, she was in her bedroom meditating what could next be done to diminish his affection for her, and to turn his affection towards his cousin, Lady Alice. She resolved to prevent herself from being able to play to him in the future. She struck her arm violently against a marble table, and gave herself so severe an injury that it really was impossible for her to play to him for some time.

The next day he happened to bring a piece of music which he had composed during his weary hours in bed at his lodgings, and which, with the aid of Lord Glenant, whose chief knowledge was musical, he had contrived to set down in writing. The two girls were together in Lady Alice's boudoir *when Count Casimir* was led into it. With all the

modesty, yet with all the anxiety, of a young author, he began to tell them of the "poor thing", which he had composed; and he asked Ruth to condescend to try it. She, of course, pleaded her inability, having, as she said, stupidly injured her wrist the preceding evening, and showing Alice the injury. He then asked Lady Alice.

Lady Alice, though reluctantly, was about to make the attempt when Ruth darted from the other end of the room, snatched the music out of her hand, and said, most emphatically, "No, you shall not play it, Alice." It would be more than the poor girl could bear, to hear her rival play that which it would have been such a delight to her to render.

For a moment she stood aghast, thinking how absurd her conduct must appear, and how utterly she must have betrayed her feelings; but her good genius came to her aid. Women are seldom so utterly lost from want of tact as men. She burst into a loud laugh, of which her companions did not perceive the falseness, and then said, "You must not minister to his vanity, dear Alice; with your fine playing you will almost convince our cousin that he is a Beethoven, or a Mozart. Whereas, it is, I see, but a parody upon a well-known melody."

Here, falsifying the music, she hummed something which much resembled a well-known air. "What would Lord Lochawe say," she exclaimed, "if he knew that our serious cousin, instead of studying Blue books, gave his time to mere imitations of this kind. Don't think it unkind of me, Casimir, that I try to repress your nascent genius." Here she spoke *most sneeringly*.

But the young Count did think it most unkind; and for the first time, for some months, his love for Ruth Sumner began to falter.

"If she thought it, she need not have said it," he exclaimed to himself.

Lady Alice, on the contrary, feeling keenly for her cousin, for she was a most tender-hearted person, maintained that the melody was a most original melody, and persevered in playing it, notwithstanding Ruth's disparaging comments while the music was going on.

Count Casimir was led away, half-disenchanted from his former love; while Ruth, having received a severe scolding from her cousin Alice, for her unkindness, went to her own room to indulge in an agony of grief.

And this was the first breach of love between a young man and a young woman who were made for one another, and whom prosperity, a far more dangerous disseverer than adversity, would never have dissevered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OLD COUNT'S DANGER.

THERE is no relationship so variable in its intensity as that of father and son, especially as regards the feeling of the son towards the father. Sometimes this feeling is absolutely one of dislike, sometimes of indifference, sometimes of respectful affectionateness, and sometimes of passionate devotion. A father's position is very difficult: at the same time it is one which has great advantages. It may be observed that a boy, or a youth, is exceedingly devoted to the first grown-up man who takes him in hand, as it were, and treats him as one who is about to enter into his own class—the class of men. Sometimes this is done by an elder brother, by an elder school-boy, or by a young uncle; but it comes with especial graciousness and pleasantness when it is done by a father. Such judicious kindness is never forgotten.

Now the relation between Casimir and his father had always been of the most intimate and affectionate kind. The old Count had been playmate, and friend,—part tutor, and whole confidant,—of his son. The danger which now threatened his father sat upon Count Casimir as a nightmare. The passionate desire which the young man had to be with his father at the present juncture, and to aid in his

escape, greatly retarded his own recovery. The skilful surgeon who had attended Casimir from the first, now told Lord Lochawe that he could do no more for Count Casimir; that his skill was baffled; and that the state of the young man's mind rendered him, the surgeon, almost despondent about the young man's ultimate recovery of eyesight.

Ruth Sumner did not immediately know this; or, notwithstanding her determined purpose to make herself unloved by Casimir, she could hardly have had the heart to do what she did. She resolved to clench the disgust and disapprobation which she perceived were beginning to come over Casimir's mind with regard to herself, by speaking lightly of his father's troubles, and especially by blaming, in a hard and unsympathetic way, the error which the old Count had committed in giving needless offence to his government. It is probable that nothing else could have succeeded in alienating her lover. But, by doing this, she attained a certain success. And when she saw that she was to some extent successful, her anguish was very great. We often do or say things, doing them with all our might, or saying them with all sincerity and earnestness, which, after all, we have a secret hope—a hope that we hardly allow ourselves to recognize—will not be successful. We take a part against ourselves manfully, or as I might say in this case, womanfully; but, all the time, we have a distant hope that our generosity may not be taken in serious part against ourselves.

Such is the pleasure which surgeons, happily for us, take in skilful operations that one can imagine (*if such a thing* were possible) that a surgeon, opera-

ting upon himself, might so enjoy the skill as to be unperceptive of, or indifferent to, the agony. But, in such cases as I have just been describing, the generous man or woman is but little consoled by the skill exhibited by himself, or herself, as the operator, for the pain endured in the operation.

Moreover, Ruth's success in this instance, was only partial. She succeeded in partially alienating her lover from herself: she did not succeed in deepening his affection for his cousin, Lady Alice. And, as before intimated, Lady Alice regarded Casimir less favorably than she had ever done. The truth is, that, though very amiable and affectionate, she was a somewhat jealous young lady. She had been accustomed to undivided sway. This little episode of Maggie's flight to Count Casimir's protection, though now perfectly understood by Ruth, by Lord Lochawe, by Lord Glenant, and by Mr. Thurston, was not understood by, and was not satisfactory to, Cousin Alice.

Then, too, Casimir was not like his former self. His Sclavonian politeness and courtesy had been a little rubbed off by misfortune. Now he was often peevish, sometimes exacting, almost always discontented. His mortification was very great at finding how unsuccessful he had been in his attempt to fraternize with working-people. Even Maggie's devotion to him was not altogether pleasant, and he felt the ridicule of it. Then there was ever in his mind his distress about his father. He could not aid that dear father in the extremity of his peril. *This enforced* inactivity preyed upon Casimir's mind. *Lastly, came* his disappointment about Ruth. He

began to be very bitter and cynical. He even put down Lord Lochawe, who bore with the young man's fretfulness with a degree of gentleness and patience that astonished all his family. As for Lord Glenant, Casimir was most intolerant to him, and was angry that his intolerance met with no response from the young Lord. The young Count even sneered at Mr. Thurston's theories: and when in company with the girls, he took no pains to disguise his cynical displeasure with all earthly things and people. In short, I am sorry to say, that my hero, at this time, was eminently disagreeable.

Ruth loved him the more for all this. It was like balm in Gilead to her soul to think that some part of this misery of Count Casimir, so openly displayed, was owing to her tacit rejection of him. The more cross and more unreasonable he was, the more she loved him. When he came to see them in Lady Alice's boudoir, it was always darkened. Lady Alice looked upon these visits as so much penance. She bore with him most affectionately, most kindly, in a most sisterly manner: but everything like love for him was vanishing from her heart. To Ruth, on the contrary, these visits amidst darkness were, in a certain sense, delightful. She could hover about him and be near him, comparatively unperceived. She could pay him a thousand attentions without betraying her affection. She could cry in pity for him without her tears being known to him or to any other person. In a word, she could indulge in all the intensity of her love; and yet, merely by the coldness of her words, and the harsh intonations

of her voice (for the voice is a thing which one can control) maintain the deception fully.

They were sitting, one afternoon, in the darkened room; and Casimir had brought them a letter to read which gave sure intelligence about his father. It was with a feeling of infinite regret, and yet, with a due fulfilment of her purpose, that Ruth took care that the reading of this letter should be entrusted to Lady Alice. Ruth herself would have given worlds to read it, in order that she might have modified it in the reading, and broken to some extent, the sadness of the contents which she supposed it to contain. But the intelligence, though of a very critical kind, was not sad. It appeared that the old Count and his companions had reached in safety a small town near the Russian frontier. There, for the present they must stay disguised, until some means could be devised for prosecuting their further journey. How they were to obtain passports, how they were to traverse that vast empire of Russia, were questions of the utmost difficulty. The greatest skill and the greatest influence would be required. It was mentioned that the old Count was in a most desponding state of mind, and was even inclined to return home and give himself up to the Authorities. The letter had been written by the doctor of the town, who had been called in to attend the old Count, who was suffering much from the hurried journey. Doctors are the confessors of modern times, at least to the Protestant part of the population of the world: and the good man had, as was *manifest* from certain expressions in the letter, *run the greatest* risk from his befriending the fugi-

tives; and, indeed, this letter was not written without great hazard of his compromising himself with his Government.

One ray of hope he held out. He wished the Count's son and his friends in England to be assured that he would not suffer the Count to return to his own estate; but would, by some device, medical or otherwise, contrive to keep him and the other fugitives there, until he should hear from these friends in England.

The reading of the conclusion of the letter was interrupted by the sobbing of the young Count. He had always prided himself upon his stoical nature, and had boasted that though only half an Englishman by birth, he was more English than the English, and that no emotion could conquer him. But, now, he fairly broke down. He rose from his chair, and walked about the room, with long strides, exclaiming, "My father, my dear father: good God! that your son should not be with you at such a time! Not one word from me to comfort you; from me, who would die for you."

In his impetuous movements he had dashed his head against the frame of a picture that hung low down.

Whose hand was it that took hold of his; whose hand was it that led him in silence to his chair; who was it that stood behind him, gently stroking his forehead, and who was it that, in the darkness, leaned fondly over him, and seemed as if she would kiss him?

Need we say that it was Ruth? and need we say *what a pang it* added to her misery, that, while he

pressed her hand, and afterwards raised it to his lips, he should say, "Dear Alice, how kind of you! I shall never forget your kindness!"

Lord Lochawe was sent for from his study; and Lord Glenant came with him, for the young man was now a most dutiful and zealous private secretary; and, with great pains, accompanied by the utterance of many words that would be fineble if uttered in the hearing of a magistrate, had mastered the contents of three Blue Books. He was in the highest favor with his father, who, as he told his political friends, thought now that he should "make a man of Glenant."

The letter was read again, interrupted by many sighs and groans from poor Casimir. Lord Lochawe was, in his way, equal to the occasion. He proposed to go instantly to his particular friend, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He would take Glenant with him. Nothing now was to be done by the Earl without his son being brought into it. But the good Earl was destined to find that affairs would take a very different turn from that which he had at first supposed.

For a minute or two, there was silence; and nobody ventured to reply to the Earl. At length a voice, broken by emotion, was heard to say, "If you would let me, I would go to Count Maremma. You know, Lord Lochawe, you always allowed me to manage in the journeys we have taken. Besides, the Count is ill, and it is a woman who should go to take care of him."

"What, you, Ruth! absurd, impossible! I wonder what the girl can be thinking of!"

It may be imagined the astonishment with which Count Casimir heard Ruth—cold, hard, wise Ruth—who loved him not, make this extraordinary proposition. Still he thought it was not love, but only that judicious, regulated benevolence which Ruth showed to every human being, and, indeed, to every animal. Notwithstanding this involuntary depreciation of her motives, Casimir was infinitely touched by her kindness. "Ruth," he said, "come here." He seized her hand, and raised it to his lips, and the strange thought came over him that this was a hand which he had already kissed that day.

Lord Glenant now spoke. "My dear father," he said, "Ruth is right. Ruth is always right. Ruth must go, and I must go too; and I will be her squire. Ruth knows that I will take every care of her. We will both go; and we will bring back your old friend, Count Maremma."

Lord Glenant, as my readers must have perceived, was a most generous man. There are few rejected lovers who like to forward the love of their former loves; but Lord Glenant, understanding the whole affair better than either of the lovers, appreciated the devotion of the girl, and determined to do what he could, to assist Ruth in her generous resolve.

Casimir said nothing. He was almost bereft of speech by the kindness of the young man whom he had never fully appreciated, and of the young woman who, he thought, did not love him.

As for Lord Lochawe, he was easily persuaded by the entreaties of his family, and by his love for *Casimir, to* consent to the plan. The good Earl's

only comfort was that he would take his son with him to the Foreign Secretary; would have an opportunity of showing what a first-rate man of business the young man was; and in consenting to this arrangement, he felt that he would be employing Glenant in an enterprise that would be sure to redound to his credit.

The family conclave was broken up, the necessary determination having been taken. Lord Lochawe was not a man to recede from his word, when he had once given it, whatever that word might cost him.

CHAPTER XIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

WHAT a man he must have been who invented whist! What a knowledge of life he must have had! The man, too, who invented chess must have been a great man. But he knew, comparatively speaking, much less of life than his brother inventor. He made all his pieces range in due subordination, and never varied the power which he had once given to them. He was, no doubt, a first-rate man of business; but the inventor of whist was a man of genius, for he invented trumps, and saw that there were occasions when a small two or three in one suit would be superior to a King or Queen in another. That is the case in human life; and good illustrations of it may be found every day.

It was quite true, for instance, as Ruth had said, that during their foreign travel, not unassisted by potent introductions, by couriers, and all the aids that wealth and power can give, she had always been allowed to be the guiding mind of the expeditions of the Lochawe family. And even now, in the new regions they were going to penetrate, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, Ruth was felt by Lord Glenant and even by Lord Lochawe to be the ruling mind. So much so, indeed, *that even to* the latter, a master of the proprieties,

never occurred that there was something startling the fact of a young woman and a young man, not rother and sister, undertaking this journey together. ord Lochawe, of course, knew nothing about his on's suit to Ruth, and its ill success.

The family council having broken up, as narrated in the preceding chapter, the girls were left alone together.

"Be kind to Casimir, be very kind to him," said Ruth, "when I am gone. I know it is not always easy for you to bear with him: he is dispirited, he is soured, he is almost broken-hearted."

"My dearest Ruth, you know I will be kind to him; I will bear everything, even when he speaks of us women, as he has the habit of doing now, as the lowest creatures in creation. I can't think what makes him so especially bitter against women. Perhaps he is disappointed at that poor creature, that Maggie, not being in love with him, for Glenant tells me she is not, and that she never was."

"How can you talk in this way, Alice?"

"It is rather a shame on my part, for he was wonderfully gracious to me just now, only it was an entire mistake, for it was you, Ruth, who led him to his chair."

"Pray, my dear Alice, as you love me, never let him know that. I am sure that he has the greatest admiration for you."

"Possibly admiration, but nothing more. And now, Ruth, let us be sincere. I do not love Casimir you do. It is no good blushing; blushing neve contradicts anything. For some purpose of you own, or most probably for some purpose of his, y

have tried to make us love one another. You generally succeed in managing people; but it is beyond your power to effect this very undesirable arrangement. I am not so blind but that I soon discovered that this excellent device entered into your head at the moment when you found that the Maremmas were probably a ruined family."

"You are very clever, Alice, and in your indolent way you see a great deal of everything that comes within your ken."

"My dear Ruth, we are sisters, and even more to one another than many sisters are. My father loves this young man; I, too, like him greatly, but I love you; let us partake my mother's fortune, and do not let us have any more schemes for making people love one another who have no real vocation that way. What could I be to this man? only a clog and a hindrance, for I do not partake his enthusiasms —you do. Now I am not asking you to be honest without being honest myself. I like that not very bright, but very good, very faithful, very true Charles Ashurst, better than your sublime young Count. I am not sure that I am great enough to be content to partake the love of a man for me, with his love for a theory or an idea. I should be jealous of the theory or the idea; you never would. We need say no more upon this subject, dearest Ruth, for we must now go to business, as you and my father would say, and think of the preparations for your journey. Oh! I've a great deal of my father in me, only it does not come out every day."

Ruth felt that her plan, as regards Casimir and *Alice, was utterly* disconcerted, and she did not a

little rejoice that she could now indulge her love for Casimir and his for her, without this indulgence proving ruin to him. She rose, and, putting her arm round Lady Alice's waist, said, "But you will not tell him, dear, that it was I who led him to his chair just now. We maidens should be true to one another, and not let these absurd men know their power over us."

"I will do my best, Ruth, but we Lochawes have no especial gift for saying what is false; and if he should ask me the question plainly and directly, I am afraid I must tell him that Ruth loves him and that Alice does not."

Before the day of departure Casimir and Ruth had much talk together; not, however, of a loving, but of a business-like character. Casimir still thought that what she was about to do for him was to be attributed chiefly to motives of pity. Strange to say, however, he did not feel any painful sense of obligation to Ruth. It was pity, he said to himself; it was love of adventure; it was love of management that induced her to undertake this arduous enterprise. It could not have been Ruth who led him to his chair and bent so fondly over him. Alice, in her indolent way, was always kind, always gracious.

Casimir had many warnings, many instructions to give to Ruth respecting her enterprise. He had implored to be allowed to accompany Glenant and herself, but had ceded the point when they told him, as they were obliged to tell him, that it would only be an additional embarrassment, an additional difficulty, to carry an almost sightless man with

them. He therefore bent his mind to the consideration of the difficulties that would beset them in their enterprise. "Have you ever," he once said to Ruth, "watched an insect at a closed window endeavoring to escape into the open air? The poor thing sees nothing between it and that open air, and must be greatly astonished at finding hindrance everywhere. I feel so much even for wasps in this position, that I always come to their aid. That is what will happen to you, I fear, in the countries you will have to traverse. Your movements onward will appear so easy, and yet will actually prove to be so difficult—that is, if there should be in the minds of the authorities the slightest suspicion of any purpose on your part unknown to them." Here he went into all manner of details, making numerous suggestions with which we need not trouble the reader. Meanwhile, however, even during the short interval which elapsed while their preparations for the journey were being made, Casimir's health began to improve, for he felt that he was doing something to aid in his father's rescue. So closely is the mind connected with the body that, as a humorist of the present day is wont to observe, if physicians were men of great power and wealth, and could afford to confer material benefits upon their patients—to fee them, for instance, instead of receiving fees from them—they would effect a great many more cures even than they do now. And this humorist, with a delicate perception of human frailties, is wont to add that it would be the diseases of the rich which would be chiefly cured if the physician were to pay the fee instead of *the patient.*

Lord Glenant was, perhaps, more to be pitied than anybody else, as regards the arrangement that was made for the journey. For he had to leave Maggie. It had been agreed between Mr. Thurston and Glenant, even before Glenant's remarkable conversation with his father, that Maggie should be educated, and that Mr. Thurston should undertake the task of her education. Never was anybody more happy than Mr. Thurston at such a task being assigned to him. It would give ample scope for bringing into action some of his many theories about education. Besides, he perceived more clearly than any of them that Maggie's was a remarkable character. Amongst other things she was very devout; and Thurston, a man of many religions, spent much time in considering how she should be instructed in all knowledge, and live with comparative heathens like himself, without being disturbed in her religion.

A person who has not made much figure in this tale, and who, indeed, was not calculated to make much figure anywhere, was the one who at first profited most by these new arrangements. This was Charles Ashurst. A better fellow never lived, a better specimen of a downright, honest, faithful Englishman. He was at once made cognizant of all their plans; and there was a smile upon all their faces, even upon Lord Lochawe's, when Ashurst proposed to go with Lord Glenant and Ruth to Russia. They all felt that this simple-minded man would be much out of place in such an expedition. His next overture, of which he naturally pressed the acceptance with much more earnestness, and which also brought smiles upon some of their faces, and

especially upon Lady Alice's, was that, during Lord Glenant and Ruth's absence, he should take their places with Lord Lochawe.

The Earl, with his usual good nature, assented to this arrangement, though he was quite alive to the full absurdity of this somewhat commonplace young man endeavoring to be a substitute to two such clever people as Glenant and Ruth Sumner. They all, however, underrated Ashurst.

The witty Lady Alice said afterwards to Ruth, "Jacob, my dear, served many years for Rachel; but then you see he understood kine, and poor Charles would be better suited for Jacob's place than for that of private secretary, both masculine and feminine, to our good father. I see that I shall have to become a woman of business in your absence, for I shall have a great deal of Charles Ashurst's work to do. Indeed, dear Ruth, I am not sure that I am not a greater heroine than you are. The stay-at-home heroines have often harder work upon their hands than the gad-about ones. I shall have to keep Casimir in good humor (no easy task just now), and my father in good humor; and I shall have Charles Ashurst's stupidity to turn into cleverness; and, in fact, there will not be a busier mortal than I shall be during your absence: and I don't like work, as you know, my dear. Think of me sometimes, and don't expect many letters from me. Don't look so unhappy. Yes, yes, I will write and tell you all about your dear Casimir.

CHAPTER XX.

RUTH IN A NEW CHARACTER.

BEFORE, however, Lord Glenant and Ruth Sumner could commence their journey they had much to think of and much to prepare. The chief part of the thinking was done by Ruth Sumner, while Lord Glenant busied himself in the material preparations for the journey. Ruth, quite unconscious that she was doing what Julius Cæsar would have recommended her to do, was imagining all the adverse circumstances through which she might have to pass, and thereby deserving some of the praise which Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," bestows upon one of his officers for having exercised his imagination in a similar manner.

Ruth was well aware that any plan for the escape of the old Count and his companions must be devised by her. She knew that the Lochawes, though endowed with many gifts, were somewhat deficient ir imagination. Her own imaginative power had come strange to say, from her father, the dissenting mir ister. The old Earl had none of that useful cor modity. Had he possessed any of it, he would n have been merely a second-rate politician; but, w his knowledge, industry, devotedness to the pul service, and power of speaking, would have been *of the leading* statesmen of the day. Ruth Sur

had not been Lord Glenant's "little mother," when they were boy and girl together, without having thoroughly mastered his character. She knew that he was capable of executing anything; that he had great readiness, great self-reliance, and much versatility, but that he was as incapable as his father of foreseeing difficulties, and devising the means of overcoming them. The planning must rest with her. When the time for action should come, Lord Glenant must take the lead, for he was one of those persons who know not what it is to be timid when they have a clear course of action laid down for them. When that time should come, she would surrender the reins to him, and would be perfectly dutiful and obedient to his guidance.

To the astonishment of the whole household, and to the bewilderment of Lord Lochawe, Ruth Sumner employed most of the time which intervened between the day when, in the family conclave, it was resolved that she and Lord Glenant should undertake this enterprise, and the day of their departure, in devoting herself to singing. The great Signor Ferrari was with her for several hours every day; and her companion in these musical exercises was Miss Danvers, a young lady who had, almost suddenly, risen into great reputation in the musical world, and for whose services the managers of the principal theatres in Europe were then contending. Between these two girls, who had been fellow pupils in the same singing class, there had long been a warm and firm friendship, notwithstanding that they had been rivals in the class-room, having somewhat of *the same quality of* voice.

It did not, however, surprise the family that, at this juncture, Ruth should attach herself so closely to Miss Danvers, because there was a strong rumor at this time, that the manager of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg had distanced his competitors, and had succeeded in securing the services of Miss Danvers for his theatre. It was natural, therefore, that Ruth Sumner should be much with her friend, as they were probably going to the same country, and might be of mutual aid and comfort to one another. But why should Ruth devote herself in this way to taking lessons from Signor Ferrari? Everybody knew that she was a very fine singer, for an amateur: and what did she want more? After she had done her best for the old Count and his companions, was she going, ungrateful girl, to remain in Russia, and make her reputation there as a singer by playing in some opera with Miss Danvers? "Good heavens," said Lord Lochawe to his son, when they talked over the matter, "Ruth is not going to play the fool in this way, Glenant. I have never grudged her anything, as you know, I have ever looked upon her as a daughter: and you have always treated her as an elder sister." Here Lord Glenant winced a little, recollecting the love passages—one-sided love passages—which had occurred between them. The Earl continued, "I have made no difference in my will between her and Alice: and should make none, if either of them were to marry Do you understand it all, Glenant? You youn people understand one another, I suppose."

Lord Glenant said that he did not understand ; *but that Ruth* had always been a queer girl, "Y

deep, you know, governor; and never imparting her secrets to anybody. Perhaps she thinks we shall all be sent to Siberia, and she intends to comfort us by her singing on the journey when we all are chained together. There is no accounting for women, my dear father; and, if we were to try and understand all their vagaries, we men should have nothing else to do, and the earth would remain untilled."

"Ah, Glenant," said the old Earl, sighing, "I wish you knew as little about them as I do. You would be a much wiser and a much better man." Lord Glenant hastened to get out of the room; for he did not like the turn which the conversation was taking. A man, who is really and devotedly in love with one woman, is not fond, at that time, of being talked of as a man of what is called "gallantry." It shocks him to be talked of in this way; and, moreover, he has a fearful feeling of what his true and only love might say, if she were to overhear this light conversation. And so the interview between the father and the son ended.

Not one of the family, not even Lady Alice, ventured to make more than a passing remark to Ruth about her present and, apparently, most inopportune mania for singing. Count Casimir alone—for love is sometimes very farsighted, as well as very blind—conjectured that there was a deep meaning in Ruth's musical mania, and that it closely concerned the principal object in view—the rescue of his father. One day, when he had been present at a lesson, and after the Signor and Miss Danvers had left, Ruth and Casimir were alone. Casimir groped his way *towards her*, and she seeing this, rose from the

piano and went to meet him, fearing lest he should hurt himself. He took hold of her, unintentionally, by the hand; at which the poor loving girl shivered and trembled, and manifested, as he thought, the feeling of aversion which his unintentional familiarity had occasioned. But still he contrived to keep hold of her hand, and he said, "Dear Ruth, I know this is all for my father. I do not understand your plans, but I am sure that you have plans. I am so much obliged to you. I know, of course, that it is not for me—for my sake—but from pity, and for the sake of the family, that you do all you are now doing. But I shall ever be most grateful to you."

Ruth disengaged herself from him. It was not his gratitude that she wanted; and she said, somewhat coldly, "When I undertake anything, Casimir, I always try to go through with it as well as I can. But Alice will be expecting you. I can't think why you stayed so long with us to-day, except to mortify me by listening to my blunders and the Signor's scoldings." Here Ruth, not much given in general to mimicry, imitated the severe Signor: "It is all very well, Mees, but it is not so very well as you do think: you do so horry over that G, which should be sung *sostenuto*, and zen you do make up for it by being so heavy and so long over ze B in alto, wiz your mouse open, juss so. She shall do it; for, *per Bacco*, she shall do it much better as you: but you are both good little signoras and very much a credit to me."

Casimir could not but laugh; and was especially amused at seeing that the grave Ruth had some o *her cousin* Glenant's power of mimicry. She th

said, "You must condescend to take my arm, Casimir, and we will go to Alice's boudoir. I must leave you in her keeping; for the cares of packing sit heavily upon me, and still more heavily upon Caroline, my maid."

Thus did these two, Ruth and Casimir, contrive, as many lovers have done before, most dexterously to conceal each from the other the love which consumed the hearts of both of them; and this concealment was not broken through even when the time for parting came.

The parting also of Lord Glenant from Maggie was not more felicitous than that of Casimir from Ruth. It was very warm, and kind, and affectionate, perhaps too affectionate to be loving; but Lord Glenant, with all his knowledge of the world, did not perceive this. The truth is, that Lord Glenant was the first man who had ever said a word bordering upon love to poor Maggie. She was much astonished at it, much troubled by it, and, at the same time, very grateful for it; but there are huge gulfs and mighty *barrancas*, as the Spaniards were wont to call the chasm which they found in the New World, between the feelings of gratitude, always under due control, and the feelings of uncontrollable love.

All was now ready; and Ruth and Lord Glenant —a strange pair of fellow-travellers—commenced their journey.

Of course Ruth had a female companion. This was a middle-aged woman who had been Ruth's nurse, and nursery-governess, having originally come *from the Dissenting* Minister's house to Lord Loch-

awe's. The irreverent Lord Glenant used to call her Muggletoniana, declaring that she belonged to that sect which takes its name from Muggleton, its founder. She now did little more than sometimes help her former pupil to dress, or nurse her when she was unwell, for Ruth was a person who took but little care of herself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.

In order to maintain clearness in this narrative it will be well to relate what happened to some of the principal personages who were left at home while the travellers, Lord Glenant and Ruth, pursued their journey through Russia to the frontier town where the old Count and his companions were being detained by the friendly doctor.

It is a curious fact, but it is, I think, an undoubted fact, that young women spell better than young men, and they also write better. Certainly they write better letters. The feminine mind does not require much material to go upon; whereas poor stupid man, if he has nothing to say, can say nothing. It was, doubtless, a woman who first invented the horrible practice of crossing letters; and in the dread times of old, before the days of Rowland Hill, there were women who could re-cross their letters, having, moreover, nothing special to say.

Charles Ashurst entered upon his duties as assistant private secretary. Of course Lord Lochawe had an official secretary to whom he entrusted his official business; but the busy Earl, or rather the business-making Earl, had more work to do than could be entrusted to any one private secretary. *Charles Ashurst* worked most sedulously; but at

first committed fearful blunders, especially in the way of spelling. He would write, when writing from dictation, the word committee with one m. Worse still, he would make the same error, when writing the word communicate, a word so dear to official personages, a word used many times in the day by Lord Lochawe. It was in vain that Lord Lochawe poohed, and pshawed, and pursed up his mouth, and even went so far as to sigh, and to say, "Oh, dear!" Poor Charles Ashurst continued to make sad blunders. In the heavier work, such as making a *précis*, he was much better. The truth is, that Ashurst was not at all a stupid man. He had gone through Eton and Oxford creditably enough. These errors in spelling were only made when he was writing from dictation, and when he was in terror of the Earl, who, though a most good-natured man, was very rapid, and somewhat irritable in business. Ashurst at college had been a great boating man, a captain of one of the boats, and it was the belief of the whole crew, including the clever little coxswain, that if Charles Ashurst were to condescend to take to reading he would cut out most of the reading men of his college.

Most men are very like dogs—at least, the best kind of men are; and Ashurst certainly was like a large, good-natured, faithful dog. Not a Newfoundland, for that breed, though a very lovable one, is yet, from some incompatibility of our climate with their nature, sometimes uncertain and capricious. Not a bull dog; for, with all our esteem for him, we cannot say that Charles Ashurst had the depth of mind and soul of a bull dog. He was more like a *big, fond, faithful*, mastiff.

Every day, his good qualities—his patience, his endurance of correction, his devotion to her father—endeared him more and more to Lady Alice. In fact she became very much in love with him. Then, again, his kindness and attention to Casimir, whom he supposed to be his favored rival, with whom it would be presumptuous for him to compete, was very pleasing to Lady Alice, who, with a woman's insight, knew all that Ashurst felt about the matter. Casimir was still very feeble; and Ashurst would lift him up, and carry him about, and, indeed, devote himself to him in every way. Casimir, who, at this bitter period of his life, was not inclined to speak too well of anybody, was always praising Charlie Ashurst to Lady Alice.

Moreover, Ashurst was a great favorite with Mr. Thurston. As this is a chapter devoted to Charles Ashurst, the cause of Thurston's regard for him may be told. While Casimir was very ill in his lodgings, there had one day been a party of his friends who sat in the room adjoining to his bedroom, and conversed in low tones. The door was ajar; and Casimir, whose hearing was singularly acute, heard all that was said. The conversation moved thereto by Lord Glenant, turned upon this point—the weariness of life; and each one present stated the reasons why he would not have his life over again.

Lord Glenant said that life was not so bad a thing, if it were not for having to go to bed and get up once in every twenty-four hours.

Then, Casimir's voice was heard to say that he *wouldn't have* life over again to be mixed up with

such fools as it had mostly been his fate to meet with. They all smiled at the crossness of the invalid.

Then Mr. Thurston said, that the question was rather an irreverent one; that here we were on this earth, sent by God; and it was hardly right to talk of whether we would have life or not, and what were the terms upon which we would have it. But, looking upon the whole conversation as a mere mode of enabling each man to express what he had suffered most from in life, he must say as regards himself, it was this—he had suffered most from reading of the miseries and sufferings of men in past times. If he could, for a moment, have the presumption to lay down the terms upon which he would have life over again, he would say, "let me know nothing of the dreadful past. My heart sinks within me when I read of what living creatures have gone through in former times,—the tortures of martyrs, the knoutings of delicate women, the roastings by fire, the buryings alive, the agonies of the rack and the wheel, the exposure of slaves in cages, the ineffable brutalities of the arena, and all the forms of mad fury which Roman emperors, and kings, and kaisers, and banditti, and pirates, and wizard-hunters, and conquerors (Assyrian, Roman, Persian, Macedonian, Swedish, French, Mahommedan) and Christian clergymen of every denomination, have wreaked upon their victims who happened to differ from them in race, politics, or religion. You must not look upon this as a mere effeminate horror of physical suffering, though I confess to having a great horror of that when it is *needless*; but consider what mental agonies these

poor wretches must have gone through. Many a man has been led back to his prison-cell with more agony of mind than even of body, because his foolish tongue, which he curses, has, in the extremity of torture, been surprised into betrayal of his friends, or of his fellows, or of his followers, or of his God. It may be morbid; but these things haunt me: and even when, upon some glad holiday, I see amidst some free people, thousands of happy and fearless faces, I think upon what mounds of forgotten mental misery and bodily suffering the platform has been raised whereon these good people sport so merrily and so fearlessly."

There was a witty lawyer there, of some note, and he said that the main troubles in life, which he had experienced, and which made him unwilling to have life over again, were noise and interruption. He said he should like to live at a place where the front opened into a village, so that he might have some society, and where the back looked out into a great sandy desert. In the desert, instead of oases there would be little heaps of white bones—the bones of the people who had come to annoy him. He would put up crosses with inscriptions, such as the following:—"These are the bones of nine telegraph boys;" or "these are the bones of seven twopenny postmen;" or "these are the bones of the man who came to collect subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews."

It was put to him that entrance might be made at the front door. "No," he said, "I should have a little avenue of sinister-looking trees, the leaves all *pointing downwards*, which should drop poverty

upon the incomers. Then I should have malign plants, which should grow up about their feet and attach calumny to them. Then I should have horrible fungi, which should scatter about the spores of general malignity to the whole human race. You would find that people would not be fond of coming in the front way. Besides, I should have two serpents kept in cages, with the wires rather far apart, at the front door; and if all else failed, I should keep two bores in the ante-chamber—one, the most eminent bore in the House of Commons, the other, the most eminent bore in the House of Lords; and if they did not keep people away, I do not know what would."

But the villagers, what would become of them, was asked of him. You would wish to see them sometimes, for you do not intend to become quite isolated.

No; but they would come with umbrellas, so as to keep off the dreadful drip of poverty. And, besides, one gets accustomed to anything—even to the shrill tongue of a scolding woman. Moreover, the villagers, not having seen much of life, would be rather pleased, than otherwise, with the bores, and would easily endure what to us is intolerable. I should thus have some society and some human company without any intruders.

Then it came to Charles Ashurst's turn to say something; and he said that he had nothing to complain of in life, as regards himself; but that he did not know that he would have life over again, to suffer what he had suffered in seeing animals *maltreated*. The present company had been very good

to him, and very delicate, in not asking him how his face had got cut open the other day. He knew that they thought it had been in some disgraceful row; but the truth was, he got it in a fight with a brute of a wagoner, who had been maltreating an over-driven horse. These things made him perfectly miserable; he hated to walk the streets of London and to see so much cruelty, with which he knew he could not wisely interfere. He believed he had done wrong in thrashing that wagoner, for it would all be revenged upon the poor animal; but he could not help it, it was more than flesh and blood could bear.

This endeared him to Mr. Thurston, who went further than that good saint of saints, St. Francis of Assisi, and was wont to call the cab-horses of London "his dear brothers." He took care to recount this conversation to Lady Alice, for he saw how things were going, and he entirely favored the suit of Charles Ashurst, having quite made up his discreet mind that a match between Lady Alice and Casimir would be most unsuitable.

It is needless to say that Alice did all in her power to aid the new private secretary, and to make his work more acceptable to her father. As he improved, much harder work was in store for him. The Fates, in their mischievous way, had decreed that Lord Lochawe should at this time turn his attention to that fearful subject, the currency. Knowledge on that subject was not wanted by him immediately; but he foresaw that it would be wanted in the course of next session. And he began to prepare to acquire it. Of course a part of this work fell upon the extra private secretary.

The last thing I suppose that Leonard Horner would ever have conjectured would have been that his Bullion Report should have a place in a love-story. But so it happened.

Charles Ashurst was ordered to furnish a *précis* of Lord Ashburton's evidence before Horner's committee. He had grown pale over it; but had really done his work very tolerably; and Lady Alice and he were looking over it together—she finding every fault she could with it, and he dutifully making alterations accordingly.

Now it is a most dangerous thing to be *in statu pupillari* to a woman whom one loves. Alice stood over Charles Ashurst, and sometimes pushed his hand aside to refer to some passage in the Blue Book, which she maintained had not been fully represented in his *précis*. At last they came to something like a dispute, she maintaining that the witness had said one thing, and he maintaining that the witness had meant another. Women are always more literal than men in their rendering of anything that is before them, and they would make the most accurate translators in the world. She became vehement and emphatic; and their hands and faces were very close together, in canvassing the disputed passage. She had the best of the argument; for more than half his mind was given to thinking about her, and not Lord Ashburton, whereas she was wholly intent upon her work.

"What a dear, kind, good girl you are," he said; and at this moment he put his hand upon hers which was upon the Blue Book. She said, "nonsense," *but she did not* remove her hand.

"Ah, Alice," he exclaimed, as he rose from his chair and held her hand in his, "if you would but consent to be my tutor for life, you would see what a dutiful, what an affectionate, pupil I would be to you."

Women are incomprehensible beings—at least to us men they are. I should have prophesied, and I knew her well, that she would have made some droll, witty reply, and would have withdrawn her little hand from his. It was not the first time she had had things of this kind said to her, and she was what is called a girl of the world; but upon this occasion she behaved worse than any loving milk-maid.

"Oh, not my pupil, dear, my master," and she leant on his breast, and cried and sobbed as if she had been one of the most excitable and least dignified of maidens. Charles Ashurst's astonishment was almost equal to his joy. He whispered many endearing words to her; said how unworthy he was of her, and how he thought there was one (meaning Casimir) not far from them, one who was far more worthy of her. But she said, "No, no, only you."

Her return to calmness was shown by an utterance which was more like her usual self. "See," she said, "how you have spoilt my gown with your inky pen." He had kept his pen in his hand all the time.

I have before referred to the fact that in Dante's well-known story the lovers did not read any more that day; but in this story of real life the principal actors concerned were obliged to go on with their work, and did not desist from it, though it was *often interrupted* in the way that lovers will interrupt

each other's work, until the stern paternal voice was heard calling for his private secretary.

"May I tell him, dearest?" he said, "we ought to tell him;" and she whispered—"You may."

It was a piece of good fortune that Charlie Ashurst's work for that day was well done, and that Lord Lochawe praised him for it, and even said, "I should like you, Ashurst, to come into Parliament at the same time that Glenant comes."

Then Charles Ashurst began to tell his story, with much stuttering and stammering, and with many half-finished sentences. A man, perhaps, never cuts a poorer figure than when he is having his first serious interview with a middle-aged, or elderly gentleman, whom he hopes to have as his father-in-law, and whom he fears and respects and wishes to love, for ought he not to love every body who belongs to her?

"I know, my Lord," he said, "that I am most unworthy to be her husband and your son-in-law; but I can't help it."

Lord Lochawe, who, though keen-sighted enough in questions of currency, was not equally keen-sighted in matters of love, had never dreamed of this catastrophe; and, accustomed to govern, had, in fact, made up his mind that the son of her whom he had loved so much should be his son-in-law. He was, nevertheless, most kind and good natured to the young man. He even said it was an honor, but that was only an official saying, that Mr. Ashurst should wish to marry his daughter. Secretly he believed that Lady Alice would not listen for a moment to Charles Ashurst's suit, and he said, as it

were, casually, "I suppose Alice knows nothing, Ashurst, of your kind intentions."

"Yes, my Lord, I believe she does."

"And what does she say?"

"She did not say 'no,' my Lord," said Ashurst, modestly.

"Good God, sir," said the Earl, "you don't mean it."

"Yes, my Lord, I do."

Now, as I believe I have said before, it is a remarkable fact that men of business are generally very unworldly men. Why, otherwise, should they be men of business, taking so much pains for other people, especially when they are men in Lord Lochawe's position.

The Earl saw at once how matters were. He then recollected, as fathers in such cases do, many things which he had left unnoticed before. He knew that his daughter Alice was not a person likely to change her mind. He went over, in his own mind, the good qualities of the young man before him, and saw why he had submitted to this unwelcome slavery of the private secretaryship. The Earl made up his mind to give his consent; but thought, official man as he was, he would do a bit of business at the same time. "You will not desert me," he said; "and you will stand, on the government interest, for ——shire."

Poor Charles Ashurst would have stood for a department in the lower regions if he had been asked to do so, as the means of gaining Lady Alice. And he replied, "Certainly, Lord Lochawe; whatever you wish I will do."

And then the Earl said, "I consent with all my

heart, my dear boy; God bless you. Don't forget to be punctual to-morrow morning. There is a great deal to be done before we shall have mastered this splendid report. How I wish that Leonard Horner were alive again, and Charles Buller and George Lewis. All of them died so young; and here am I living on, an old fellow not worth a tithe part of any one of them."

It was impossible not to love Lord Lochawe when you came to know him, for he was so modest and so good a man, and had been so little spoilt by power.

The future father-in-law and the accepted son-in-law shook hands warmly; and Charles Ashurst left the room. It may be a silly thing to tell of him, and a wasteful thing too, but he kissed "the dear 'Blue Book,'" as he called it, after he had shut the door of Lord Lochawe's study.

Lady Alice was not far off, and received the welcome intelligence of her father's consent, not, however, a surprise to her, for she knew her father well, with a proper gladness.

"I must go now, dear Alice," said Charles Ashurst, "for your excellent father, who has been so good to me, must not find his goodness makes me idle; and there is a dreadful lot to be done, my love, before to-morrow morning."

"Come to me first," she whispered, "that we may look over it together."

And thus began for Lady Alice and Charles Ashurst that sweet time of permitted and recognized courtship—the sweetest time, indeed, that is ever *allowed to* man or woman in this troublesome and *troubled* world of ours.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

Lady Alice, who had hitherto been somewhat of an indolent fine lady, was, for the moment, metamorphosed into a very industrious young woman. She had not only to assist her lover in his official work, but to attend to her cousin Casimir. Better this, however, than love in idleness. Two idle persons soon exhaust the felicity of courtship. The mere rustic can hardly imagine the enjoyment that hard-worked denizens of towns experience in their rare visits to the green fields and hedge-enclosed lanes of the country,—how they rejoice in pleasant country sounds and sights, in the sweet odors of field and flower, and in breathing real, uncontaminated air. So, too, those enjoy love most, who have little or no time to make it. The stolen, hurried kiss, complained of by Lady Alice as interrupting work, was more sweet to Charles Ashurst than would have been whole mornings spent by these two, under some great beech tree, in telling to each other how much they were in love.

Count Casimir still continued to write letters to his father, or rather to dictate them to Lady Alice, though he was not sure where that father was, and did not know how these letters were to be sent to *him. It was,* however, a pleasure and a duty to

write them. I cannot do better than to give one or two specimens of these letters, for they will show what was passing through the young man's mind, and how, in sickness and disaster, and even partial blindness, he never swerved from that object which had become the main purpose of his life.

I select the following letter, because it is always amusing, and sometimes instructive, to see what a foreigner thinks of us.

MY DEAR FATHER:

In this letter I am going to talk to you about the English character. Hitherto, I have only spoken to you about the character of the lower classes; but I want now to speak to you about the character of the nation generally, and to ascertain whether you agree with me.

I think a man's views about a new country should always be written down in the first year of his sojourn in it. I have always found that after a time my first impressions in this respect fade. You become one of the people with whom you live; and you cease to observe them critically just as you cease to observe yourself critically.

The English are, as Mr. Thurston says, sadly deficient in organization. I can hardly tell you in how many things their organization is incomplete. In fact, they have much less talent for this kind of work than we have. "Well then," you'll say to me, "how is it that their political constitution is so admirable, and has lasted so long, and has in fact beaten that of any other nation?" I will tell you what I think is the cause of this political superiority. It consists in their moderation. An Englishman never presses anything to its logical extreme. They understand the value of checks and compromises better than *any other* people that I have ever lived amongst; **they *know* the use of the drag-chain.**

You know what their House of Lords is like—what a profoundly aristocratic assemblage it is. Well, among the lowest of the people, I have found persons who had a great regard for this House of Lords; and, in short, in that lowest class there are jealous Conservatives, who appear, as far as their own private interests are concerned, to have nothing to conserve.

But to go back to organization, you will hardly believe how dull the English are in this important branch of human affairs. It does not seem to me as if any one of them had ever considered in what the merit of organization consists.

You must have observed, my dear father, that they do everything here bit by bit. There is no viewing the thing as a whole.

Then again, they appear, at any rate the Government and the greatest bodies in the state, to have no notion of the value—the monetary value—of an organizing mind. To put it very plainly, they will not pay the price for organizing skill in the higher departments. Lower down, they sometimes do see the value of this skill; and I have found that some commercial body will pay a salary to its manager far above that which would be given to any of the permanent officers of state. The French beat them all to nothing in this matter; but then the French have not this wonderful moderation and tolerance which give such security to the English forms of government. The fact is, that Englishmen are not inclined to believe anything to be absolutely true; and therein he is right, for abstract propositions, meeting with the perversity of matter, require infinite modifications. The English have learnt this thoroughly.

Don't you see, my dear father, how this tells for my emigration project? If we could only introduce some organization into a mob of British colonists, we should have a body of the finest colonizers in the world.

Now I am going to talk to you about quite another

subject, connected though it be with the national character of the British. They are the most curious people in the world, at least that I have ever seen; I mean that they have the most curiosity, and this I attribute to their dullness. At first I thought that they were a very vulgar people. The intense interest which they show in the movements of their royal or other great personages made me think that; but I now think that it is to be attributed to their dullness: for I observe that any transaction of the humblest kind in the streets attracts their immediate attention. You cannot get into a cab (that is the name of one of their public vehicles; I do not know whether it was a name known in your time) but you will have two or three people earnestly watching the operation. And if there is a change to be made in the harness, there is quite an anxious and interested crowd to watch this simple proceeding.

I cannot help giving you another instance, a very ludicrous one, of what I mean. When I was working here as a workman in ——'s factory, I often had to cook my own dinner. By the way, you would hardly believe how thoroughly ignorant they are here, in all classes, of the art of cookery. We used to be taught, I remember, in our school-books that the ancient British lived on acorns. I am sure that if any great shake were to happen to this country—I mean if they met with any great political disaster, and the nation were to degenerate—they would gladly go back to their raw acorns, and be delighted to get rid of the tiresome arts of roasting, baking, boiling, and stewing, which have been impressed upon them by their Roman and Norman conquerors.*

But all this is parenthesis. Well, as I was saying, I often cooked for myself. One day I happened to fall in with a man wheeling a barrow full of mushrooms, and I thought I would add to my wretched dinner by buying

* *Casimir's* state of mind, at this period, may be seen in these somewhat peevish remarks, which yet have some truth in them.

some of them. By the way, again, the English know nothing about mushrooms, and leave the best kinds of those admirable fungi untouched. I shall never get on with my story. Well, I began to buy some of these mushrooms of the man. In a moment I had round me a small crowd of boys, girls, and middle-aged women, looking on with earnest eyes at this simple act of sale. Now, there was no bargaining or chaffering between myself and this man. There was nothing that could, I thought, interest or amuse these people. I could not help addressing my small mob, and asking them what on earth they saw that was remarkable in anybody's buying three pennyworth of mushrooms. Some of them slunk away, but some steadily remained, and declined to move on until they had seen the end of this interesting proceeding.

As I said before, I attribute this tiresome curiosity to their dullness. An Englishman is always desirous of seeing something happen (he is restless as well as dull) —something which, as one of their writers says, "will break the pattering monotony of life."

Another characteristic of theirs is their delight in commonplacedness. Tell a man of any other nation that he is commonplace, and he will not be pleased with you for saying so; but an Englishman would not object to be thought an ordinary person—anything is better, in his opinion, than to be thought an eccentric person. The best part even of wisdom, they think, consists in not being very wise. All extremes are odious to them.

'Well, then, another point. They make such a business about everything—even their pleasures and their pastimes. It is so different with us. If we hunt, we hunt; if we shoot, we shoot; if we race, we race: but here, there are hunting men, shooting men, racing men, each of them with his own specialty, which he carries out to the uttermost. This afternoon a young man came to call at Lochawe House, and was received by cousin Alice. He listened to the conversation. "I assure you, Lady Alice, that

if Black Jenny does not behave better than she did last season, it will be impossible for me—absolutely impossible—to hunt three days a week, as I always have done, with the others." If you could have heard the gravity with which he said this, and the manifest expectation of sympathy, you would have thought that it concerned not only his own temporal and eternal welfare, but the welfare of the State, that he should hunt three times a week. Then, as to their shooting; there is something mercantile about it. They keep big books—indeed they do—in which they enter the results of each day's shooting; and I have seen three or four young men together, poring over these books in the evening, like merchants over their ledgers. In fact, as I said before, they make of all pleasure a business; and something which can be conducted in a business-like manner, is their only idea of pleasure. If they do not, as Froissart says of them, take their pleasures very sadly, at any rate they take them very seriously.

Thus, my dear father, I have given you some of my notions, perhaps very crude, about a people whom we both love so much, for you and I are Anglomaniacs; and I have good reason to be so, seeing that I am the son of an Englishwoman.

No more time. Love to the Professor and Bettina; and believe me, to be as ever, Your loving son,

CASIMIR MAREMMA.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I go on writing to you, though it is rather discouraging to think that when I have finished my letter I shall not know where to send it. I am always thinking of you, and for you; and sometimes I think, grudgingly and ungratefully, and even enviously, that it is to others you will owe your rescue.

I continue to see a great deal of that friend whom I *have so often* talked to you about, Mr. Thurston. Indeed

he and Alice (the latter of whom is at this moment writing for me) are almost the only persons whom I do see—strange to say, I use the word *see*, but I do not distinctly see anything. Yesterday I spent the greater part of the day at Mr. Thurston's house. In the afternoon there were many people visiting him, and there was much good talk—talk of a kind that would greatly interest you.

In the course of conversation arose the question, are there any signs of decadence in England? Mr. Thurston was especially asked to give his opinion upon this point.

He began by saying that he did not believe in the possibility of sound political prophesying. He had observed that political people were often wrong, even when they only attempted to prophesy as regards the fate of so transitory a thing as an administration.

With regard to this decadence, which some people pretend to perceive so clearly, and to be so well assured of, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. "I certainly think," he said, "that the powers of government have been weakened. I mean that each department acts with less force than it was wont to do. The reason of this is obvious: There are now more checks and hindrances to individual action than there ever were.

"For instance, picture to yourselves the case of an individual man—a man of considerable purpose, energy and knowledge—put into what seems great power in a department of the Government. He is fettered by routine, he finds that the business of his office is almost inextricably interwoven with the business of other offices; he is worried by details of every kind; he cannot provide for the ordinary wants of his office without a great deal of most vexatious correspondence with other offices; he finds that he is a slave to clerks in the Treasury, the Audit Office and the Board of Works. The accounts of the office are a source of perennial worry to him. Then again, he has *not* only to please and satisfy his masters *and colleagues* in the Government, but their masters, the

House of Commons. What he suffers from having to prepare foolish and, in a great many instances, useless returns, amidst the pressure of real business, is not to be told. But this is not all, for there is the Press, which is, in some sort, the most severe master which he has to satisfy. In fact, the chief governing men in the country are so much oppressed by work and worry, that there is little spare time or thought left for them to become statesmen.

"Hence, in England, there is little or no looking forward to prepare and mould the statesmanship which will be necessary to meet coming events, not even when the appearance of these events is beginning to make itself visible above the political horizon.

"Take for instance, the question of our defences. That question, if any part of it is to be considered properly, must be looked upon as a whole. But do you suppose that there is any statesman of the day who is looking so far into the future as that; who is taking into consideration the points, either of attack or defence, which we should have to look to in case of a war, and who is making up his mind as to which of these should be strengthened, and which should be abandoned?"

Mr. Thurston was here interrupted, and the conversation deviated into discussions about Ireland and America, and about church affairs, and about the lowering of the franchise. Of course many and divers opinions were expressed. At last the question came as to whether there was a general improvement in human affairs? as to whether there was or was not sound progress? As to this, Mr. Thurston maintained that there was progress, sound progress, and he quoted some lines from a poet, who is now thought to be their great poet for this generation.

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Here Mr. Thurston went into a discussion which, I think, will especially interest you, my dear father, and the like

of which, it seems to me, I used to hear from you in my early days. He said something of this kind: "New acquisitions are always followed by losses,—for instance, more freedom, less reverence. We congregate together in great towns, we find much convenience in so doing; but there are terrible disadvantages which follow upon this convenient congregating. I have not had a good night's sleep these last three nights, for my next neighbor has set up a dog, which has howled for hours through the night. I have taken a ludicrous instance—not ludicrous to me, though, I can assure you, in the dead hours of the night—I might have taken many instances of a more serious character, and some of them of a deadly nature. What does it all come to? It comes to this,—that we obtain a great advantage, and then it seems but a small thing, a thing of detail, to work out the means by which we should provide against the counterbalance of disadvantage.

"It has been one of the dreams of my life to picture to myself how I should cut out work for other men. There is so much work wanting to be done; there are so many men wanting to do work. Now I want men to devote themselves to detecting the drawbacks which are sure to occur upon the establishment of any new and great thing, and to see how their force may be diminished."

This idea was much approved of by the company; and Mr. Thurston, who was rather unwilling to do so, was asked to go more into detail.

"Well," he said, "I will take railroads. You cannot but say that railway travelling is an immense boon to the world; but you also must admit that there are great drawbacks and many things to be remedied.

"Put any man of an organizing mind, for three days, at any one of the great stations, and he would be able to write a paper (and no reform can be begun until the evil is thoroughly ascertained) which, if acted upon, would *give additional* comfort and convenience to tens of thou-

sands of persons. The people who have to manage these things are too much versed in them to perceive the defects and errors which attend them.

"I could give instances, by the dozen, of things which are great public advantages, but, respecting the consequent disadvantages of which, there is no person who is giving continuous, steady and devoted study to diminish or suppress them. Gas, water-supply, town-drainage, might be taken as instances.

"In one word, I think that the most sure element of progress is, when you have a number of persons always watching to ascertain and provide against the evils necessarily attendant upon any great step in human affairs.

"Now the way in which mankind has comforted itself for these evils, even when it has perceived them, is by the doctrine of compensation. 'O yes,' it says, 'of course there are evils attendant upon this good thing, but they must be endured, they are in the nature of things.' That is very true, but the progress of the world depends upon this—that compensation should not be allowed to be equivalence. It is upon the balance of advantage over disadvantage that progress depends. After mankind has made some great step, whether in moral, material, or religious matters, it becomes idle and self-congratulatory; says, 'See what a great thing has been done,' and rests in stupid contemplation of its own greatness.

"Again, the merits of the great thing are soon hedged in by routine, precedent and conformity; and then to make the slightest improvement is almost as great a labor as to introduce the original invention. In a word, we always want improvers (not mere critics, but improvers) as well as inventors, and upon these improvers rests a great part of the sure progress of the world. But we must not let the main element of progress go. What I mean is, we must not, because a thing, which is a great *and good* thing for the world, goes through many ugly *transformations*, allow it, on that account, to slip from

our arms. I dare say you do not know, any of you, what I had in my thoughts. It is the beautiful Scottish ballad of 'Young Tamlane.' He has been laid hold of by the fairies, and he asks his earthly lady-love, Janet, to rescue him on Hallowmas Eve, when the fairies and their captives go in procession. I can recollect four or five of the verses:

"'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee;
Nae doubt I will be there.

"'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad by me maik.

"'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"'And, next, they'll shape me in your arms
A tod, brit, and an eel;
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.'"

You will easily see how this ballad was made to apply.

I am afraid I have wearied you, my dear father, for reported conversation is such a poor affair when compared with the conversation itself. Besides, I fear I am not a good reporter.

Oh! one thing I must tell you,—Mr. Thurston had a quiet hit at me: he said, "As regards emigration, for instance, how many men, especially young men, have sought to point out its merits, and how obvious these *merits are, but* who has really worked out the subject,

and shown us, in full detail, what are the peculiar difficulties, dangers and drawbacks in a colony, not merely at the first outset, but for the first generation or two?"

I must not write any more, or rather I must not let my dear cousin Alice write any more for me. I am sure that both you and she must be quite wearied by the length of this letter.

Remember me most cordially to the Professor and to the dear Bettina. I am, as ever, your very loving son,

CASIMIR.

One thing that the young Count did not mention to his father in this, or in any other letter, and which, indeed, he scarcely noticed, was that Maggie contrived to be present at most of these conversations. She was either putting things to rights in the room (and she was a great putter-to-rights), or she was at work at a little table in the corner of the room, doing, or pretending to be doing, her lessons; but, generally, listening most carefully to the conversations. After all the visitors were gone, excepting, perhaps, Count Casimir, she would sit upon a footstool near Mr. Thurston, and would ask all manner of questions relating to what she had heard. The questions were of the oddest and the quaintest kind, chiefly drawn from her experience of life in that squalid part of the town from which she had been taken. Mr. Thurston, much to Casimir's amusement, would take the greatest pains to make Maggie understand the nature of the things that had been discussed; and from finding that words, which he supposed to be very common and to be known to *all persons*, conveyed no ideas to poor Maggie, was *sometimes* dreadfully puzzled in explaining things

to her. He had often far more work in making these difficult explanations after the company had left, than he had undergone in contending with the ablest of his compeers who were adverse to him.

It was a striking proof of the adroitness and the winningness of Maggie that she had succeeded in making herself as free of the parlor and the study as of the housekeeper's room and the kitchen. With the old housekeeper herself she had but little difficulty, for the good old woman who had taken Maggie out of her rags and clothed her, began to look upon her as if she were a child of her own; and, indeed, had been heard to say that there was a likeness between herself and Maggie—that is, that Maggie resembled her when she was a young woman. But Maggie contrived also to manage the two other women servants, and began to be looked upon as an oracle in the kitchen when she went down there, and retailed, after her strange fashion, some of the discourse to which she had been listening upstairs. I have said before that she was a singularly handy person, one of those people who learn very quickly how to do anything when they are shown, and this ensured a certain superiority for her in these lower regions. As for her master, he had pledged himself to Lord Glenant that Maggie should have some education, and he believed that no education was much better than listening to the wise things which he had to tell the world. There was a governess who came for two hours in the day to instruct Maggie, and who, like the rest of them, being fascinated by this coaxing girl, would take her home with her, and unconsciously continue the lesson-giving. Music was

the thing in which Maggie made the most rapid progress, and for which she had a natural genius.

It was curious to see the different ways in which she treated Count Casimir and Mr. Thurston. She always looked upon the young Count as one of themselves—I mean, as one of her own class. He had lived amongst them, and been one of them. To be sure, he was now in what might be called a higher sphere; but Maggie could never divest herself of the idea that he was "one of us." She had no hesitation in telling him of any of her troubles, and would bring difficulties in her lessons to be explained by him first. Whereas, with Mr. Thurston she was distant and timid and respectful; obeyed his slightest word or gesture; knew to a nicety whether he was in a good temper or a bad temper, and whether she might venture to stay in the room or not. She thought that he must be the greatest and the best man in the world—the man who had read so many books, and talked like a book, and yet who would condescend to talk to her.

I am afraid that, if Lord Glenant could have known all this, he would not have journeyed with so light a heart and with so undoubting a hope as those with which he pursued his arduous journey over the uneasy roads of Russia, then not so permeable as now, by railway.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA.

We must now turn from affairs at home, and follow the journey of those travellers in whom the chief personages of our story, left in England, have so much interest,—namely, Ruth Sumner and Lord Glenant.

But first, a few words about Russia, and Russian travel generally.

Russia is at present one of the most interesting countries in the world. Where else, without a revolution, or without civil war, has so great a social and political change been made in our time, or in any other time that we know of, as that which has been made by the present Emperor, in the liberation of the serfs. The whole social status of Russia has been changed in so quiet and discreet a manner, that the rest of Europe has hardly had its attention fully directed to that change, and has not yet adequately comprehended the vast alteration in social and political life, which has embraced more than half of the continent of Europe.*

In a tale, such as we are narrating, great political considerations can only be alluded to. We may, however, very naturally and properly, dwell upon the aspects which this great country presents to

*Europe, 3,700,000 square miles; Russia, 2,000,000.

those who have, as Ruth and Lord Glenant, to travel through it. These aspects are very monotonous, but at the same time very grand.

It is one of the blessings attendant upon the contemplation of natural scenery, that what is poor and unimpressive when seen in small quantities, and over small spaces, becomes dignified and impressive when beheld in large and continuous extent.

A small bit of perfectly level land is not to most persons a very picturesque object; but when level land is of immense extent, it assumes a grandeur, not its own, and yet its own. The plains of Leipsic are grand, but much grander still are the plains of Russia.

And then the vast, almost interminable forests of Russia! Day after day, as you travel through them, you find that they impress you more and more; and that they create in your mind trains of melancholy thought and feeling, which are peculiar to themselves.

People talk of the sea; we fear it much, and speak of it respectfully; but it is a dull thing, and, in storm as well as in calm, its interest for us, when we voyage upon it, is soon exhausted. A wood is inexhaustible. Bounded, and yet apparently boundless, it has in it a life of many cities, with the repose of interminable country.

This, however, is only if you alight and make your sojourn in it for a time. To pass through huge forests day after day, with no change of scenery, with nothing to break the monotony of silent trees, so like one another when you do not stay to look upon them closely, is one of the most depressing and calming things that can be imagined.

It is especially so in Russia. There all is pallid. An iron-grey sky, not borne aloft, but condescending humbly to the earth, encloses a grey, misty, undefined atmosphere, and grey birch trees, or dark sombre pines. The hand of man has been there, for long straight glades not made by informal nature, but fully betraying the hand of man, encounter your eye in all directions, as they narrow to a point, and are gradually lost in the misty horizon, which seems to be possessed equally by land and by sky.

Rare indeed is it to meet a human being. The *Yemstchik* who drives you is the only person you are likely to have much converse with; and if you understand his language, it is some amusement to listen to the words of encouragement, adjuration, or objurgation which he bestows upon the horses, whom he loves far too much to do anything but talk to them. The whip, at least for the lower animals, has a sinecure in Russia. "Think, my little father, what will be said of you" (an argument, by the way, so often addressed to man) "if you do not get us out of this hole;" or "My little mother, think what nice fresh grass and golden oats there will be for you if you will only do your best for us in this ugly morass." After a time the Yemstchik becomes weary of talking to the animals, or has exhausted his powers of persuasion, and then he indulges in some low-spoken, sweet, melancholy song, always in a dreadful minor key, the song of a people who live a hard life, and see but little of the sun.

Such was the kind of journey which our travellers had to encounter for many weary days, and some-

times for weary nights, for they did not spare themselves fatigue.

At night it was more beautiful; for night levels all things, and the most rough and ragged scenery is nearly as beautiful by moonlight as if it were the most accomplished work of nature, and of nature's God. Besides, at night a man of any imagination makes out his own scenery for himself, and is independent of the materials which he submits to the transforming power of his mind.

The traveller cannot but love the Russians, at least the common people. Much remains to be made of them. There is a certain sweetness and trustingness of disposition which are peculiar to that people. They combine some of the highest qualities of the Eastern and the Western nations, and, as has been noticed of them by a most observant traveller, are eminently fitted for colonization, because they do not care so much what place they go to, so that they are surrounded by their friends and relations. Wherever his "dear little" friends and his "dear little" brothers and sisters are (the Russians dote upon diminutives), there is a home for the Russian, with which he is perfectly satisfied. A colony of them would even be happy in the purlieus of Leicester Square. Their fondness for animals is so great that they will submit to be beaten rather than to beat those animals; and a Russian *Yemstchik* will, uncomplainingly, take the part of the whipping boy for the "little fathers and mothers" of his much-loved team.

Such were the experiences of Ruth and Lord *Glenant* of Russian travel. They found no great

difficulty in their journey through Russia. It was evident that the Russian Government viewed them as ordinary travellers. They passed the frontier without any difficulty, and reached the frontier town on the other side, where they found the old Count, the Professor, and Bettina, whom the Doctor had succeeded in detaining until the arrival of the travellers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUTH'S PLAN OF ESCAPE.

Our narrative now takes us, for the moment, from this frontier town where the old Count and his companions had, for so long a time, been concealed. The scene changes to a better sort of *Izba*—that is, a log-house—in a remote village, but a village of some importance, and a posting station in Russia.

It is always a satisfaction, when, in this strange world, where the positions of men seem to be arranged in a most hap-hazard fashion, the right man happens to be in the right place. Upon such men the destinies, not merely of Earls' families, but of kingdoms, may depend. The politics of Europe would, humanly speaking, have taken a very different course, and the position and fortunes of each one of us might have been very different from what they are now, if that detestably acute, energetic, and very suspicious individual, Drouet, had not been the postmaster at St. Menehould, when Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, and their ill-fated family were taking that most ill-arranged flight, hindered by so many accidents and by so many follies, from Paris to the Marquis de Bouilli's headquarters at Metz.

Across the woven tapestry of each man's life and fortunes there come threads from no friendly, no

well-known, and no pre-imagined shuttle; and it is such threads which often determine the pattern, and direct the story, embodied in the tapestry.

In this Russian village, which for many reasons I will not name, there dwelt a man, rejoicing in the humble name of Boris Bauer. The name will show that he was partly of Russian, and partly of German origin. This man was in the employ of Government: in what capacity I do not exactly know; but I do know that, in whatever capacity he served, he joined to his official functions those of a spy. Those, too, of a trusted spy: for he had already distinguished himself in that capacity, though only locally. His reports were not in general addressed to the authorities at St. Petersburg, but to the Governor of his province, whose seat of government was in a town about eight and twenty *versts* distant from the large village which Boris Bauer honored by his surveillance. A man of his intelligence (he was a born spy, and must in his earliest years have been hateful to his schoolfellows) would never have been placed in that obscure village and certainly would not have been retained there, if it had not been the first important village and posting station on the high road from Moscow, to be met with between the frontier guardhouse of Russia and Count Maremma's country.

Boris Bauer pined for an opportunity to distinguish himself still further than he had done, and thus to obtain the high distinction he had so long coveted of being transferred to the capital, and connected with the secret police of St. Petersburg. *He had read of* Fouché; and his ambition burned

within him, not to become a Napoleon—he thought little of Napoleons, and their rough ways of rising into eminence;—but to become the first minister of police of any despotic sovereign. It is sad to think of so much genius and so much ambition being buried in an obscure frontier village of Russia.

It is almost needless to say how such a man regarded passports. He looked at them with the ardent eye of a discoverer looking at his charts, which, if interpreted by the eye of genius, might lead to the lands of Ophir, and the territory of Prester John.

We must now leave Boris Bauer, and revert to the proceedings of Lord Glenant and Ruth Sumner on their journey. It was well, as I intimated before, that they were members of a family who were too great to pay the usual respect to the proprieties. Otherwise their journeying together would never have been permitted. But, parodying the words of Shakespeare, we may say that "nice customs curtsey to great Earls;" and, to tell the truth, neither Lord Lochawe nor Lady Alice looked upon Glenant and Ruth as other than a sort of brother and sister. Far otherwise was it with poor Casimir, who had been almost minded at one time to point out the apparent impropriety of the proceeding; but the thought of his father's danger kept him silent.

Ruth was more at her ease with Lord Glenant than he was with her; and notwithstanding his sincere and ardent love for Maggie, which had become a passion with him, he felt somewhat discomposed and troubled when Ruth, during some long night *journey*, overcome by fatigue, leant her head upon

his shoulder as she slept. I am afraid that on one of these occasions, he would have forgotten Maggie for the moment, and would have bestowed a quiet kiss upon the unconscious Ruth, if Ruth's companion, a stern, hard-featured, middle-aged woman, one of the dissenting minister's—Ruth's father's—congregation in former days, had not been sitting on the opposite side of the berline in which they were travelling, and he had not been uncertain whether "Muggletonia," as he always called her, was asleep.

A long journey, amidst monotonous scenery, affords an admirable opportunity for thinking out, in all its details, any difficult matter. After Ruth and Lord Glenant had joined the Count and his companions, many and anxious were the family councils held to determine what should be their next course of action. After various plans had been proposed, Ruth thought it would be the right time to propose hers. It was this: She suggested that they should divide themselves into two parties: that Lord Glenant, and her maid, and a courier, whom they should hire there, and who would be conversant with the country, should make their way by the Caspian Sea, and afterwards to Constantinople: that the Count, the Professor, Bettina, and herself, together with their own courier, whom they knew they could thoroughly trust, should make their way back through Russia to the frontiers of Prussia. They would return, she proposed, by a different way from that by which they had come.

They all stared at her with amazement, and asked *her smilingly*, whether she had thought about pass-

ports? "Yes, she had," she said. "She would have them to know that she was the great singer, Miss Danvers, who was expected in Russia." Now was her turn to smile. There was the passport for herself, and for her father, she said, bowing to the Count, and for her master (bowing to the Professor, who, by the way, did not know a note of music), and for her faithful servant, who had brought her up from a child, "Bettina."

Parenthetically, we must observe, that it was notably a very good action on the part of Miss Danvers, to have lent herself to this scheme, and so to have sacrificed any hopes of ever having an engagement in Russia, so liberal as that country is to great artists.

"There must be no delay," said Ruth, who seemed already to have taken upon herself the command of the expedition, and to have assumed the justly imperious airs of a prima donna. "I shall start the day after to-morrow, and I shall expect my suite—a prima donna's father naturally belongs to her suite—to be ready to accompany me."

Then to anticipate objections, and especially that objection which was the most obvious one, she said: "I know very well how absurd it is, that a prima donna from England should be coming this way; but we must take the chance of their not noticing that absurdity, and we are not to expect that the Russian officials at this obscure frontier, will be as well versed in geography as a national schoolboy in England. You will ask why I propose that Lord Glenant and his party should go by Constantinople, and why our party should go through Russia?

The reason is, that there will be more inquiry, and more careful supervision of passports in getting out of this country, which is really Russian, than there will be in getting into Russia, which would seem, as it were, to be rushing into the lion's mouth.

After much discussion this was agreed to, and preparations were accordingly made.

One of Ruth's motives for adopting this plan, was that it would be less hazardous for Lord Glenant. She had felt all along that the old Earl had never been fully aware of the danger to which his son was subjected in this enterprise. Loving Casimir as she did, she felt as if she were one with him; and she could not bear to run the risk of sacrificing the happiness of a family which was so dear to both of them, and which had acted so nobly by them both.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RUSSIAN POST-HOUSE.

In the family council Ruth had carried her point with little opposition. She had still, however, a hard battle to fight with Lord Glenant when they were alone together. He protested against her plan. He said that if it failed, he should be greatly blamed by his father for having deserted them: it was not part of their original plan that they should separate in this way. Ruth, however, succeeded in convincing him that it was the best plan. How otherwise could they dispose of him? It was probable, she said, that a great singer would be accompanied by her father, by her maestro, and by her maid. But there would be no way of accounting well for Lord Glenant's presence. His passport bore his own name. Then, again, he might be recognized. True it was, they were going to return through Russia by a route different from that by which they had come to this place. But spies and police were everywhere.

Lord Glenant at last yielded, and it was decided that the journey should be undertaken in the way that Ruth had suggested.

It did not however, commence at the early hour that Ruth had proposed. The old Count had been much astonished, and somewhat hurt, at his son's *not having* come to him. They had, at first, as-

counted for Casimir's absence by pleading, as an excuse, a slight illness on his part; but in a conversation, on the day previous to their departure, they had, in consequence of the old Count's querulous remarks about his son's absence, betrayed more of the real state of the case than they had intended to do. They had disclosed the fact that it was an accident, and not a slight illness, which was the cause of the young Count's absence. The father had naturally taken this much to heart, and believed that the worst had been concealed from him. He was so unwell when the hour arrived at which it had been proposed to start, that their departure was obliged to be delayed for some hours, which was most unfortunate.

They did, however, begin their journey on that day, but only reached that large village, where Boris Bauer was stationed, as evening was coming on. There they were obliged to stay, not so much because it was evening, as because one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, who had arrived just before them, had taken five of the horses from the post station, and there were not enough horses left to take on the heavy berline. This did not trouble them much, for they were prepared for being obliged to rest at such places in the course of their journey. Russian travel is somewhat oriental in its character; and a Russian inn, at such a place as this village, was somewhat like a *caravanserai*. One or two rooms were given up to the travellers, but little else beyond the shelter of a roof was provided for them. The landlord of the inn did not take much interest in their proceedings, or aid much in procuring any

especial comforts for them. He gave them their two rooms and a *samovar*,* and then left them to their own devices.

His indifference, however, was more than compensated for by the attention which they received from a little man, who did not seem to belong to the inn, but to be a villager who found it worth his while, doubtless in expectation of some small gratuity, to place his services at the disposal of travellers similarly situated.

This good little man was in and out of their room during the whole evening, arranging this, and providing that, and doing his utmost to make them comfortable. He was very talkative too, seemed to know all about the road they were to travel the next morning, and even hinted what an invaluable person he would be for them to take on with them. Their own courier seemed to have an unaccountable dislike to this man; and they observed to one another that Basili (that was the name of the courier) was rather jealous, and evidently thought that this fussy little man was usurping his functions.

If they could have followed the little man sometimes when he left the room, they would have thought that he was a literary character, for he was always making notes in a stealthy manner. How he would talk about England too, when he was in the room, and how he did amuse them with his very questionable French!

On the ensuing morning, when they were about to recommence their journey, their little friend was nowhere to be seen. They were quite vexed at not

* A tea-urn.

being able to reward his kind attention with gratuity which they had intended to give. This incident discomfited Ruth, and throughout the day caused her much anxious thought; but she did not impart her thoughts to her companions.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon the travellers reached the town of ——, a town which has before been alluded to as being one of considerable importance, being the *chef-lieu* of a Russian province.

Their good little friend, doubtless anxious to minister again to their comfort, had preceded them thither, having started early in the morning in a light *troika*. It seemed as if he were anxious to gain for his new friends a welcome reception from the highest authorities in the town.

There is no use attempting to deceive one's readers. They will easily have discerned that this attentive little man was no other than the Boris Bauer with whom they have been made acquainted before.

There had been something in the look of this party which had struck him from the first, and had secured them his kind and assiduous attention. No man, not even the most self-possessed, can make his appearance in any place where he is the observed of all observers, and at the same time maintain a disengaged air and manner; in fact, be entirely like his natural self. Still more difficult is it to maintain a natural demeanor when one has not only a consciousness of being observed, but a fear of being observed; and this latter was the case with our travellers. Besides, there was something particularly provocative of notice in the air and manner of the stout *little professor*. He was conscious of the dignity of

being a marked man, on account of the denunciation of his political principles. He was also very fearful of being laid hold of and sent to Siberia as a reward for holding those principles. From the first moment that Boris Bauer had set eyes upon this queer figure, he had been greatly attracted to him. Moreover, Boris Bauer's usual suspiciousness had been sharpened by a few words which the Emperor's aide-de-camp, while changing horses, had said to him; and which few words contained the intelligence of a new plot suspected to be in existence, directed against the life of the Emperor.

The governor of this town was a general—a haughty, pompous, self-sufficient man, very anxious, like most of his class, to have any opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Czar by showing especial devotion to the person of the Emperor. The antechamber of the general was filled by persons anxious to obtain an interview with the great man. But Boris Bauer, directly his name was mentioned to the General, was admitted to his Excellency's presence.

Boris Bauer, in a few words, made known the object of his coming, and presented a memorandum of the observations he had made on the party of travellers to whom he had been so attentive on the preceding evening.

According to the passport they were English; but not only to him, but when they were alone together, they talked French (the Count could talk English very well, but French had been adopted, because the Professor did not understand English).

The daughter never spoke to her father, or supposed father, as her father; but had once in his

Boris Bauer's presence, addressed him as Count. This was very suspicious.

The Maestro seemed always to be in a state of anxiety and of self-importance. If these were the conspirators, this was the man who was to do the dreadful deed.

The female servant was not like a servant, or at least was not such a servant as a young artiste would be likely to have about her. Boris Bauer thought that this pretended servant was a man in disguise. Poor Bettina's hard features and somewhat sour air, made this a not unlikely supposition.

Lastly, the courier was an impracticable person. There was nothing to be got out of him. Moreover, he was evidently most impatient to get on with his journey, which was not the general way with couriers, who were mostly anxious to prolong the journey and to increase the length of their services. Boris Bauer had never seen him before.

All these things were laid before His Excellency in all humility by the aforesaid Boris Bauer; and it was for His Excellency to determine what action His Excellency would take upon the whole matter thus brought before him.

His Excellency was not particularly thankful to Boris Bauer for having made this important communication. The General suspected that this report of the spy had already been transmitted to the head-office in St. Petersburg, and that if he did not take some action upon it, his favor at Court might be put in jeopardy. Besides, he more than half suspected that it was what we should call "a mare's *nest.*" At any rate, however, he thought it would

be advisable to detain this party of travellers when they should make their appearance in the town of ———. There would be some informality in their passports: there is always a possible informality in passports. He gave orders that the party should be detained and brought before him; and so, to Ruth's dismay, they were detained, and politely requested to favor the Governor of ——— with an interview.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRAVELLERS ARE DETAINED.

NOTHING could be more courteous than the reception by the Governor of the travellers. He was "sorry," indeed he was "desolated," to be obliged to detain them (especially as they had made so long a detour) on account of a slight irregularity in one of their passports; which irregularity especially concerned "that gentleman." Here the Governor suddenly turned upon the unfortunate Professor, who was little able to withstand the searching looks which were directed upon him both by the Governor and the Governor's private secretary, who sat at a little table in the corner of the room. "Doubtless that gentleman," the Governor said, "would easily explain the discrepancy when he came to talk to him alone." He, the Governor, would not trouble the young lady and her father to wait any longer. Mr. Wilson would rejoin them at the hotel. By the emphasis which the Governor laid upon the words Mr. Wilson, Ruth conjectured at once that the pretext for detaining them was a discrepancy between the name of Wilson and that of Signor Ferrari, who had been mentioned in the Paris papers as having been the Maestro under whose tuition Miss Danvers arrived at her musical pre-eminence. Ruth saw that if *they were to* be saved, she must interfere at once.

and not allow the good Professor to undergo the cross-questioning of the Governor and cunning-looking private secretary. She said, with a meaning smile directed at the Governor, that Mr. Wilson, her good teacher, who had condescended to finish that musical education which had been begun under Signor Ferrari, was not responsible for any error or misdescription that there might be in the passport in respect to his name, for that she had taken out the passport both for her father and for him, being, as she slily remarked to the Governor, from her professional career, more accustomed to business than either of them.

The Governor, whose politeness during the interview never varied, felt himself obliged to discuss the difficulty with Ruth. It was, as she expected, this change of name for her Maestro which furnished the pretext for detention. She offered her explanations to the Governor, which were apparently well received. No doubt, he said, her explanation was satisfactory; but duty compelled him to make further inquiries; and, as he said, he was not entirely his own master in this case, as the matter, he believed, had already been placed in the hands of the high police at St. Petersburg. Everything that could be done, should be done, to remedy this little error, and to enable them to prosecute their journey without further interruption. Meanwhile, perhaps, Mademoiselle Danvers would have the kindness to favor the town, over which he had the honor to preside, with an exhibition of her musical skill, which, he was pleased to say, enjoyed a European reputation.

Ruth saw at once that difficulties were thickening

around her, and that if they were to be surmounted, she must now take a bold step. She was not altogether so much disconcerted by this contre-temps as might have been expected. She had often rehearsed in imagination the various parts which she might have to play in this difficult enterprise; and this was one of them.

Nothing would afford her greater pleasure, she said, than to give a public representation, especially on a day which was so dear to all good Russians (the Governor had mentioned that the succeeding day was the Emperor's fête day); but, as Ruth added, her contract with the St. Petersburg manager was very strict, and would not, she thought, allow her to appear publicly on any stage except the great theatre of St. Petersburg.

The Governor thought that if he could see this contract, it was probable that he might find a way of satisfying the St. Petersburg manager, and yet allowing the public of his distinguished town to have an opportunity of hearing the accents of so great a singer.

Ruth thought not; and, at any rate, she said, she could not have the advantage of his Excellency's inspection of the contract, as it had been deposited with her lawyers in London. At this moment she noticed the meaning looks which passed between the Governor and his sly-looking private secretary. But if, she added, (for she now saw that the worst must be encountered,) any other means could be devised by which she could gratify his Excellency and the principal persons of ——, by giving them a specimen of *her poor musical* powers, which her friends of the

press in Paris and in London had greatly overrated, nothing would give her greater pleasure.

The Governor, a vain man, saw at once an opportunity of giving a great musical party, of making himself very popular in the town, and of adding an unusual honor to the celebration of the Emperor's fête day.

Ruth cast a glance at the private secretary. She had all along been more afraid of him than of his pompous master. She saw at once that the blow had struck home, and that the private secretary had ceased to take the acute interest in the matter that he had hitherto done.

Ruth followed up the blow with this telling remark. She said that she thought that it might not be a breach of the bargain, between the St. Petersburg manager and herself, if she were to sing at a private party some of the songs in her part in the opera of ——, with the proper costume for her character in that opera.

The Governor murmured something about the honor that it would be for him if his salon were favored by this exhibition of the great singer's talents. He was beginning to be completely deceived; and, if Boris Bauer had been in the room, the Governor would probably have informed that astute functionary, that he was a busy, meddling fool. The Governor's only thought now was whether he should not have to pay too much for this favor.

Ruth saw his hesitation, and divined the cause. She began delicately to hint about remuneration: not that, as she said, this was a matter of any *moment to* her, but she was afraid that she should

have to account for it to her manager. "Your Excellency knows," said Ruth, with one of her most gracious smiles, "that we poor artistes are more completely bound to our master for the time being, than even official persons are to theirs. My father," she added, "will talk to your Excellency upon this part of the business. I assure you, it is with extreme regret, and only from a sense of duty to my master at St. Petersburg, that I venture to name the subject."

His Excellency, not over pleased at the turn which affairs had taken, withdrew into a corner with the Count, and shortly afterwards returned into the circle looking very radiant; for the Count, unversed in such matters, and not having had time or opportunity to say a word to Ruth, had named the comparatively insignificant sum of 1500 roubles.

All was now settled. The Professor had strutted about the room with his usual look of dignity and self-importance; and the secretary had set to work at other business, secretly thinking what an ass his master was, to expend a sum equal to a quarter of his, the private secretary's hard-earned salary, for the services during one evening of this English prima donna. The secretary had been once at Berlin, and had not there imbided any exalted notion of the musical powers of the British nation.

Before leaving the room, and commending the party to the good offices of a *heyduc* who was to accompany them to the hotel, the Governor shot, unconsciously, a Parthian shaft, which was to deprive poor Ruth of many hours of her rest that night. *He said,* "Our English governess, you know how

we Russians affect your language (I cannot speak it, but all my children can), has had the advantage of hearing you in London, and she has prepared us for the great treat which we shall have to-morrow."

In what part of the world, or in what part above or under the earth, poor Ruth wished that this governess might have been placed, rather than in the house of the Governor of ——, is not to be told. Suffice it to say, that the thought of having to encounter this governess took away all sense of triumph from what might otherwise have been accounted a most successful interview.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RUTH AS A PRIMA DONNA.

It was with a heavy heart that, on the ensuing morning, Ruth made her preparations to appear in the proper costumes, to sing the chief songs in the part which Miss Danvers would have had to sing in the opera in which she was recognized to be the most effective prima donna.

Lord Lochawe, though perfectly aware of Ruth's great gift for music, had never made a show of it. A relative, a near relative of the Lochawes, was not to be exhibited as if she were an ordinary person. Ruth, therefore, had never had an opportunity of singing, what might be called in public, but she did not doubt her powers in this respect. The human mind is only capable of taking in, and being subjugated by, a certain amount of emotion. It was not a fear lest she should break down, or lest she should not sing well enough to represent Miss Danvers, that in the least daunted or discouraged Ruth; it was the terror of what the governess might disclose.

Ruth who was a woman of business, and had not been a private secretary to Lord Lochawe for many years without learning something of the world, had carefully provided herself with all the necessary apparatus for maintaining her part. She had gone to *that shop* near Covent Garden where theatrical cos-

tumes and theatrical jewels are to be bought; and she had provided herself with a diadem, and with a girdle, which they said had been worn by an actress so dear to many persons of the generation that is passing away, Madame Grisi.

Ruth had not failed to notice every peculiarity in her friend Miss Danvers. She dressed her hair as Miss Danvers was wont to dress it; she tried to think of every turn of her features, and to look like her; but all the while she was aware that this disguise would be a failure in the eyes of any one who had seen Miss Danvers.

Ruth felt that there were only two courses open to her: she must either dupe this governess, or must win her over to silence. So serious, so awful, did she feel this difficulty to be, that, for the first time, she took the others into council.

Ruth's sole fortune consisted in the dowry of her mother, which had been settled upon her. It produced £220 a year. The Professor's savings, which he had transmitted to Germany, amounted to a sum which produced about £110 a year. The old Count Maremma was not utterly ruined, for he had much plate, and several jewels, amongst which were a large emerald and two large diamonds. "I would not," he said, "my dearest dear," for he had become very fond of Ruth, "die in this country and be buried by my enemies. You must not sacrifice your money, and my dear Professor must not sacrifice his; you must not make any promises of that kind; but if anything can be done by these jewels, and women are fond of jewels, they are yours to *deal with.*"

The day passed away in anxious deliberation. Ruth took care, using the privilege of a prima donna, to be late. She feared to meet the governess in the family circle of his Excellency the Governor.

The room was crowded when she made her appearance. She was well rewarded for the care she had taken in her costume, for one of the first thoughts that passed through the Governor's mind, might have been expressed in these words, "What a wonderful effect these actresses produce with their grand costume and false jewelry! I should not have recognized her."

Then came Ruth's introduction to the general circle; and afterwards the governess was introduced to Ruth. Ruth overwhelmed her with questions, "Where did she come from?" "With whom had she lived?" &c., &c.; and then, on the pretext of their having some common friends, took her hand affectionately, and drew her a little apart from the circle.

Ruth had never looked so anxiously into the eyes of any human being as she now looked into the eyes of this governess, whose name was Miss Ansley. She was a hard-featured, stern, middle-aged woman; but her countenance was one in which there were gleams of possible good-nature which might be evolved when she was not with her pupils at lessons.

Ruth had heard that you might look like a person if you thought earnestly of that person, and tried to imagine that you were that person. She conjured up an expression which she thought Miss Danvers, *of whom she felt* that she was an unworthy repre-

sentative, would have had, upon a similar occasion; but it would not do. The governess said, in her hard, dry way, "I should never have recognized you, Miss Danvers. When his Excellency described you to me, it was not like the lady whom I had heard more than once at an oratorio in Exeter Hall. I am not sure that I should have known you. You seem to me as if you had grown a great deal shorter." Ruth unfortunately was not so tall as Miss Danvers.

She made up her mind that the peril was imminent. Such a partial recognition, or rather such a partial non-recognition, would be fatal. The dissenting minister's daughter was a great actress, a born actress: perhaps we may say that all women have a capacity of acting which is unknown to men. Taking Miss Ansley by the hand, she rejoined the circle, and addressed the Governor:

"Miss Ansley says, your Excellency, that she is not satisfied with the way in which I have arranged my head-dress for the part. She saw me, I find, in Paris, as well as in London, and will have it that I must dress after the Parisian fashion."

Miss Ansley listened to these statements in a state of utter bewilderment, and suffered herself to be led from the salon and to be conducted by Ruth to her own room. No sooner were they alone together in that room than Ruth knelt before her. "I am not Miss Danvers," she said. "Don't interrupt me; we have only five minutes' time for talk. The lives of three innocent persons are at stake. I am conducting them through Russia. You must declare *that* I am Miss Danvers. Don't talk to me about *lies; but think* of these three innocent people who

will be victims, if you give the slightest occasion for doubting, that I am the person I pretend to be. You know what Russia is. You know what it is to be suspected of a political crime. You saw that venerable man who is supposed to be my father. You would not have his blood upon your soul; and you will have it, if you do not say that I am Miss Danvers. We will provide for you. Here is money—here are jewels—follow us to England. You will receive a letter, 'Your mother is ill.' You have a mother; and, when once in England, come to us, come to Lochawe House. I am Lord Lochawe's cousin. These are friends of his. We are ruined, if you say a word against us. We are at your mercy."

Miss Ansley was a good soul; but one who had seen a great deal of the rough and the hard part of the world. She hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. She began to cry, as is the nature of women in such difficulties. She said that it was not the money (she did not care for that), but she should be condemned to Siberia if this were ever known.

Ruth kissed her, and showed her that her flight might follow so quickly upon theirs that there would be no danger of discovery. Finally, the good woman, protesting that she would not avail herself of Ruth's magnificent offers, but would do the deed, if done it must be, as a good deed, and for the love of her countrymen, consented to say all that Ruth impressed upon her. A change was then rapidly made in some part of Ruth's head-dress, and they descended into the salon together.

Ruth's state of exultation at the success she had

achieved in winning over the governess, was such that she would not have feared to sing for the first time at the opera in London or in Paris—perhaps the greatest trial of nerve that any human being is subjected to. She sang magnificently; and there remained no doubt upon the Governor's mind that she was the person she asserted herself to be.

Boris Bauer stood upon the staircase with the servants; and, as he listened to the swelling notes of the great prima donna, cursed his interfering folly, and wondered what his wife would say to him, if he had, himself, to pay the expense of his journey from his village to the central town of that province.

The next morning the travellers resumed their journey, furthered, for the moment, by all that aid and recognition which official favor in Russia can give.

Miss Ansley was suddenly obliged to leave for England in about a week's time after his Excellency's great party, and when she had received her next letter from her relatives in England.

It will, no doubt, strike every thoughtful reader that the difficulties which Ruth and her party had to encounter, in their journey through Russia, would only begin at the town where this pompous governor resided. They were not even free from the surveilance of Boris Bauer, who from his first failure might have been expected to have been suppressed. But, unfortunately, at the moment of their starting from this town, Boris Bauer, who was in attendance (he never threw away a chance), overheard the little Professor saying, "How splendidly they had escaped!" It may be imagined how much meaning Boris

Bauer saw in that word "escaped." Fearless even of his wife, he followed them; and, from his astute and persevering watchfulness, they were subjected to far greater danger than they had undergone in their first entrance into Russia. There are obvious reasons which compel me to be very reticent as regards giving any precise account of those difficulties, and how they were surmounted. Moreover, I am not writing a tale of adventure; but am describing the beginnings of a great enterprise, which would depend for its success upon the characters of the persons engaged in it. It may be well to illustrate the characters of those persons by important incidents in their lives, but there is no occasion to enter into much detail, however interesting.

One thing I may mention, and that is, that Ruth was sadly alone, intellectually speaking, in this terrible journey. The Count, the Professor, and Bettina were of no use to her in planning anything, or in executing any plan. Fortunately, the courier was a most devoted and a most adroit person. He had mastered Boris Bauer's designs from the first; and he and Ruth ultimately succeeded in bringing their party into Prussia; not however, before they had undergone another detention of a kind that had nearly proved fatal.

When once in Prussia, our travellers proceeded to England by easy stages (for the Count was very unwell), and without further interruption of their journey.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED AT HOME.

Most naturally do people fear to revisit home after any considerable absence, especially when they have had little or no news from their friends during their absence. It is rarely, indeed, that you find the home circle the same as when you left it. If circumstances have but little changed, the people themselves have changed; or, if not, there are few persons of that constant mind and equable nature that you can take them up, as it were, exactly at the point at which you left them.

In our story the circumstances had greatly changed. Charles Ashurst had become the acknowledged lover of Lady Alice. This fact was not likely to surprise any of the travellers, and would not be displeasing to any of them. It is true that Ruth had imagined a larger career and a wider sphere of action for her cousin Alice than she was likely to have when married to Ashurst; but Ruth knew the young man's worth, and was too much in love herself to be in the least degree censorious about the loves of other people. The engagement, therefore, of Lady Alice and Charles Ashurst was not a thing which would surprise or grieve any one of the returning party. But there was much which had taken place in Mr. *Thurston's* quiet household which would be a cause

of great grief and suffering to one of the party of our travellers—one who has throughout this story played not the most selfish or ignoble part.

There is hardly anything in which families differ more than in their love affairs. There are families, from the highest to the lowest, who, when you come to know long reaches of their family history, are uniformly succeessful in these matters:—

"Tu, felix, Austria, nube."

And there are other families, such as the Tudors and the Stuarts, who are as uniformly unsuccessful. The Lochawes belonged to the latter class; and for the three preceding generations the marriages, though well intended and not ill arranged as regards worldly affairs, had not been felicitious as regards the happiness of the individuals principally concerned. It seemed as if Lord Glenant were fated to partake the misfortune that had, for so long a time, beset his family in this respect. Most people would say that his falling in love with Maggie was a great misfortune; but I do not think that it should be so regarded, if only that love had met with a return. It may have surprised the reader that, after loving such a person as his cousin Ruth, Glenant should have become so suddenly enamored of Maggie; but, as it has frequently been remarked before, the heart has often been caught in the rebound. In both instances Lord Glenant, who was somewhat of an eccentric person, was attracted by a character which was very different from that of most other women. And in both instances he was foiled by the *women he loved* meeting with characters much more

extraordinary, at least at first appearance, than his own.

Had Glenant possessed a more profound knowledge of that world which he supposed himself to know so well, he would never have been contented to leave Maggie under the roof of, and in daily conversation with, such a man as Mr. Thurston.

The poet Coleridge said that "the love of the man was for the woman, but the love of the woman was for the love of the man." This is surely a profound saying, and indicates an extraordinary insight into the different nature of love in men and women. Yet it does not appear that Coleridge had any great experience in matters of love; but a little experience goes so long a way with a great man. With him, it is, as it were, a little seed put into his mind, which assimilates to itself something of all which comes near to it; whereas, with ordinary men, their experience is only so much property, which is liable rather to be diminished than increased by the length of time during which it has been kept.

Women certainly are superior to men in the ideal which they form of love, in their constancy, and in their disregard of physical advantages. The fact can be no longer concealed that Maggie was rapidly falling in love with her master and tutor, Mr. Thurston; and this love was of the highest kind, being the tenderest admiration for the greatness of the man and for the immense discursiveness of his mind. To live in the same house with a careless, slovenly scholar is not generally the way to become enamoured of him; but Maggie's love was of that deep kind, especially of that feminine kind, which looks

but little to external surroundings. And, indeed, both with men and women, there is more fascination exercised by the powers of speech than by almost anything else. It was not without some reason that Wilkes, an ugly little man, said that he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in England in his chance of gaining the affections of any woman.

A curious change began to come over Maggie's character and way of proceeding. She had hitherto been a somewhat bold (bold from supreme innocence), free-spoken, and, if we may say so, almost intrusive person in her determination to see everything, and hear everything, which she cared to see and hear. Now she became altogether the reverse; she was shy, timid, retiring, and ready to blush on the slightest provocation. It is almost needless to add, that she became very studious—the sole aim of her life being to win occasionally a few words of praise, not often given, from her master.

He was very chary in praising; because, misunderstanding Maggie a little from the first, he had supposed her to be rather a vain girl, whose vanity would require much discouragement. Still, she learnt so fast, and showed such assiduity, that he was obliged in justice to praise her, though he did so somewhat reluctantly. As for conjecturing the motives that were in her mind, and which led her to make this exertion, he was the last person to form a right conjecture upon this point. He looked upon her as a very clever and extraordinary child. He much doubted whether they were not doing a wrong thing *in bringing* her up in this way; but he could not

blame the young men, Casimir and Glenant, for the part they had taken in the matter; and he felt that somehow or other Maggie had been thrown upon their hands, and they must now do the best they could for her. Besides, he had absolutely promised Lord Glenant that Maggie should have some education while she was in his house; and it was Lord Glenant himself who, taking infinite pains about the matter, had chosen the daily governess for Maggie. Mr. Thurston's idea had been, that Maggie might thus be sufficiently well educated to be made a nursery governess; but she had already shown abilities, especially in music and in mathematics, which began to embarrass him, and to puzzle him much as to what could be done for Maggie in the future. He felt that he had himself to blame, if blame there was, for Maggie having been taught mathematics. The truth is, that Mr. Thurston, though he was in general a very fair and just man, had somewhat of a prejudice against women. He loved, above everything, orderly and wise talk. The want of logic in women, the way in which, from one or two facts, they will at once, and without any hesitation, infer a principle or a law; their honest and manifest indulgence of prejudices; and, in general, their swiftness of conclusion, were all of them things which rather horrified the philosophic mind of Thurston. He had uniformly maintained, that the remedy for this (he will, however, find it harder to remedy than he supposes) was in the study of some thing in which they should be obliged to go step by step, and could not jump at premature conclusions. Therefore, when he and Glenant had been talking over

together the matter of Maggie's education, Mr. Thurston had proposed that she should learn a little Euclid. The daily governess, who had been at Queen's College, would be sure to be able to teach her, and he himself would sometimes, if he could find time, examine her in what she had learnt in that subject. If he had been asked, he would have said that it would be a long time before Maggie would master the *pons asinorum*.

But Maggie, to his great astonishment, made very little work of that bridge, which perhaps has caused more sighs than the famous bridge in Venice. And, indeed, she went on with marvellous rapidity through the first five books, and was already making her way through the sixth.

There is nothing so like a man or woman, as another man or woman; and there is nothing so unlike. We see this when we consider extraordinary men or women; but there is the same thing to be noticed in all those with whom we live; and so it has perhaps not been ill said, that each man or woman is a new creation. So thoroughly and essentially is he or she different from the rest of his or her species.

Maggie was no doubt somewhat of a genius; but there is something else to be noted, which may account for the extraordinary power and rapidity with which she mastered all that was brought to her to learn. There is a time in youth when the powers of mind have not been dulled by disuse, and when they have not been blunted or exhausted by too much use (which is the case with most young people); and *almost* any man, who will look back upon his youth,

will recollect that there was a time when he made, as it were, a sort of spurt, and really understood what it was, to put out all the force and vitality that were in him.

Maggie was just at this time of life and mind; and that same adroitness, which had always made her so skilful in manual work, was now employed in book learning.

For the present we must leave Maggie, and narrate some of the early history of Thurston's life, which will show whether he was likely or not to respond to the feelings of affection which poor Maggie, almost unconsciously to herself, but most truly and devotedly, entertained for him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROWLAND THURSTON'S STORY.

I AM enabled to give Rowland Thurston's story in his own words, for he told it to me, and to an eminent man of letters, a great writer of fiction, whom I will call "Sir Aubrey." We had been talking about the marriages of some of our friends, and had made the not unusual remark, "what a strange thing love is." Sir Aubrey, too, had said, that frequent as were the mistakes made in this matter of marriage, it was still a satisfaction to him to think that by far the greater number of marriages in England were love marriages, at any rate on one side or the other, and mostly on both sides; and that marriage was not yet with us made a matter of mere barter and family arrangement.

We had all along treated Mr. Thurston as if he were a man who knew nothing about this subject; and we almost apologized for talking about it before him. We had been speaking of a novel which had been written by Sir Aubrey in his young days, and had been discussing the conduct of the hero and heroine, when Mr. Thurston interrupted us.

I will now give the conversation that ensued in the form of a conversation, as it actually occurred.

THURSTON. And so you say, or at any rate you *seem to think*, that it is impossible for me to under-

stand, or at least to sympathize with, the loves of Sir Aubrey's hero and heroine. Ah me! I wish I did not understand them quite so well as I do.

Do you recollect, Sir Aubrey, in one of those books of yours, which exercise a strange fascination over all young people, and indeed, over most elderly ones too, you said, "There is for many a man a spot in some quiet churchyard, which is ineffably dear to him, as underneath it lies his first love?" I do not think I quote the words accurately, but my attempt at quotation may remind you of them; and the passage in which they occur is the one which affected me more than anything you have written.

SIR AUBREY. Other men have told me the same thing. I am proud to hear that anything I have ever written should have affected you, Mr. Thurston.

MYSELF. But tell us now, Thurston, how it happened to affect you so much: a love story is always interesting. Not that I ever gave you credit for having one to tell.

THURSTON. Mine is utterly commonplace, not being one of those dexterous things which Sir Aubrey weaves out of his imagination, and which keep one in a state of uncertainty and tribulation until the end of the third volume.

SIR AUBREY. Every love story must be commonplace. There must be thousands which resemble it.

THURSTON. I am not sure of that. On the contrary, I think that each love story is a new life-drama, such as the world has never seen acted *before*. But what I mean is, that my story has no *perilous* adventures or strange surprises; but I must

say, that I think the actors in it were not altogether common personages; at least I know that one of them was not.

Before beginning my story, I must make one or two remarks.

I suppose, as you are observant persons, you must have observed that there is more beauty to be met with in omnibuses than anywere else?

MYSELF. I agree with you, Thurston. Beautiful respectability travels in omnibuses. The female part of our aristocracy is not excessively beautiful. They are pre-eminent in gracefulness, but it is in the middle classes that there is most beauty, and perhaps most of all in the lower strata of these classes.

THURSTON. Good! Well, then, do you know any thing about wood engraving?

SIR AUBREY. Not much.

THURSTON. The artist makes the design for the engraving. Afterwards he transfers it to a wooden block, or, if he is a practiced hand, he makes his design upon the block itself. Then there comes the cutter-out, the person who cuts away all that part of the wood which has not upon it the dark lines of the original artist. If the graving tool should slip, and should cut away a bit of the surface of the block which is to remain, then a fresh piece of wood has to be inserted into the block; and all the work, so far as the new surface is concerned, has to be gone over again. This is very delicate work: it is often entrusted to women. You understand something of the work now, don't you?

MYSELF. Yes.

THURSTON. I will now proceed with my story. I was a very poor man when I was young. You two, I dare say, remember me as a sizar at Trinity. I did not get a fellowship. My reading was too discursive for that; and when I left Cambridge, I went to study for the bar. My father, a poor clergyman, had the greatest difficulty in furnishing me even with the scantiest means of support while I was reading law. I had the good fortune to be a pupil to Mr. Featherstone, the greatest chamber counsel of his time, who, dear fat man, sat like a big spider in his chambers, weaving skilful webs of law to entangle human flies, or enabling the flies who were his clients to break through other spiders' webs. There was before him, at the time when my story commences, a great canal case, which had passed through the inferior courts, and was being heard as an appeal case in the House of Lords. From day to day my master's opinion was wanted as to the conduct of the case. He used to send me to watch the proceedings. One day the Lords sat later than usual (good heavens, upon what trifles our fate depends!), and as he expected me to be with him, to give my report, by a certain hour, I was obliged to take an omnibus from Westminster to the Temple. In those days I was so poor that I did not willingly ride, even in omnibuses. The omnibus was nearly full; the conductor gave the word to move on before I was seated, and so I was thrown forward, almost into the lap of one of the passengers, a young girl. Instead, however, of looking crossly, she smiled pleasantly upon me, and made room for *me by her* side. Those were the days of ferocious

bonnets, commonly called "coal-scuttles;" but once or twice I got a peep round the huge ungainly thing which overshadowed my young neighbor's face, and looked upon one of the sweetest countenances I have ever beheld. I do not much like to describe it, for I agree with our friend here (meaning me) that all descriptions of the human countenance are poor and inadequate.

SIR AUBREY. Do describe her. However poor the description may be, it brings the person a little better before our eyes than if there were no description at all. Any weather is better than none, as a wit said to a grumbler about the weather. And so I say in this case, any description is better than none.

THURSTON. Well, she was a brunette; that is, in complexion. But she had blue eyes. The forehead was not high; the nose was small and mobile. There is the expression of "making mouths" at you, and of "making eyes" at you; but there are some people who make noses at you. I know that this is not the way in which one would describe a great beauty; but indeed she was beautiful in her queer way. Her whole countenance was full of delicate drollery. I suppose that the defect of her face would have been said to be, that she had too large a mouth; but it was beautifully formed, and would wreathe into the most gracious smiles. By the way, I see a smile upon your faces.

SIR AUBREY. I am sure, Thurston, it is not a disparaging smile.

THURSTON. But I know what you were thinking *of. You* were thinking of "muckle-mou'd Meg."

Well, it was not a Meg, it was a Jessie. To proceed with my story. I got out at the Temple, and she pursued her way. Mr. Featherstone said that day, that to be a clever boy, such as I was (he called all his pupils boys till they were forty-seven), I certainly had but a very poor account to give of that day's proceedings before the Lords.

The next day, somehow or other, the Lords were late again; at least I suppose so, for I went back by the same omnibus, which I had well noted. She was there; but I did not this time manage to sit close to her. A very cunning looking woman, of a masculine mien, sat next to her; and this woman got out at Northumberland street; but I did not get out at the Temple, having resolved to ascertain where this girl would leave the omnibus. Just before we reached the top of Ludgate Hill she felt in her pocket for her purse; could not find it; and began to look alarmed and miserable. I saw directly what had happened; told her that I feared she had been robbed, as proved to be the case; proffered my assistance; and got out with her, being allowed to carry a parcel for her, which, though small, I noticed was very heavy. She did not seem to like my accompanying her, but could not well refuse. I soon found out who she was. The parcel contained a large wood-block, which she was taking back to one of the publishers in Paternoster Row. And this was how she principally gained her living, as a wood engraver.

I need not go much further into detail: all love stories at this point are very much alike. The sittings of my Lords continued, somewhat unaccount-

ably, to be late; but I took great care, lest some other pupil should be sent in my place, to satisfy Mr. Featherstone about their lordships' proceedings. In the meantime, I improved my acquaintance with Jessie, and gradually made it proceed to something like intimacy, so that I was allowed sometimes to visit her in the evening.

No two babes could have been more innocent than we were. I read my books, and prepared my work for the morrow, while she did her engraving work, or employed herself in designing a dress. At the time I made her acquaintance she was employed, on extraordinary occasions, by the great Madame Delavigne, and was at work on a court dress for a person whom she called "the sheriff's lady." Jessie always spoke with something like conscious pride of this occasional employment by Madame Delavigne. It was a tribute to Jessie's sense of high art. The engraving work was, comparatively speaking, mechanical.

O, those evenings! Have I ever known anything like them since? And yet it cannot be said that I have not lived with some of the most notable people of my time, yourselves (so he was pleased to say) for instance. I have said we were as innocent as babes; and so we were. She was alone in the world, fatherless and motherless. Her father had been an engraver of no mean note; but he died very poor, as is the way with such people. Her orphanhood guarded her, in my eyes, with an ægis of the tenderest respect. Sometimes, on leaving, I presumed to kiss her hand; and sometimes, upon very *rare occasions*, when I had been more than usually

studious, she would lay down her work, come behind my chair, put her hands on my shoulders, shake me gently, and say, "Mr. Rowland, I will have no more of this work to-night."

How we did talk, when we were not working!

MYSELF. That I can well imagine, Thurston, for it has never been said of you that you were deficient in the power of talking.

THURSTON. Ah! she was far superior to me. She could talk well about everything. I believe that that power of expression which she possessed has had a great effect upon me throughout life. It has shown me how unapproachable is the power of native talent, and how little, comparatively speaking, education does for women. (*This, by the way, is a little inconsistent with what Mr. Thurston was wont to say about the need for mathematical education for women; but who is consistent in love?*)

SIR AUBREY. I quite agree with you, Thurston. The most fascinating women I have ever known have been supremely ignorant.

THURSTON. Jessie was not supremely ignorant; but she was not what you would call an educated woman. She could talk, though, of the highest subjects as well as of the lowest. Her views of religion were not, I am afraid, quite orthodox. Neither were mine at that time; and I am not sure that they are now.

It was a ceaseless wonder with Jessie how the world could have been made so hard and severe a thing; and the stories she would tell me, stories that she had picked up in her intercourse with the poor, *used to* move both her and me to the utmost com-

passion. She was one of those persons to whom all other persons rush to confide in. And even the guiltiest found in her a sister confessor. It was beautiful to see, or rather to hear, how delicately she would convey these stories to me, and moralize upon them.

One of the themes upon which Jessie was most eloquent, was in picturing a Utopia. I need hardly tell you, that she had not read Sir Thomas More's great work, neither was she well acquainted with the "New Atlantis" of Lord Bacon, nor with Berkeley's "Gaudentio di Lucca," nor with Harrington's "Oceana." But it seemed to me then, as it does now, that she beat all these great philosophers in the Utopia that she would have created on the earth. Jessie used to say, "Oh, if all the people who love one another could live together in one big house upon an island, how happy we all might be." And then she would go into details, for Jessie was a most practical person, far more practical than I was, and would distribute the tasks and labors of this happy family in a way which showed that she had endeavored to think how it should be done, and how an earthly paradise should be created in this most unparadisiacal of worlds. I used to joke with her about the necessity of Madame Delavigne's establishment being all accommodated in this big house. And she would reply to me in her droll way, "We dress for you, sir, and are obliged to change our costumes to please the changeful and inconstant nature of you men. My big house would not be Utopian if there were not in it a Madame Delavigne, with all her staff of *artistes devoted* to creating what, if not beautiful, is

at least changeable, and suited to the inconstant nature of you most inconstant creatures, men."

Her similes were wonderful. If you observe, the use of metaphor and simile comes by nature, not by art. I remember once we had read a work of fiction together. We afterwards read a review of it; and I must own, though I seldom concur with the critics, when their criticism is severe, that the work had a bad tendency. "Ah, he must feel," said Jessie, speaking of the author, "like an innocent and loving father who finds that his son has been guilty of some crime; and, poor dear, though he cannot but admit the crime, he does not still believe in the criminality of the criminal, for he is sure he did not mean it; and the child is his."

As for topics of conversation, they were never wanting to her. It is feeble talkers only who have to look about for topics. What she heard and saw in the streets; what her authors said about her engravings; what took place in Madame Delavigne's work-room—a microcosm of labor, suffering and triumph—what domestic events convulsed the little household where Jessie dwelt, furnished unfailing subjects for conversation. Jessie, too, had some skill as a mimic; but her mimicry was graceful, delicate and almost affectionate, as if she loved the person whom she mimicked, as was that of a certain great prince whom I afterwards came to know.

I shall never forget a scene which she once described, a quarrel between her landlady, who was the happy owner of a wonderful tabby cat, and the neighboring landlady, who possessed an equally wonderful poodle dog. These two creatures, the

dog and the cat, quarrelled as desperately as if they had been married; and dire were the injuries which, in some special conflict, each had suffered. How Jessie described the two old ladies, raised on up-turned washing-tubs, and fulminating against each other from opposite sides of the common wall in their back gardens. It was inconceivable the fun which Jessie would throw into such trivial narratives as these. But, in all respects, she was one of the brightest and most genial of companions. You will laugh at me, but I often thought of Plato when I was talking to Jessie, and recollected what Diotima is said to have been to Socrates, and Aspasia to Pericles. But my Aspasia was a good Aspasia.

It seemed as if omnibuses were to have the greatest influence for good and evil on poor Jessie. In getting out of an omnibus, which started before she reached the ground, she was thrown forward, and was injured by her fall.

It happened, too, that just at that time there was a great fancy ball, and Jessie was unable to take any care of herself. All her designing power was demanded by Madame Delavigne, and Jessie was nearly worked to death. You know how unreasonable great ladies are on these occasions. I remember there was one lady, one of the foremost beauties of that day, and who is still very beautiful. She was particularly urgent and cruel; and, for some silly changes in her costume at the last moment, several of the poor girls at Madame Delavigne's, and Jessie at the head of them, had to sit up all night; the night previous to the ball. This lady was an eminent anti-slavery partizan. Years after-

wards I sat next to her at dinner, and I do not think she will easily forget the remarks I made to her about white slaves and their lady drivers.

From this time Jessie's health declined. She was no longer employed at Madame Delavigne's; and her engraving work lost its precision. Whether it was from the mortification she endured from being no longer able to execute her work, or from the privations she suffered, or whether there was greater injury from the omnibus accident than we had at first supposed, she fell into a rapid decline; and I was soon told by the doctor that there was no longer any hope of her living.

She was quite alone in the world, and had not a single friend or relation to aid her in her distress but myself. No, that is not quite true. The girls at Madame Delavigne's proffered their aid (how loving the poor are to the poor!); but Jessie could not be brought to take anything from their hard-earned savings. How I worked those times! I wrote magazine articles (I shouldn't like to look at them now); I got money for reporting; in fact, I toiled in every way in which such a youngster could toil to make money. How frightful poverty is in such cases! How, as one goes along the streets, one feels enraged and soured at not being able to lay hold honestly of any portion of that wealth which seems to be flung so lavishly before one's eyes. Looking back upon those days, it almost seems to me as if I could have committed a crime to prolong the swiftly-fleeting hours of Jessie's life,—each hour *so dear* to me.

She accepted readily all that I could do for her.

Hers was too great a soul to care about obligation. You may almost mark out great men and women by the way they can make light of large obligations. She knew that she would have worked her heart out for me; and, reading me by the light of her own loving nature, was well aware that my only comfort was in working for her.

The dreadful disease, with its horrid, tantalizing fluctuations of hope and despondency, sped on. The last day of her life approached.

Shortly before the moment of her death, she made a sign for me to come closer to her, and she whispered to me, "It is well for you, my dearest dear, that you should lose me now. What could I be but a hindrance to you!"

Have you ever, Sir Aubrey, watched a dying person whom you loved? You have, I see; I need not therefore, say anything to you about my feelings.

She then fell into a deep sleep; but awaking, after an hour's interval, she again beckoned me to approach. I bent over her. This time she grasped my hand, and I remember it was with a grasp that almost gave me new hope against hope that she had still much vitality in her. Then she said, almost in a loud voice, "My own, I do love you so."

You must know that we had not indulged in any of these tender expressions before. We had never told each other (why should we?) that we loved. Our "open secret" was disclosed, our declared love-making was all made, in the grim presence of a third person, who, with all his power, cannot conquer Love; and this person was Death.

After she had spoken, still keeping my hand in

hers, she fell back. I could not release my hand to prop her up with pillows. A strange appearance, strange to me at least, for it was the first death I had witnessed—a strange appearance, I say, as of an unearthly brightness, passed slowly over her face, just as I have seen a sudden gleam of sunshine pass over a great expanse of country. This was immediately succeeded by the darkness of death; the grasp upon my hand was loosened; and then Jessie's spirit took its departure from this earth.

They talk of lifelong sorrows. There are no such things; and yet there are such things in a certain sense. But they are sealed up in the depths of a man's soul. He knows that if he were to unseal them, they would spread over his whole soul, and enfeeble all his efforts. So he works on, knowing that if he looked into these sealed fountains of sorrow, he would lack the courage to work at all; and perhaps his husbandry is all the more profitable for the world, because there are no longer for him any poppies rising up amidst the corn. To speak in the language of romantic persons, The Beautiful is dead; but The Useful abides, and is sufficient to occupy the few sad and sombre days which remain to a man who has experienced any great sorrow—any stroke of the heart.

I was again utterly alone in the world. Hard work it was for me to provide the necessary outlay for the poor funeral, followed only, as it was, by a single mourner. Some great poet should write a poem to show how much greater grief there often is at a funeral where there is only a single mourner, *mayhap* one who follows afar off, than at those

funerals where there is all "the pomp of heraldry," and the largest concourse of funereal retinue.

I remember, years and years after Jessie's death, being consulted as regarded some legal difficulty connected with the shutting up of that graveyard where Jessie lies buried. And I said to myself, "Yes; shut it up; and God only knows how much of my heart is shut up within it."

When Thurston had ceased speaking there was a painful silence. I felt that the tears were very near my eyes; and even Sir Aubrey, an accomplished man of the world, looked a little embarrassed. He got out of this very well, however, I thought; for he took Thurston's hand in his, and pressed it. We said nothing about the story. What can one say when a man tells one the sad life-long story of his love; and when the after-time moves with him, as it did with Sisyphus:—

> And weary, weary seem'd the languid days,
> Joyless the feast, and glitterless the gold.*

Somehow or other, in an abrupt way, we began to talk about politics, and we discussed the question whether the House of Lords could, would, or should, reject a certain bill upon the second reading, or whether they should try to bleed it to death by amendments in committee. Thurston, as usual, talked well upon this subject, as he did upon most subjects; but Sir Aubrey and I were dull and depressed, and made talk instead of talking naturally.

Independently of my thoughts of Jessie's death, and Thurston's life-long sorrow, I could not help

* "*The Lost* Tales of Miletus," by Lord Lytton.

thinking of Maggie's love, which I had perceived, and conjecturing what would be the end of it. I remembered now, that I had heard Thurston say, "I hold the theory that a man loves supremely, I would say, *mortally*, but once in his life; that there is for him but one *grande passion*, as the French would say; and that a man can no more love twice than he can be born twice, or die twice—with the overpowering and abiding love, at least, that I have known—*in others*."

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. THURSTON IS ENLIGHTENED.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Thurston was totally unconscious of Maggie's growing affection for him—at any rate of the nature of that affection. But there was a person in his household who was not so unconscious, and who indeed was perfectly aware of what were Maggie's feelings in this matter. This was Mr. Thurston's housekeeper. The good old lady's sagacity in this respect was not sharpened by any feminine jealousy; for, as has been said before, she had come to regard Maggie, whom she had helped to clothe, as almost one of her own children. And Maggie dutifully repaid this affection. But the old lady knew that it was desirable for both of them—for her master and Maggie—"that this thing should be put a stop to," as she said. The old lady said to herself, that "master did not care for any one, not even for her, so much as for one of his big books;" and if the old lady had any jealous dislike of anything, it was of a certain big book, which I believe was Du Cange's "Dictionary of Middle and Infamous Latin:" as some wags have called it—one of those big books which her master was always poring over.

The housekeeper contrived one day, just before *dinner, to* send out Maggie on some message to

Count Casimir's lodgings,—resolving, after dinner, to enlighten her master as to Maggie's nascent affection for him. "A sweet child that, sir," said the old woman, as she lingered after dinner, and was invited to take a glass of wine; "a very sweet child."

"Yes, Mrs. Goodal, she is, and very quick at her learning; much quicker than I ever expected her to be."

"I'm afraid, sir, she doesn't care so much for her books as she does to please somebody."

"I hope not, Mrs. Goodal. I assure you that's all nonsense, utter nonsense, that story about Count Casimir and her. The young man only did what I should have done, if I had been in his place. Poor thing, what she must have suffered amongst those barbarians!"

"No, sir, I don't mean Mr. Casimir."

This remark of the old lady roused Mr. Thurston, who had hitherto given but an indifferent attention to what his housekeeper had been saying. He began to think that Mrs. Goodal had really found out the true state of the case, and had discovered (women are so sharp, he said to himself, in finding out about this rubbish) that Lord Glenant was in love with Maggie. But then he said to himself, Maggie herself does not know that. And then, aloud, "You women are always thinking about love and marriage, as if they were the only important things in the world; and you fancy that when any young man makes a civil speech to any young woman, he is forthwith going to ask her to marry him. My good old friend, people don't love so *often* in the course of their lives." Here he sighed,

and the old lady said to herself, "Poor master!" for she had not lived with him so many years without finding out that he had once been desperately in love.

But she replied, "It was not any young man I was thinking of, sir."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Goodal? Don't speak in riddles. Surely you don't think that Mr. Brockenhurst, the great political economist, who is the only middle-aged gentleman besides myself that Maggie has seen much of, is in love with Maggie, and she with him?"

"No, sir. It's the other gentleman."

"Good God, woman, you don't mean me!"

"But I do, though; and now the murder's out, and I've told you the truth, master."

"Nonsense, nonsense! How can a woman of your years and your good sense talk such folly."

No woman likes to hear her years alluded to, even though the unpleasant allusion is qualified by hearing praise of her good sense. Accordingly, Mrs. Goodall, rather in a huff, changed the subject, and shortly after left the room. But she by no means left Mr. Thurston's mind as much at ease as when she began the conversation. He was a very acute man, even in matters of the world, when he gave, which was rarely, his full attention to them. Many little traits of Maggie's conduct towards him, unnoticed before, now intruded themselves upon his thoughts. Before he had finished thinking of the subject, he had come to a conclusion not very different from that of his housekeeper.

This conclusion was most unwelcome to him. He

was really frightened at it. He saw more clearly than ever what a loving and lovable girl Maggie was. He could not help thinking what a good thing it would be for the Lochawes if Glenant were to fail in winning Maggie's affections; but he could not sacrifice herself, and himself, and his recollections of the past, to gratify the pride of the Lochawes. In justice to Mr. Thurston it must be said, that his first and main thought was of the sacrifice that it would be of Maggie, if he were to allow her, for what he thought to be a mere passing fancy, to ally herself to a man of his age, who had only a small portion of the heart to give her. Finally, he resolved to be very cold to Maggie, and, though not diminishing his kindness, to show her that he was a tutor and guardian, and certainly not a lover.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CASIMIR RESUMES HIS ENTERPRISE.

I HAVE now given some account of the principal events which had occurred at home while Lord Glenant and Ruth were engaged in their rescue of the old Count and his companions.

Lord Glenant and his patry, though having a longer distance to traverse, had outstripped Ruth and her party, and had reached England two or three weeks before their arrival. He was the bearer of good news; or at any rate his news was good so far as it went. Shortly afterwards there came a letter from Ruth to Casimir, written very guardedly, in case it should be opened in its transit, a day or two after they had escaped from the clutches of the Russian governor of ——, which letter gave assurance that their journey had up to that time been prosperous.

Under these circumstances, Casimir's general health began to improve rapidly, and an improvement in his eyesight followed upon the general improvement of his health. With renewed health came renewed interest and vigor in his studies and preparations for emigration; and he was actively employed in such studies when the party from Russia returned.

The meeting between the father and the son was *most tender* and affecting. The Professor and Bettina

were also welcomed by the young man with all the affection that had subsisted amongst the principal members of the Count's household throughout Count Casimir's childhood and youth.

Casimir discussed his plans of emigration with his father, informing him at the same time of his wish, if his father would permit him, and would accompany him, to commence the enterprise at once. The old Count had been thoroughly prepared for this resolve by his son's letters. Knowing his son's character well, he had foreseen for some time that Casimir would desire to lead a colony into distant lands. The Count without hesitation gave his consent, and said he would accompany his son. It was also agreed that the Professor and Bettina should go too.

Although the Maremmas were now greatly impoverished, their estates having been confiscated, the old Count, as we have said before, had been provident enough to purchase in former years jewels and plate of considerable value, which he had succeeded in bringing away with him, and which would, he said, furnish sufficient funds, at any rate, to launch the enterprise; and besides, Lord Lochawe had said that he would provide anything which would be likely to promote the success of the expedition. The Count, for there is no father who is not a little worldly for his son, ventured to make a suggestion to Casimir about the advantage of a marriage with his cousin Alice; but this suggestion was coldly, though affectionately and respectfully, put aside by the young man; and the father saw at once that this was not a part of his scheme which could be carried out.

Previously to his father's arrival, Casimir had communicated to Lord Lochawe his intention of emigrating. The Earl did not make much resistance to it. He had now both Lord Glenant and Charles Ashurst to push forward in the political world; and, though he loved Casimir as much as ever, the future of the young man was not a matter of such absorbing interest to the Earl as it had been.

Nothing remained now but to complete the preparations necessary for Count Casimir's enterprise. The principal difficulty, as the reader will have gathered, was not so much the providing the money, as the men and women who should be chosen as fit persons to form the main body of the emigrants. This had been one of the subjects that had occasioned the most anxious thought to Casimir. Two chief sources had occurred to him from which he might draw the human material for his enterprise. One was the estate surrounding Loudenham Castle—Lord Lochawe's residence in Scotland,—from which he would bring his laborers; and the other was, that miserable part of London, where he had himself resided as a workman, and where he hoped to find his artisans.

He had also, with Mr. Thurston's aid, been for some time upon the lookout for young men of the higher classes, chiefly professional men, whom he could persuade to accompany him. In this he had been very successful, for there are many young men in England, well-educated and well-conditioned, desiring nothing so much as even the chance of a career, and who are therefore willing to cast in their lot with a man such as Casimir Maremma, who could *promise to lead* them to new lands, and whom they

felt to be a leader worthy in every respect to cor
such an enterprise.

It remains to be seen how he fared in his enc
or to gain his artisans and his laborers from
two places whence he had resolved, in the firs
stance, to seek for them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CASIMIR'S RECRUITS.

I MUST now conduct the reader to that squalid part of the town where Casimir in former days had worked; and I must describe a man who was a very important personage in that quarter. His name was John Garlick, and he was an old man. When I say "old," I mean he was about the age when thriving barristers are inclined "to take silk," and when rising members of Parliament are spoken of as likely to be connected with the next administration.

But John Garlick had sedulously cultivated old age, and made the most of it as a means of maintaining his power. Being a wizened little fellow, and slightly hump-backed, he was aided by nature in his effort to appear much older than he was. The profane and the scornful sometimes called him "Humpy;" but by far the greater number called him "wise old John." He really was a very clever man; but probably, without that cleverness, he would have attained his present high station by a phrase which he was always using. He was always saying, "Everybody is so hasty," or "you are all so hasty;" or "haste it is, that has done it," when anything was done which was not right. Not that *John Garlick* was at all conservative. He was, in

fact, a determined Radical, and took a great part in the contests between the workmen and their masters; but he never joined any workman's club, for it was part of old John's policy to stand aloof, and to be the person to be consulted in all difficulties. Nothing came amiss to him in the way of consultation; and he was as ready to give his advice to lad and lass when they were meditating marriage, as he was to advise upon the best mode of resisting "the masters." Indeed he was universally consulted about love affairs; and when a marriage was approved by "wise old John," who thought that lads and lasses, like other people, were very hasty, the marriage was sure of general approbation.

Old John had not attained to this power and authority without much scheming for it. There are grand ambitions very low down in human life; and old John had struggled and schemed and waited for his position as the wise man of this suburb, quite as much as any Prime Minister has struggled and schemed and waited for his.

When Casimir Maremma had determined upo his enterprise of emigration, one of his first though was to recruit largely for his emigrants in that qu ter of the town in which he had lived as a workm He knew those people well, both collectively and dividually. There is nothing like working wit man for finding out what he is like and what he do. We see this in the higher classes of soci You may meet a man very often in what is c society without really ascertaining anything o character, or of his powers. But only sit in mittee with him for a few hours, or have any

business to transact with him, and you soon find out what he is like and what he can do.

Casimir had not only taken great heed of the men with whom he had worked, keeping lists of them according to their several qualifications, but he had also paid great attention to the children, with whom "Gentleman George," as they called him, was an especial favorite. He had not mentioned any of these things in his letters to his father, which were always devoted to more serious topics; but he had, throughout his career as a workman, been very observant of all the different members of the population which surrounded him. Some of these I may now describe. There were two boys whose occupation was the selling lucifer matches. These two had especially attracted Casimir's notice. They were twins; they were very interesting and very intelligent boys, and would have been singularly handsome, but for one great defect. Each of them had an eye misplaced, as it were. I do not know what their names were, but Casimir always called them Loucher senior and Loucher junior. Loucher senior's right eye was quite out of its proper place; and Loucher junior's left eye had the same untoward position. The intense affection of the children for one another was most touching. Cassimir would give one of them some cherries or a tart, and he observed that the poor little fellow, however hungry he might be, never ate any of the tart or the cherries until he could find his brother and share it with him. The two little fellows went out to different railway-stations to sell their matches. Loucher senior was the *more bold* and pushing boy of the two. In fact,

barring the slight accomplishments of reading and writing, there was hardly anything that a London boy of his age could say or do, that Loucher senior was not up to. Naturally, therefore, he was in general the better sales-boy of the two. It was a touching sight, which Casimir had often contrived to witness, to see the two children sitting on the kerb-stone with their naked feet in the gutter, arranging the proceeds of the day's sale, and dividing the half-pence and the boxes that were left; and then to see them bring out the little messes of food which each had got, and the best of which each was anxious, with many endearments, to press upon the other. When Loucher junior was very tired, Loucher senior would take him in his arms, and in that loving position the younger one would sometimes fall asleep; and Casimir often thought that a great painter, some Murillo, might have taken a subject less worthy of his pencil than Loucher senior and Loucher junior bending over the gutter.

Casimir resolved to take these boys with him.

There was also another family that had much interested him. The head of the family, at the time of which we are speaking, was a boy of thirteen, and very proud he was of being the head of the family. He was made of sterner stuff than either of the Loucher twins, and though he earned a most precarious livelihood by attending at cab-stands, holding gentlemen's horses, and occasionally going about with a man who sold fish, he contrived to support himself and two sisters, one of the sisters being only ten years old, and the other seventeen years old, but half an idiot.

Casimir resolved to take this family, too, with him, notwithstanding the burthen of the elder sister. For, as Casimir well said, a body of emigrants should have several persons among them to pity and to care for. There were many other stray waifs of humanity amongst the juvenile population, especially girls, upon whom Casimir had had his eye, and whom he meant to carry with him. Some of them were of the most pitiable class; but he did not despair of their reformation, and of making them useful and good women in another sphere. Casimir's heart would bound within him, for though a philanthropist, he had a great regard and affection for individuals, when he thought that in carrying out his main scheme, he should not merely be able to better the condition of skilful artisans and hard-working laborers, but that he should make some other condition for persons whose only condition now was infamy. This thought had sustained him through all the discouragements he had had to endure. And no man undertakes any great thing without having to endure plenty of discouragement, even from those who are most inclined to favor his enterprise. For almost all people have their moments of doubt, disheartenment, and vacillation; and, at such times, a leader must provide hope, courage, and resolution for his followers. Others may hesitate, and have the second thoughts of halting wisdom, but he must ever abide by his first resolve, and indulge in no second thoughts, however wise they may appear to be.

It was not without a beating heart and much concealed suffering from painful recollections, that Casimir made his way to the house where he had

lived as a workman, and where Maggie's relations still occupied their old quarters. Knowing the habits of the people amongst whom he had dwelt, Casimir chose that time of the day when he was sure to find them at home. He went first to "wise old John." The old man welcomed him most warmly; not, however, without telling him, "that *he* shouldn't have been so hasty," that "*they* shouldn't have been so hasty," and that "haste ruined all things." Casimir had resolved to confide in "wise old John," and also to make him the medium of explaining to all the others what had been the reason for Casimir's disguising himself as a workman, and what were his future plans.

The whole of the neighborhood knew what had happened to Casimir, and who had been the prime movers in that atrocious scheme for injuring him, which had been so successful. It had of course been noticed that the whole affair had been "kept dark," to use their phrase; but they were much divided as to their explanation of this circumstance. Some said, "it proved he were a spy," whereas others said, "it showed he were a good fellow."

The whole street soon knew that "Gentleman George" had come back again, and was closeted with "wise old John!" Groups were formed at every door, and heads were out at every window. At length Casimir left old John Garlick's room, and came down into the street. He was dressed very judiciously. These little things are always well worth attending to in the greatest affairs. He was dressed as a gentleman, but in the plainest manner. He went up to the first group he met, and offered

his hand to those amongst them whom he knew. By some it was at once and heartily accepted, whereas there were others who slunk away, probably being somewhat conscience-stricken, as having been more or less concerned in the outrage against him. His appearance was greatly in his favor, especially with the women-kind. Casimir was sadly altered, and bore in his countenance indelible marks of great physical suffering. He still looked like a man who had not complete command of his eyesight, and in the full light, which distressed him greatly, seemed hardly to be able to recognize the people he spoke to. Among the women there were many exclamations of "poor dear, I shouldn't ha' knowed him. He be twenty years older, that he be." One good-natured youth, who had been much concerned in the outrage, for in truth it was he who had brought the fatal box to Casimir's lodgings, began to cry, and even knelt down and begged his forgiveness. This was an opportunity which Casimir had hoped for, but had hardly expected to have. "Never mind, my lad," he said, with a loud voice. "It was all a mistake; a mistake on both sides. None of you would have hurt your friend George, if you had understood him." At last he made his way out of the street, and went away.

Many times, however, before his departure from England did he return to that neighborhood. "Wise old John" played his part very well, and was a most faithful coadjutor to Casimir. They had meetings, not of a public character, at which Casimir attended, and explained his plans of emigration. These explanations met with great success; but the suc-

cess was not fully crowned until it was rumored, and marvellous to relate the rumor proved to be true, that "wise old John" was going too. There was one very ludicrous circumstance connected with this which did not fail to attract the attention of the whole community; and that was, that wise old John began to throw off some of his years, having heard that emigrants should be youthful, and indeed, as the women said, "he seemed to have gained as many years as Master Mremmer had lost."

Finally, Casimir had at his command the greater part of his old friends and comrades to choose from as emigrants, and—a fact which showed still more convincingly what power and influence he had obtained over these people—he found he would be allowed to take with him those stray waifs of humanity and not very reputable persons whom I have alluded to, or described, above. This was certainly one of the highest proofs of his power, for no persons can be more unpleasantly aristocratic, and more severely virtuous in their indignation against the vicious, than some of the best persons among the class of artisans. But happily in this world a favorite can do anything.

One thing Casimir insisted upon, and that was, that the artisans and laborers who were to accompany him should provide a certain portion of the passage money. This he thought, and wisely thought, would give an earnest of the depth and sincerity of their wish to accompany him, and he insisted upon it. The police remarked that they had never had so little trouble in that part of the town as during this period of what may be called proba-

tion. Nothing else was thought of or talked of there, but how the money should be got together to enable those who were chosen to emigrate.

There was then shown much of that goodness of the poor to the poor which has been so often commented upon. Those who were to remain behind, did not fail, in many instances, to give all their savings to their friends and relations who were to go. Many an heroic deed was done in that quarter, which needed only a skilful annalist to narrate and illustrate its heroism. It required all the reputation for wisdom and the real sagacity which "wise old John" possessed, to prevent the pressure upon Casimir of persons wishing to accompany him being too great, and also to suppress the discontent which would sometimes arise on the part of those who were to be left behind, and who, as they said, "did not see why they should be."

I may here mention an unpleasant circumstance which I have not hitherto alluded to respecting Maggie. Her brothers and her sister-in-law were, as might have been expected, the last persons won over by Casimir; and they had stoutly maintained that Maggie had been abducted (not that they used so fine a word), and that she should be brought back to them.

This demand caused much annoyance to Casimir; but at last the difficulty was overcome, having been greatly smoothed by the fact which has not hitherto been mentioned, that these brothers of Maggie's were only half-brothers, and that Maggie was supposed to be the daughter or some person of higher *rank, name* unknown.

I am afraid that Mr. Thurston's reputation suffered very considerably in that neighborhood, for it was universally believed that his kindness to poor Maggie proceeded from a warmer impulse than that of benevolence; and in fact, most people said that Maggie had now found her father. Hardly a doubt upon this point remained, when Mr. Thurston had upon some occasion accompanied Casimir to one of his meetings with the working people, for the women one and all declared that Mr. Thurston's eyes were the image of Maggie's, and besides, he had that dreamy dazed look which they recollected sometimes to have seen in Maggie. It need hardly be said that this was a mere effort of imagination on the part of these good people; and it certainly had no relation to the truth. However, it smoothed the way very much for the unconditional surrender of Maggie by her half-brothers to her new friends.

I have not hitherto mentioned what was one of the chief difficulties which vexed and perplexed Count Casimir. Many anxious days and nights did he pass in the consideration of it. This was as regards the religious instruction for his emigrants. He knew, and it was especially impressed upon him by Mr. Thurston, that a great emigration scheme conducted by very noble persons, which had been based upon uniformity in religion, had partially failed. Finally, he resolved to take with him three young clergymen, one an evangelical, another a ritualist, another belonging to what is called the broad church, and a fourth, a dissenting minister, I *believe* a Wesleyan. This sectarian division went terribly against the grain of Casimir, who longed for

uniformity in the religious as well as in the political status of his colony. But in the divided state of religious opinion in England, he did not see how he could do otherwise. He would have taken a Roman Catholic priest with him, if there had been any Catholics amongst his emigrants. What he hoped was, that ultimately he might induce something like conformity in matters of religion, and that there should be a oneness as regards this important matter as well as in the political and social state of his colony.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GUESTS AT LOUDENHAM CASTLE.

CASIMIR'S success, in dealing with the denizens of that miserable part of the town where he had lived, had, as we have just seen, been very great. It remains to be told what success he met with when dealing with the agricultural classes on Lord Lochawe's estate in Scotland.

Loudenham Castle, the ancestral seat of the Lochawes, is one of the most picturesque piles of building in Great Britain. It is situated on a height, and overlooks a vast extent of loch, and glen, and mountain. It is an irregular building, about which a history of architecture might be written, as it comprises and illustrates the styles of many eras.

The main plan of the castle is this: There is a very large square court-yard, capable of holding between two and three thousand men; and in old times a body of troops of this number has often been gathered to accompany former Earls of Lochawe in their forays upon the territories of hostile neighbors. At the north end of the square, there is an immense range of stabling; at the south end there are the principal reception rooms, which look out upon a rapid river that flows close under the walls, so closely, indeed, that from the windows of the lowest rooms you might fish for the salmon for which that noble river is so renowned.

On the east, and on the west sides, are long ranges of bed-rooms, intermixed with larger rooms, which had in former times been halls and guard-rooms.

It is a most puzzling place to find your way about. You have to descend and ascend, and wind about hither and thither, in a way which is unknown in modern mansions. A well-known writer, having once been induced to pay a visit to Loudenham Castle, and being, like many of his tribe, a very unobservant man as regards locality, used to strew pieces of paper from the dining-room to his bed-room, in order that he might find his way back again, when the gong was sounded for dinner.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of apartments in Loudenham Castle, there was not one very large room. It might have accommodated a small army with sleeping room; but for any great gathering, there was only the courtyard.

It was in the dining-room of Loudenham Castle, at a time somewhat nearer eleven than ten o'clock in the morning, that a party were assembled at breakfast. This party included almost all the persons who have been mentioned in this story, with many additions. Casimir Maremma was there, and his father, and the Professor, together with Lady Alice, and Lord Glenant, and Mr. Thurston. The Duke and Duchess of Brecon were there, as also the Marquis and Marchioness of Templemore, together with Mr. Elwyn, one of the principal writers on sanitary matters, and Mr. Brentwood, a leader in the cause of education. Miss Ansley, the governess *to whose forbearance* Ruth had been so much in-

debted when conducting the Count and his companions through Russia, was also there, having become a friend of the Lochawes, and one who was not likely ever to be long separated from them, for all of them felt how deeply indebted they were to her.

The host, Lord Lochawe, entered the room, and after the usual morning greetings, exclaimed, "What a treasure the Lady Usefulness is, Mr. Thurston!"

"What new merit," said the Duchess, "has papa discovered in his paragon?"

"Well, my dear, when you were all going to bed last night, Miss Bethnal suggested to me that we should see what would be the effect of lighting up the new room, and she had made her preparations for the experiment. I should have thought of it myself, you know; I always do think of these things; but it was very judicious of her to suggest it. Do what we would, it was as dark as Erebus. I had forgotten that the tarpaulins were black. We have resolved to whitewash them, to see what that will do. Oh, dear! what horrible weather. I am half afraid that many of our workmen will not be here to-day. But Miss Bethnal is superintending those that have come.

"I know it's no good talking to you lazy people about the merits of early rising, but we breakfasted, the Lady Usefulness and I, at half-past seven o'clock this morning. As for Glenant and Thurston, they are incorrigible; but I wonder, Maud, that you and Alice don't get up early sometimes, if only to see the beauty of the sunrise."

It may be observed that when a man is a widower, and has daughters, these daughters are generally

little inclined to keep papa in order by some judicious snubbing:

"Pray, papa," said the Duchess, "do you delight in the beauty of sunrise so much that you get up to to see it? If so, perhaps you will describe its beauty to us."

"My dear, I get up for work; I have no time to look at sunrises."

"And," replied the Duchess, "Miss Bethnal—what does she get up for, papa?"

"To aid me, my dear. By the way, Thurston, of what family is she? I never heard of the Bethnals before. But she is a wonderfully clever girl, and must have been the daughter of somebody."

"Well, Lord Lochawe, I can't say that; for, indeed she is the daughter of nobody, as you would say. You know we men of letters are not like you great earls; we have a large acquaintance with nobodies. She is an orphan, and she was confided to my care; and very proud I am of her having been confided to me."

"Well, I thought," said Lord Lochawe, "that Miss Bethnal must have lived much with you men of letters, for sometimes" (here the Earl hesitated, and seemed a little embarrased).

"Yes, papa," said the Duchess, "sometimes"—

"She uses," continued the Earl, "that strong language which I have observed you men of letters are wont to use."

"Oh," said the Duchess, "it is evident that the paragon does not always keep to 'I have the honor to be;' but speaks so plainly that papa is quite *shocked—that* is, if he dares to be shocked at anything *that* his paragon says or does."

"It may be a fancy," said Lord Lochawe, endeavoring to turn the conversation, "but I cannot help thinking that I have seen her face before (perhaps at some great London party), for hers is a face which you cannot easily forget when you have once seen it."

While the Earl was making this remark, Mr. Thurston, thinking of how and where Lord Lochawe had seen Miss Bethnal, felt very uncomfortable, and even blushed.

The Duchess of Brecon noticed this, and, as Her Grace was not accustomed to spare anybody, she remarked, "Upon my word, the mere mention of the paragon's name seems to call up unwonted color in the faces of some gentlemen."

"I am sure, Duchess, if I could blush, I would," said Mr. Brentwood; "for if there is anybody who is an admirer of Miss Bethnal, I am that man. I never met with any young girl who had such judicious ideas about the education of the poor. That pamphlet of mine (I am afraid your grace has not finished reading it) she knows by heart, and she has given me some very valuable suggestions about the attendance of grown-up people in the evenings."

"And I too," said Mr. Elwyn, "must give my testimony in her favor. I declare if she had been a scientific man, or rather a scientific woman, she could not have appreciated more thoroughly my theory of tubular drainage. Now, Duchess, I would ask—"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Elwyn, for I am a perfect ignoramus, or rather ignorama, as I suppose I ought to say, in such matters; but the Duke knows everything."

"Well then, Duke, you see, for the delivery of any fluid, an egg shape is the best form of channel; and I do say that, of all the follies which have ever been committed in drainage—"

At this moment the young lady who had hitherto formed the principal topic of conversation, Miss Bethnal, hurriedly entered the room. After saluting the company, shaking hands with Lord Glenant, Count Casimir, and Mr. Thurston, and bending over Ruth Sumner to kiss her, Miss Bethnal hastily approached Lord Lochawe, drew him aside, and whispered something to him.

"Good gracious! my dear, you don't say so? I insisted upon the tarpaulins overlapping one another by at least two feet, which I thought would prevent any wet getting in."

"I assure you, Lord Lochawe, it does come in; but it has been raining all night."

Hereupon Lord Lochawe and Miss Bethnal quitted the room together.

The Duchess of Brecon leant across the Duke, who always sat by her in order that she might be properly attended to, and said to her sister Alice, in an audible whisper, "I never thought, my love, that we should ever be in danger of having a stepmother; but I begin to think so now; don't you?"

"No, Maud, I do not."

Here Lord Glenant interposed. Lord Glenant was one of those young men who are almost always as polite to their sisters as to other young women, but his remark on this occasion was very severe and not very polite. He said, "Magnificent inutility, *my dear Maud*, mocks at usefulness; I do not won-

der that my father should manifest this partiality for Miss Bethnal, as I am afraid that not one of us is so useful to him as she is—I know I am not."

It was now the Duchess's turn to blush, which she did with not a little anger in her soul; and tears of vexation rose to her eyes, for she had never before received such a reproof from her brother.

She rose from the breakfast-table, and the breakfast party was broken up.

It is easy to explain the foregoing scene; I hate having any concealments from the reader; Miss Bethnal was no other than our old friend Maggie. I most honestly say I do not think it was quite right of Mr. Thurston to have brought her with him to Loudenham Castle. But he had been overcome by Lord Glenant's entreaties that he should do so. And Lord Glenant had persuaded Casimir and Ruth, who were the only two other persons who knew Maggie by sight, to keep the secret.

I must also explain what the Earl meant when he alluded to Maggie's strong language. The truth is that Maggie had been much disconcerted by the folly and deceit of one of the men who had been working under her supervision at the temporary building. This workman had done something which would necessitate a great deal of undoing; and, to tell the honest truth, Maggie had informed him that he was a "cursed fool." She had done this rather *sotto voce*, having in the midst of her speech become aware that the good old Earl was near her. He had heard it, but could not bring himself to believe that he had *heard it*, and laid all the impropriety, if impropriety there was, on the literary class amongst whom he

thought she had been brought up. Now let not this outburst of Maggie tell against her with any of my readers. There is nothing in the world so hard to conquer as the use of bad language attained in early years. In my time, as a boy, not only did our armies swear terribly in Flanders and elsewhere, but there was a certain great school located in the precincts of a royal residence; and, notwithstanding this august neighborhood, the scholars of that school used to swear with as big words as ever were used by our army in Flanders or elsewhere. I observe that none of us, not even the most refined, have quite got over this bad habit; and that, two or three times in the year at least, we are wont to say that a man is a damned fool, when it would be quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, to say that he is a fool, without adding that most uncomplimentary adjective.

How it was that all our *dramatis personæ* were at Loudenham Castle is also very easily explained. Lord Lochawe had entered into the emigration project with great vigor and earnestness. It was thought that it would be desirable to have great entertainments at Loudenham Castle both for the rich and the poor, and that it would facilitate Count Casimir's object to have these entertainments. It would be a way of bringing people together, and of selecting emigrants judiciously.

Now, it may appear surprising that such a mere man of business as Lord Lochawe should take so great an interest as he did in these entertainments. The truth is, that he did not delight in festivity when *the time for* festivity came. He was shy, and awk-

ward, and embarrassed, in receiving people, especially when they were of a class inferior to himself in rank and station; but no man delighted more than he did in the preparation for a grand festival. Here was an opportunity of displaying all that talent for organization which the Earl flattered himself he possessed in a high degree, and which he really did possess in some degree. The Earl delighted to give grand balls at Lochawe House, in London; and it really may be doubted whether any young lady, going for the first time to a ball at Lochawe House, had so much pleasure in going as the Earl had in preparing to receive her; though when the young lady in question was presented to him, the old Earl would not have one word to say to her, other than the words which he addressed to each young lady indiscriminately, telling her how glad he was to see her, and how well she looked that evening.

There is a great delusion which besets people of different classes, when commenting upon each other's proceedings. The man or woman having comparatively small means, who gives entertainments, thinks that the great people, when they give them, have nothing to do but to order that such entertainments shall be given. But this is a great mistake. Nothing in the shape of a grand entertainment is given without a great deal of trouble and a great deal of previous arrangement. Lord Lochawe was greatly embarrassed on the present occasion by the want of space in all his reception rooms. He could receive two hundred and fifty guests, but thirteen hundred at least, *had* been invited. The good Earl was never more embarrassed; and, in the present instance, his usual

friends and allies were wanting to him. Lord Glenant was never worth much on these occasions, except that he could make judicious criticisms on other people's suggestions. The Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice were also of no great account; and, moreover, at this time, Lady Alice was always walking in the woods with Charley Ashurst. Ruth Sumner had been the Earl's prime minister, or prime ministress, on similar occasions, but now she was out from morning to night amongst the tenantry, having the much more serious occupation of considering whom she should try and induce to emigrate. In these journeys she was generally accompanied by Casimir, and the success which attended their joint endeavors was even greater than Casimir had hoped or expected. To Ruth's influence, as Casimir felt, this success was chiefly due.

The Earl was, therefore, left to Maggie (no, we must call her Miss Bethnal); and, after the first evening of her arrival, in the course of which the Earl laid his difficulties before the assembled company, she became his principal adviser and coadjutor. It was just the occasion which called forth all Maggie's skill in handicraft. She could climb up a ladder; she could drive a nail; she was adroit with the packing needle; she could even make rough plans of things; she knew how to make workmen work; and, more than all, she was cheerful and resourceful when any difficulty arose. Throughout the day, for the three weeks which preceded the great entertainment, Maggie and Lord Lochawe were to be found together, directing the workmen in putting up the large temporary ball-room which, upon Miss Bethnal's sugges-

tion, Lord Lochawe decided should be built in the courtyard, for the reception of the thirteen hundred guests which were expected on this occasion, Maggie measuring and suggesting, and the Earl approving and believing that he had suggested. Lord Glenant used to follow them in his lounging way, sometimes criticising, but mostly approving. And Mr. Thurston, who abominated what is called "sport," preferred following in the train of Maggie, Lord Lochawe, Lord Glenant, and the steward, to accompanying the Duke of Brecon, who was an ardent sportsman, and the other guests, in going, as he said, "through wet turnip-fields to shoot at silly birds."

But Maggie's labors did not end here. Lord Lochawe was a very grateful man, and hence he was surrounded by what the world calls bores—chiefly because they care so much for the world. He felt that he had made great use of men who possessed special knowledge, and that he, at any rate, must endure them even if they were tiresome. Consequently, Mr. Elwyn and Mr. Brentwood, and others of the same species, were heartily welcomed as guests at Lochawe House and at Loudenham Castle. Here Maggie was invaluable. All this boredom, to others so tiresome, was new to her. Moreover, she had a deep love for her own people, and knew their sufferings well. When Mr. Elwyn talked to her of drainage in general, and, in particular, of the drainage in that hideous part of London where she had lived, she was intensely interested. When Mr. Brentwood talked to her of what might be done, in all manner of byeways, for the education of the

adult poor, Maggie almost trembled with pleasure, and listened to him in a way in which he had seldom been listened to before. Besides (and I appeal to anyone who has been oppressed by a devouring theory for the greater part of his life), it is a delightful thing to have a beautiful girl looking up to you, and drinking in with eager eyes words such as you have expended upon unwilling audiences, chiefly retained by the button-hole. Maggie even read their books and their pamphlets which they had brought with them—as they always do—getting Mr. Thurston and Miss Ansley, at odd times, to aid her in these studies. Mr. Thurston could not resist aiding her; but he did so with much coldness.

As for Lord Lochawe, he was absolutely fascinated by Maggie; and, with a most unusual deviation from his accustomed formality, and thinking he was imitating Spenser, gave her the name of "The Lady Usefulness."

It might be supposed that Lord Glenant was greatly delighted at all this. But it was not so. He followed Maggie and his father about very sedulously; but it was with a heavy heart. He had now had some experience as to what real love is like, and he had a strong suspicion that Maggie loved him not. She was very respectful and very grateful to him, and always expressed that respect and gratitude. She did not know all that he had done for her, but she knew that he was a most kind friend, and had a fear that he was a lover. She behaved to him much as she behaved to Count Casimir.

It may here be remarked that Maggie was very *anxious* that the Earl should not be deceived as to

who she was. Her respect, however, for Mr. Thurston kept her silent upon this point, though she used to say, both to him and to Lord Glenant, "Why do you give me this false name, and talk of me as Miss Bethnal instead of as Maggie Lauder? The dear old gentleman would not be less kind to me than he is now; and it is a great shame to let me be here under false colors."

The day of the great entertainment approached. By the way it was a very rainy day; and, but for Maggie's precautions, the company would have been rendered most uncomfortable by the dripping of the rain through the temporary roof. At the last moment, too, notwithstanding the whitewashing of the tarpaulins, there was found to be a sad deficiency of light in the huge temporary building—a deficiency which Maggie remedied by a suggestion that was made on a similar occasion by a great organizer. She proposed that the carriage lamps should be taken from the carriages of the various guests as they arrived, and should be set up in flower pots filled with sand, and arranged round the daïs in the ball-room. Lord Lochawe followed the execution of this suggestion with great delight.

"A brilliant idea," as he said, of his and Maggie's; and really she had such a way of making her suggestions appear to come from others, that it was no wonder that the Earl was partially deceived, and gave himself more credit than was strictly his due. He had, however, suggested the *sand*.

There was one great folly in the arrangements for the decoration of this building. This folly was solely attributable to the Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice.

Two or three days before the ball, they had devoted themselves to decoration, and they had put up sundry ornaments of gilt paper and colored muslin which Maggie had, from the first, looked upon with great dislike and apprehension. But Lord Lochawe had said, "My dear, we must humor them: the Duchess is said to have better taste in these matters than anybody in London; and I must say that I think those festoons are very pretty." Maggie was, of course, silenced, though she was not convinced. The only person whom she could get to sympathise with her at all, was Ruth Sumner; and Ruth's mind was so much set upon more serious matters, that her sympathy was of a very feeble and lymphatic character.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BALL AT LOUDENHAM CASTLE.

THE company began to arrive; and the new building, when lit up with the additional means of light taken from their carriages, presented a splendid appearance. All the people who were staying in the house complimented the Duchess and Lady Alice upon the taste which they had shown in giving the finishing touches to the adornment of the room. The guests as they arrived were welcomed by Lord Lochawe, in his usual nervous, fidgety and embarrassed manner. But never, in reality, was the Earl more assured of success, or more proud of his entertainment.

The company was of the most mixed character. There were all the great people of the county; there were all the Earl's tenants, and all his servants, foresters, gamekeepers and tacksmen, and there were all the servants of the various London guests.

Scotland and Spain are two countries in which there has been found, by some ingenious persons, great resemblance, — especially in the matter of religious fervor.* But there is, at any rate, one thing in which there certainly is a great resemblance between these two countries, and that is, in the *beauty*, grace and fervor of their national dances

* See Mr. Buckle.

We tame people in London know nothing of what dancing may be, unless we have seen a reel in Scotland or a *bolero* in Spain.

The dancing, however, began with dances of a more formal character. Lord Glenant and the other members of Lord Lochawe's family, and even Lord Lochawe, in his stately way, did their duty in these dances. Lord Glenant danced languidly, for he reserved his vigor for an occasion on which he knew it would be wanted.

There is a Scotch dance in which the lady suddenly advancing dances down the room. The object is then for the gentleman who, as it were, aspires to be her partner, to keep close to her and to set to her. It came to Maggie's turn to be this lady. This was what Lord Glenant had been looking out for. But not only Lord Glenant, for he had two most formidable rivals: one was his own little London tiger, a little agile imp of about four feet high, who was renowned for his skill in this dance; and the other was Lord Lochawe's favorite piper, a huge fellow about six feet three inches in height, who every now and then gave a lurch with his shoulder to some dangerous rival, and sent him spinning far away; and meanwhile the little London tiger slipped in and became the lady's partner.

It would seem to any person who had not seen this dance, that it must be a somewhat rude affair; but this is not the case, for there are certain rules which are never overstepped; and a dance, which you might expect to be somewhat rough and indecorous, is in reality most graceful and most decorous.

On such occasions there is no servility; perhaps there are no occasions on which there is more perfect equality. Lord Glenant did not find any favor from his two most formidable rivals—though they were his own tiger and his father's piper—but had only to rely upon his own skill and daring. At last his time arrived. The piper had displaced the boy, and, when Maggie was turning round at the lower end of the room to come up again to the dais, Lord Glenant slipped in between the giant and Maggie, and became her partner. He could not help saying to her, in low tones, "At last, dear Maggie, I am your partner." The girl's face was suffused by a blush, but it was a blush in which there was more of sorrow than of pleasure. As I have said before, every girl knows when she is loved, and every girl knows whether she can return that love or not. Poor Maggie felt very guilty. She thought what infinite honor this young man did her, according to the notions of his and her class, in loving her, knowing, too, who she really was and from what class she had sprung. Moreover, she felt intuitively that, strange as it might appear to the world, there were not those obstacles to their union which might have been anticipated. She knew she had won the old Earl's heart; and, with that skill in discerning character which belongs to all women, and especially to those who have risen from humble origin, she knew that the old Earl, though proud and, if the truth must be told, somewhat pompous, was a most unworldly man, and would not be able to resist the wishes of Lord Glenant and herself, if only they could wish the same thing. But, at the same time,

she felt that she could only love (and she now knew what love was) the man to whom she had given her heart, and this man was that middle-aged gentleman who had not hitherto joined in the dancing, but was regarding the whole scene with a dreamy look of satisfaction which peculiarly suited his expressive countenance.

Suddenly there was a confused noise of many voices; the music stopped; the dancers looked around them, and the ominous word "fire" ran through the whole assemblage.

When Maggie's objections had been overcome, or rather had been silenced, by the unanimous voice of those who had approved of the decorations, which had been so tastefully arranged by the Duchess of Brecon and Lady Alice, one thing only Maggie had insisted upon, and had carried her point, viz., that the two ladders which had been used in decorating should be retained in two corners of the room. Fortunate it was that she had been able to carry this point. She had hardly looked round before she saw Mr. Thurston on one of these ladders tearing down the burning frippery of gilt paper and colored muslin which had lent so much charm to the decorations. Lord Glenant flew to his assistance. All gave way to the young heir, who at once assumed the command; and, mounted on the other ladder, was doing his best to aid Mr. Thurston. Between them, and the huge piper and the young tiger, who had scrambled upon his master's shoulders, and whom Lord Glenant held up with one hand, while with the other he continued plucking down the burning muslin, the flames were extinguished and the

room was saved. The whole affair had not lasted more than six minutes, but the injuries which all four received were very considerable.

Maggie (we cannot call her Miss Bethnal any longer) disappeared from the scene. In a few minutes, and while they were calling for doctors and crowding round the sufferers, she reappeared with what was necessary for the proper treatment of the sufferers. She had been accustomed to treat injuries of a similar character. None are such sufferers as the poor from accidents of this kind, as the records of the London hospitals tell us. Maggie came in with servants bringing flour, and wadding, and butter and oil, and other things which her experience told her were requisite.

But to whom did she come first? To the one who was most dear to her—to Mr. Thurston. And after him her attentions were given to the little boy.

In the midst of all his pain Lord Glenant had watched Maggie's proceedings. He felt hurt at her going first to Mr. Thurston; he forgave that, however. But, when she turned to the child and took him upon her knees, and herself dressed his wounds, Lord Glenant felt the tears come very near his eyes, though he himself would have had the boy attended to first.

At last she came to him. "Dear Lord Glenant," she said, "I hope you are not much hurt."

"Ah, Maggie, Maggie," he replied, "I am the third, only the third that you come to."

"All here," she whispered, "love you and care for you, but the child has only his mother, and she *is* far away."

Though she made this good excuse, she blushed guiltily, for she felt that though Lord Glenant had been one of her best, and her earliest benefactors, it was not her first thought, or her second thought, that had been for him.

"Noblesse oblige," is a grand maxim, and not less true than grand. There was not a person of high rank in that crowd who had not behaved well, and with sufficient coolness, upon this trying occasion. The two principal sufferers, Lord Glenant and Mr. Thurston, behaved the best of all; and, though suffering severe pain from the injuries they received, insisted upon remaining in the ball-room, protesting that they were but slightly hurt, and that they were not going to be sent to bed like little children who had met with some trifling accident.

The music, at Lord Lochawe's orders, struck up again; the dancing re-commenced, and the joviality of the evening was rather enhanced than discouraged by this untoward accident. Lord Lochawe, for the remainder of the evening, hardly quitted his son's side, ministering to his wants with his own hands, but not diminishing the mental pain which the young Viscount felt, by pouring into his ears praise of Miss Bethnal's foresight and sagacity, and declaring that, without that foresight of hers, the untoward occurrence would have had most awful consequences.

Lord Glenant, who was swathed up in linen bandages and cotton wadding, and who, as he said himself, presented the appearance of "a cheerful mummy," made many good jokes about that appearance to his various friends, who, from the highest

to the humblest, came up, from time to time, to inquire how he felt, and to condole with him.

The Earl, who knew, or conjectured, how much his son was suffering, and who yet felt how he was behaving as a true Lochawe, in making light of pain, and not damping the mirth of the company on this great occasion, felt very proud of his son. He felt very sorrowful too, though he did not understand what his son meant, when, with his muffled hand he grasped his father's arm; and, the old Earl bending over him, said to his father, "The Lochawes, my dearest father, have never been supremely fortunate in love, have they?" The old Earl had not an idea at first what his son meant; but feeling compelled to tell the truth, he whispered to his son, and said, "No, my dear, they have not; but they have always been dignified and great, whatever misfortune may have befallen them." Then, in the recesses of Lord Lochawe's heart, there came a gleam of pleasure and satisfaction which he was much ashamed of, and thought very cruel, for he could not help conjecturing, and rejoicing in the conjecture, that his son's love for some obscure person (little he dreamt who that person was) was not destined to be fortunate. But his pity overcame that feeling, and he grasped his son's hand with a pressure that gave the young man exquisite pain, while he said to him, "Never mind, my dear boy, we can bear all things. I have borne it for a lifetime."

If he had any doubt before, Lord Glenant now knew without a doubt, that he was not loved by *Maggie*. He looked round for her. She was no longer one of the dancers, but was sitting on a foot-

stool by Mr. Thurston's side, and was devoting herself to changing, from time to time, the bandages around his hands and arms. Occasionally she came to Lord Glenant, who accepted her good offices, whether he wanted them or not, for it was a pleasure to him to be touched by Maggie, though he knew the kindly touch was only that of a doctress, and not of a loving woman.

CHAPTER XXXV.

UNEXPECTED EMIGRANTS.

As might have been expected, Lord Glenant : Mr. Thurston suffered a great deal from the inju they had received at the fire; and all the more cause they had so bravely maintained their place the ball, and had made light of the pain which t had then suffered. They both were obliged to main in bed for several days; and, during that ti Lord Glenant had much opportunity for serious flection.

The soliloquies which we hear upon the stage not unnatural things. There are some men who talk to themselves, and very connectedly. L Glenant was one of these; and his talking to h self was much as follows:—

"I thought I knew something about women; I see now that I did not. I have been idiot enou to fall in love with two women, one after the oth the merits of whose characters are exactly such to make them blind to the merits, if any, of character. I see that there is a large class of wo en, and that among the very best of women, w are condemned to admire *un homme sérieux*. W a good expression that is in the French, and h *un*translatable!

"Over these deluded women un homme séri

whatever his age, whatever his good looks or the want of them, whatever his circumstances, exercises an irresistible fascination. The Grand Duchess (this was the nickname for the Duchess of Brecon in her family) was not so far wrong, and I wish I had not been so rude to her, when she foresaw the possibility of our having a stepmother. I say possibility for nothing is more improbable, at least on my father's part. But I do believe, that if we three were cast upon a desert island, Maggie and the Earl and I, Maggie would prefer the Earl to me; because he would be such a serious Robinson Crusoe, and would build and plant and waylay turtles in such a business-like manner; whereas I should be perpetrating my foolish jokes, even if I did a great deal of hard work.

"Henceforward, I will be *un homme serieux*.

"It is very hard, by the way, that Maggie never gives me any credit for my work as private secretary to my father. By Jove! but I do believe that old Tubular Drainage, or that fellow who is so anxious to teach elderly peasants their A B and C, would have a much better chance with Maggie than I should. I say again, henceforward I will be *un homme sérieux*.

"What a capital subject for a farce it would be. A young scamp, like myself, being obliged to play the part of a serious man in order to have any chance with his lady love, and his occasional outbursts into levity, after having done his drainage, or his vaccination, or his education, or his politics, for a time with consummate acting. I fear I should break *out sometimes*; for Nature, though forked out ever

so diligently, has a horrid way of coming back again; in fact, Nature is a watery kind of creature, and you can't well use the fork to her. But I will try! I will try! as the Frenchman said, when he was asked whether he thought he could catch the fox.

"The first thing is to read a great many pamphlets. I have observed that serious men are always digesting pamphlets.

"It is a shame, though, to make fun of them, for I suppose the world wants them very much, and could not get on without them; and, though they bore us a little sometimes, we must recollect that no great thing is accomplished in this hard impassive world without a great deal of boring. I shall become a bore myself; but what to bore upon is the question. Ha, Casimir, is it you? I have been thinking very deeply about emigration, my dear fellow, and before you go, I shall have a pamphlet ready for you on the subject. The women will be difficult for you to manage. My pamphlet, I think, will chiefly turn upon the art of managing them."

Here we must leave Lord Glenant and Count Casimir to finish their conversation thus begun.

I have only to add, that Count Casimir gained two emigrants whom he had never expected to join in his enterprise. These were Lord Glenant and Maggie Lauder. It happened in this way: Maggie, who suffered much from Mr. Thurston's coldness, and who now knew clearly what was the state of her own heart, and upon whom her affections were set, thought that she could not do better than join the party of emigration. Perhaps that was some piqua

in her determination to make the offer; and that pique was not diminished when she found that Mr. Thurston pressed them to accept her offer, and it was accepted.

Lord Glenant finding that Maggie was going, suddenly became anxious to follow Casimir, and to conduct the Lochawe tenants and laborers, himself, to the new colony. Who, as he said, would be so fitted to conduct and guide, and keep them in order, as his father's son? Lord Lochawe was at first horrified at this proposition; but, finding that Lord Glenant's heart was set upon the project, and that everybody, even including the learned and judicious Thurston, approved of Glenant's proposal—finally, as usual, gave way. Though he did not say anything to anybody about this, he had a source of much comfort in his mind. He bethought him what an authority in all emigration matters his son would become, in the House of Commons, when he returned; and he stipulated that that return should take place within a year's time.

Lord Glenant willingly assented to this. Indeed, he was somewhat ashamed of leaving his father, when so many were leaving him, too; but he resolved that in that time he would win Maggie, if she was to be won by him, which he now much doubted, but which he knew would be a great delight to his father. Indeed, the old Earl had more than once thrown out hints of this, saying, in a somewhat mysterious and official way, that there were persons who were suitable to other persons, if only those other persons had the good sense to see this; but the *young* men of the present day were very head-

strong, and indeed quite incomprehensible to him, the Earl.

To speak the plain truth, nothing would have delighted him more than to find Lord Glenant appreciate as fully as he, the Earl, did the many merits and surpassingly good qualities of Miss Bethnal. The Earl even thought that, if she had stayed at home, she might have succeeded Ruth Sumner as the feminine private secretary to his lordship.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CASIMIR'S ILL-SUCCESS IN LOVE.

WHAT a passionate love we all have for novelty! I remember, when I was a child, that another child (I am afraid it was not a girl) used to say, "Give me something pretty, give me something new." And the child always dwelt less upon the *pretty* than upon the *new*. In fact, custom and novelty divide the world between them. Goethe says somewhere (Goethe, who always goes down into the depths of things) that we take, as it were, a new lease of life, when we commence any new epoch in our lives. If we have a new office, a new career, a change of country, we grandly ignore the past. New religions demand new eras to date from; and the Caliph Omar, a savage in most respects, was a statesman when he instituted the Hegira, and determined that the day of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina was the date from which all good Mahometans should thenceforth reckon the course of time.

Even disaster is sometimes robbed of half its bitterness by the novelty which accompanies it.

Every one of the actors whom we have brought upon the stage in this tale felt what I have just been describing. Casimir's great enterprise gave new zest in life to all of them. Even dear old Lord *Lochawe felt* this zest most keenly. Neglecting,

to the astonishment of his colleagues, his own work, and ceasing, much to their delight, to interfere with theirs, he devoted all his time to researches connected with emigration. He began these researches before leaving town, and while at Loudenham, devoted all the leisure that he had there to completing these researches. He routed up all the notes that he had made in former days on this subject. He undertook the task of forming a library which Casimir was to carry out with him. To contemplate the amount of dulness which this collection of books contained, would be something which would appal ordinary men. But more than this, Lord Lochawe busied himself in writing what he called "An Emigrant Chief's Manual;" but which Lord Glenant, whose sense of the ludicrous was not rendered extinct by the depression of spirits under which he now labored from Maggie's indifference to him, was wont to call "Dr. Watts amongst the Savages," or "Hannah More in the Bush."

No people enjoy novelty more than young girls, who for the most part have somewhat of a monotonous life. Even Lady Alice thought less about Charlie Ashurst and the future that was in store for her; and, as for Ruth, her one thought, day and night, was what she could do to contribute to the success of Casimir's enterprise, and to make it safer and easier for him.

Ruth chiefly gave her mind to the choice of the young peasant women who were to accompany the emigrants, and to making arrangements for them. She knew full well how much of the success of the undertaking depended upon the women who would

be connected with it. She was not one of those very foolish virgins who dream the anti-utopian dream that life is to be made more felicitous by making women equal to men. She knew that men had the bigger brain, the stronger arm, the larger mind, and the soul more open to justice. Not the less, on that account, did she think that the career for women was not substantially inferior to that for men. Had it been her good fortune (and she longed that it had been) to accompany this band of emigrants as Casimir's wife, what noble work would have fallen to her lot—to soothe, console, and, sometimes, to direct by loving counsel, the husband of her fond imagination. She pictured him coming home at evening-time to his sorry hut, wearied and depressed by all the difficulties and jealousies that beset the founding of a new colony, and thought how she might, on such occasions, which would be sure to happen, administer that sweet soothing and encouragement which only a woman can give to a man under these depressing circumstances.

The members of Lord Lochawe's household were all so busy now, busy in their different ways, that they had not much time for long conversations with each other. It was a great source of amusement to the rest of them, that Lord Lochawe and the Herr Professor had taken so much to one another, and were deeply engaged in concocting together what that wicked Lord Glenant called "Hannah More in the Bush." In this great work were to be enunciated all the imposing doctrines of official reform, which Lord Lochawe had in vain endeavored to impress upon his colleagues and upon the public in this

hemisphere, and which, as regards the Professor, had nearly caused, and would have caused if it had not been for Ruth, his being sent to philosophize in Siberia.

Casimir, as the head of the enterprise, had a large correspondence to conduct with the various persons who were aiding him in their several ways.

One day, after coming from Lord Lochawe's study, where he had received a lecture, to which he listened with becoming patience, as to the formation of a sort of privy council, with the aid of which he was to direct the affairs of the colony, he went into Lady Alice's boudoir, to have some discourse with Ruth as to the arrangements for the female emigrants.

It wanted now but a few weeks to the time when the emigrants were to embark.

Ruth, not even when she was in Russia, and was directing their flight through that country, was more clear, decisive, and business-like than she was now. Casimir felt the tenderest admiration for her. He had given up all hope of winning her for himself; but he could not help thinking that so noble a person ought to have a part in an enterprise which he, with all the faith of an enthusiast, had brought himself to believe was one of the noblest in the world.

"Why should you not come with us, Ruth?" he exclaimed. "All would go right if you were to come with us." Ruth was not given to blushing, and even when she did blush, hers was one of those complexions in which blushing was but little perceived. But she did blush now; and the blush was occasioned by a mingled feeling of shame and vexation.

She thought to herself, if he had but said "Why should you not come with *me*." Then she felt ashamed at the thought, knowing how gladly she would have answered in the affirmative. As it was, she coldly replied, "Oh, I should only be an encumbrance.

"No," said Casimir, "it would be the greatest blessing and comfort to us all." "Us all?" If he had but said "*to me*."

But Casimir this day did nothing but make blunders, egregious blunders. "My father," he said, "will miss you so much."

At each sentence of Casimir's, Ruth became more and more indignant. He saw the indignation rising in her expressive countenance; and getting further and further into error, added, "I know, of course, that a brilliant career in England awaits you. You will doubtless be the head of a great household, and the Lady Bountiful, not of the parish only, but of the county; still you might give us poor emigrants the benefit of your aid and advice, if only for a short time. It is not an enterprise unworthy of you, and you could be back in nine months. You could return when Glenant does."

Now a notion that Ruth had got into her head was, that she was a very plain girl. Then, too, she thought that all men were charmed and subdued by beauty in women; and she looked upon Count Casimir's allusion to her possibly making what is called a brilliant marriage, as almost an insult on his part. Besides, to tell the truth, there was in her mind a renewed jealousy of Maggie, and a belief that Maggie followed Casimir, and that Casimir endured this

following, from there being a good understanding between them that they were to be married in the new colony.

"I thank you, Count Casimir," Ruth replied, "for your wish that I should take a part in this emigration scheme of yours. I have no doubt it would redound to the renown of any one who should partake it; but permit me to say, without any reference to the 'brilliant career' which you have imagined for me, I must be allowed to decline your kind offer."

After this there was very little conversation for several days between Casimir and Ruth; and, when they did speak to one another in the presence of others, it was in a very formal manner, addressing one another as Count Casimir and Miss Sumner.

Shortly after the ball at Loudenham Castle, the whole party returned to London.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE FIRST.

EVER since Count Maremma's rescue everything had gone well, up to this time, with his son, Count Casimir. Both in London and in the country, his preparations for emigration had been most hopefully conducted. But on his return from Loudenham Castle, his fortunes seemed to have taken another and quite a different turn. He found discord and difficulty where he had left accord and facility. He was overwhelmed by unwelcome letters, and by demands for interviews, which were only to give vent to complaints and grievances.

A few days after his return he was at Lochawe House; and he could not help disclosing some of his troubles to his friends and coadjutors there. His practical men, he said, the engineers, doctors, first-class artisans, were all wanting something or other that could not be done, and were ingeniously inventing difficulties.

Poor Casimir! he had yet to learn what a terrible part temper plays in the most serious business of the world. And yet, not exactly "temper," but the desire for eminence.

Ask any great statesman or commander, and he will tell you that the work to be done is easy enough: *the main trouble* is with the tempers, dignities, vani-

ties, and susceptibilities of the people who have to do it. This is chiefly the fault of our system of education. We say to the child, "Be first: whatever you do, take care to get precedence from your way of doing it;" and then, having implanted in the child a morbid desire for pre-eminence, we wonder that it acts so tiresomely in the grown-up man, and that he will never be contented with being, as they say at college, "a good second." There will be no great improvement in the world until this discontent, fostered by too ardent competition, is somewhat abated.

Casimir was not yet versed enough in the ways of the world to philosophize in the foregoing fashion; and he felt most keenly the unreasonableness he had to deal with on all sides. For the first time, perhaps, he fully realized the difficulty of the enterprise he had undertaken. Not that he was really daunted, not that the faintest idea of abandoning his work entered his mind. Men of Count Casimir's stamp are sure to go through with what they have once undertaken. But, still, he was, for the moment, profoundly discouraged; it always being a very serious time of trouble for a young man, when he finds out fully that human beings are very difficult creatures to act with, or to manage.

The young Count leant his head upon his hands at a table covered with papers; and notwithstanding his boast of being as hardy in mind as an Englishman, tears of vexation were very near his eyes. The tears of foreigners are nearer to their eyes than *our* tears are to ours.

"Just look at the absurdity of it," he exclaimed;

"every one of these men wants to be first. Each of the clergymen wants to be a bishop; each of the young doctors a medical director; and every one of the principal laymen wishes to be the first in a council.

"Wise old John, too, sent a message to me, to say that there was a 'mort of trouble' down there, and that I must come to him as soon as I could. I have not been able to go yet."

"And what shall you do first, Count Casimir?" said Ruth, who, together with Maggie and Lord Glenant, was in the room when Casimir indulged in this detail of his troubles.

"Why, I shall try the engineers, and the other men of business first," replied Casimir: "they are the pith and marrow of the undertaking."

"My dear Casimir," said Lord Glenant, "take me with you to see these fellows. I am a foolish, frivolous sort of person, I know; but there is, deep down, a mine of wisdom in me. Of the nature and value of the hidden treasures in this mine, you may judge when I tell you that I could declare, upon oath, if it were necessary, that I have never been astonished at the development of any amount of folly in any human being. In my epitaph, let it be said, 'Here lies Lord Glenant, as foolish a fellow as ever was'" (here he stole a glance at Maggie, who looked the other way), "'but who never expected anybody else to be less foolish.'"

Then he went to Casimir, put his hand affectionately upon the other's arm, and said, "Seriously, Casimir, take me with you to-morrow: I shall do you a world of good in making you laugh, if such a *sober-minded* fellow can be made to laugh, as we go *from one interview to another.*"

Casimir consented. Ruth and Maggie said nothing; but each of them determined to take some part of the work into their own hands—and afterwards they arranged not to tell Casimir beforehand of their intention, but to call upon him the following evening about seven o'clock, if they were successful.

The next day, Lord Glenant and Casimir made their rounds—with considerable success; for Lord Glenant, from his nature supplementing that of Casimir, was a peculiarly valuable ally to the young Count; and, besides, the presence and earnest advocacy of Lord Lochawe's son added much weight to whatever arguments were used.

Casimir sat alone in his lodgings that evening, not so discouraged as he had been on the preceding day, but still very wearied, and not in a very happy frame of mind, when he was told that a young lady had called and wished to see him in Mrs. Reddington's parlor.

He went down to see this young lady, expecting to find some young woman who had been chosen by "wise old John" as an emigrant, but who, of course, would have some especial grievance which he must listen to patiently, and soothe or remove. He sighed wearily as he went down stairs. A droll thought, however, crossed his mind as he descended. I hope "wise old John" has not been kissing her: really he is so altered, and has become so youthful, that I should not wonder. And the women will like him, I suppose, even if they complain of his gallantry. Some men seem to have been born under a *lucky* star, as regards all their dealings with that perverse portion of the human race.

It will be seen that Casimir had not recovered from the bitterness of feeling which Ruth's rejection had brought into his soul.

Before describing the interview between the young lady and Casimir, I must narrate what Ruth and Maggie had been engaged upon during the day. Ruth had betaken herself to the clergy. She thought that she could do more with them than with any other of the various classes with whom Casimir had to deal. She had some acquaintance with them, as they had all dined at Lord Lochawe's, and had discussed there the principal affairs which concerned them in the proposed enterprise.

Maggie, on the other hand, naturally betook herself to her own people, in that miserable quarter of the town which has so often been described in these pages; for she felt sure that if she could do any good, it would be there. She went first to old John, and was welcomed by him in these words: "I'm main glad to see you, Miss Maggie. Drat the women, I say; drat 'em; they're all so hasty."

"Well, Mr. John, but I'm a woman; so you must not be so hard upon them while I'm with you. And are all the men so reasonable?"

"Drat the men too," said old John very peevishly; "they're very like women when they're at their worst, and they allus follow arter 'em when there's mischief."

We need not pursue this conversation between old John and Maggie, which was conducted in the foregoing manner, and with all the slowness which old John thought to be the surest sign of wisdom.

At last Maggie made out what had been the main

cause of the disturbance which had arisen, and which all wise Old John's wisdom had not been able yet to quell.

It was this: There was a certain Mrs. Moyler, one of those peevish, discontented mortals who are to be found in every small community, and who, by ill-natured sayings, judiciously administered, always contrive to have some weight. Everybody, who knows anything of the world, knows that there is not a surer element of power than the art of saying unpleasant things, and making oneself eminently disagreeable. Mrs. Moyler was a proficient in that art.

Now, there was a Mrs. Howard, who had been chosen by Casimir, at the instance of Old John, to be a sort of matron to some of the young women and orphan children who were going out with the other emigrants. She was a good, motherly creature, well fitted for the place. It need hardly be said that Mrs. Moyler hated her and envied her. Besides, Mrs. Moyler hated the whole of this emigration scheme. It took away victims from her. How should she be able to know enough, at any rate for a time, of the private history of new people, and therefore be able to say the most disagreeable things to them? She felt as if she was being defrauded of her property; and no words were too bad for her to use towards "the Frenchman's white slaves," as she called Casimir's proposed colonists.

She was so sorry, she said, that poor Mrs. Howard, who was not a bad sort of body, should have demeaned herself to look after "a sylum of idiots and hussies."

These ill-natured sayings were, of course, passed on to Mrs. Howard, who was a sensitive woman, rather above her position in that neighborhood, having, before she married, been in service in a clergyman's family. At last she was persuaded that she was doing something very wrong in undertaking this matronship, and came to Old John to tell him that she could not look after these girls and children any longer.

Not George III., when Lord Chatham would resign, was more chagrined, and more indignant with his minister, than Old John was with his. He forgot (as philosophers, in practice, will) his own favorite maxim, and was anything but "not hasty." But this was not all, Mrs. Moyler's sayings had taken effect in other quarters, and, for the moment, there was a feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction throughout the whole neighborhood. Many of them began to think that *they* had been too hasty.

Maggie had no sooner learnt all this than she set to work, in her most vigorous fashion, to counteract the evil. To say how many old women Maggie threw her arms round, how many little children she kissed, and how many judicious gifts she distributed, may hardly be told. By the way, the money which furnished these gifts was a source of sore trouble and heart-burning to poor Maggie. She received a small allowance from Mr. Thurston; and it is not a pleasant thing for a girl to receive an allowance from a man whom she loves devotedly, and who is cold to her. But she thought it her duty to receive it, and was very glad to have an opportunity *of spending* some of it for the common good.

But to return to Maggie's doings on this memorable day. She did not fear to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country. She attacked the formidable Mrs. Moyler, and did not hesitate to tell that lady, in the presence of sundry witnesses, and with all that strength of language, which, according to the good old Earl, she had learnt from men of letters, that she, Mrs. Moyler, was a bad, envious, mischief-making woman, with a bitter tongue, as they all knew, and no real sense to guide it. It was in vain that Mrs. Moyler sneered at fine young ladies who had come out of the gutter, and whose fine clothes (Maggie was very plainly dressed) came from heaven knows whom, and for heaven knows what; notwithstanding these dreadful sayings, Maggie came off with flying colors; and, to maintain our military metaphor, was triumphant all along the line.

With good Mrs. Howard, Maggie changed her tactics, and relied only on what gentleness and persuasiveness could do. And here she manifested a trait of such boldness and originality of character, as showed at once what an extraordinary girl she was. "We all know," she said, "what Mrs. Moyler meant by talking about 'hussies.' You remember my mother, Mrs. Howard. Well, was she not nice? was she not kind and good? did not you all love her? I've heard you say so many times."

"Yes, dear, indeed we did."

"Well, what was she? I'm not ashamed, because she was deceived. I love her the more now that I *know* how she must have suffered, and yet how good she was."

I suppose there is not one person in ten thousand that would have ventured to make this allusion, and would have made it so skilfully, so delicately, and so tenderly.

Maggie's labors lasted for more than eight hours, for she would see everybody. In one house she dined with the family—which had a great effect; and many of her old friends, especially the boys, came to see "Miss Maggie" there.

Her final triumph was in taking Mrs. Howard to "wise old John's" room, to express her penitence, and withdraw her resignation. To anybody with a keen sense of the ludicrous—but Maggie was, by this time, too tired to appreciate the comedy of the thing—it would have been a great treat to have seen old John receive his repentant satellite. It was with a complete but yet dignified forgiveness. At the same time there was sorrow that there should have been occasion for anything to be forgiven. Very few people, but the most daring, would have liked to be in Mrs. Howard's shoes, when she sat down in old John's only chair, which, with great politeness, he insisted upon her taking, while, standing in front of her, and slowly rubbing his hands, he awaited her explanation. However, thanks to Maggie's assistance, the interview went off well; and Mrs. Howard was reinstated in old John's favor, and received again the seals of office, in the shape of a key to an old chest of drawers, in which were kept the clothes that were being made for the young emigrants.

After all, though giving all due credit to Ruth and *Maggie for* their exertions this day, it must be

owned that women have a great advantage over men in a certain splendid unscrupulousness and absence of shame in the arguments and inducements they use to gain any end they are determined upon gaining. Now, Maggie took care to bring gifts. Nor did the more high-minded and fastidious Miss Ruth hesitate to hold out hopes and almost promises of what her cousin the Earl would or might do, if, after all, the enterprise should prove a failure. Casimir would have thought this a sort of bribery, and would have shrunk, with aversion, from anything of the kind.

Moreover, the girls did not scruple to point out how ill and worn he seemed, what a wreck he was when compared with his former self; and Maggie did not hesitate to intimate who those were who had made him this wreck, and how good and dutiful they ought to be to him, and how fond of him, if on that account only.

Now the Count would have died—nay, more, would almost have abandoned his enterprise—rather than have exposed, as it were, his wounds for public pity. Neither would Glenant have done this for his friend; but a woman could do it gracefully, and almost with unconsciousness of their being any derogation in the thing. They are so much more practical than we are.

And now, after narrating some of the proceedings of Ruth and Maggie during this day, we must return to Casimir's lodgings, where this young lady was waiting to see him. As he entered the parlor he had the unexpected pleasure of seeing that it was Ruth who had come to visit him.

"Dear Ruth, I am so glad to see you," he exclaimed; "We have had a hard day's work, but not altogether unsuccessful. Glenant is wonderful with these men of business. He seems always to be in the right key with them. They take to him."

"Well, Casimir, I have good news too. Was it not Queen Elizabeth, of whom I never knew whether we women should be proud or ashamed, who told some bishop that, 'By God, she would unfrock him?' I'm greater than the queen, for I have persuaded our bishops that would be, to say that they do not wish for episcopal vestments. But seriously, there is to be no question of procedure or authority. It was all a mistake. You men, my dear Count, make everything so precise, and so hard and so rough; whereas we women glide over difficulties. Nothing could be nicer than what they all said at last, and agreed to."

The young Count thought to himself what a regularly feminine word that word "nice" is, which may mean so much, and may mean so little; but he did not give utterance to this thought, and merely replied, somewhat sarcastically—

"Priests and women, I suppose, understand each other better than priests and other men; or other men and women."

Ruth colored up, partly with anger, and said, "That's not a very gracious speech, Count Casimir."

He hastened to apologise. "No, Miss Sumner, indeed it is not. I beg a thousand pardons. You little know how deeply I feel how much I am indebted to your kindness for setting this tiresome *matter straight.* I dare say at last we shall get

everything else straight; and then we shall have to go."

He uttered the last words in a tone of regret; and waited, hoping that Ruth, too, would say something which implied regret; but she remained silent.

"I think," he resumed, "the Earl will miss us sadly. I feel ashamed at taking away Glenant—and Maggie, too, whom the Earl has taken to so kindly."

"I think, perhaps, Miss Lauder will be of more comfort to some, or at least to one, of the emigrants, than she would be even to my cousin."

"What *do* you mean, Miss Sumner? Maggie is one of the sweetest girls in the world—and one of the cleverest; but—"

Here the door opened, and another young lady was admitted, being no other than Maggie herself, who had come to give a report of her successes.

It seemed to be fated that Maggie should come to those lodgings at the most inopportune and unfortunate times for Count Casimir. As happened on the former occasion, he did not fail to welcome Maggie cordially, though he said to himself, "I do believe I might have brought Ruth to think more kindly of me, if she had remained alone with me, and we had had more talk. It was too presumptuous, but I almost fancied there was a little touch of jealousy at the mention of Maggie's name. But then it might have been Glenant that Ruth was thinking of. Anyhow, it is most unfortunate."

The conversation became general. The girls related their adventures; and after Maggie had received due praise from Casimir for all her skill and

courage (he knew Mrs. Moyler, and had a proper dread of her), Ruth and Maggie went away together, leaving Casimir to his reflections, which were not altogether roseate, though the day had been a day of manifold success as regards the main project, but not the dearest one, of his life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOVERS SEEN FROM A BALCONY.

RUTH was very miserable, but not the less did she labor at her appointed work, and strive in every way to promote the success of her lover's enterprise. One of the things that, woman-like, she was most anxious about, was his health. Casimir was no longer the strong, healthy young man that he had been when he first came to England. Ruth was convinced that without the supervision of a loving woman, indeed, if the truth must be told, without her own supervision, he would probably die of some dreadful fever in the country to which he was going. How willingly would she have gone with him as a servant, if it might have been so. Ruth endured a martyrdom in thinking over these things. How well has a poetess, a girl like herself, expressed all that Ruth endured,—

> For the mark of rank, in nature, is capacity for pain;
> And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain.

Ruth's anguish, however, was not expressed in poetry, but in hard practical work of the most prosaic description. And never was her work better done. But this is often the case; and many a worker may say with Schubert, "The work done in my

most miserable moments was the work that pleased the public most."

She was now preparing a medicine-chest, fitted with the medicines most suitable for the climate to which the emigrants were going. She had taken that good physician, Dr. Watson, into her councils, and had made him write a long and careful description of what was to be done in case of any of the emigrants being attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to the country to which they were going. It is needless to say who of the emigrants was most in Ruth's thoughts.

Casimir found her, a day or two before the day of his proposed departure, packing up this said medicine-chest.

Casimir praised the neatness of her packing. Ruth said, "There is one thing, Count Casimir, that I wish you to promise me. I have always intended to ask you to make this promise, and I am glad to have an opportunity now of doing so. I have done the best, as you know, in my little way, to aid you and your people in this enterprise; and you must now attend to what I say. If any of you are ill,—if you yourself should be, for instance,—you must promise me to look at once at the instructions which our good doctor has set down for your guidance. Here they are at the top of the box, you see; and not a moment must be lost in looking at them and obeying them, if any occasion should arise."

"It would not," said Casimir, "so much matter for me,—I mean it would not so much matter if anything were to happen to me,—if it should happen

after the colony had been well started, and had taken something like form." This of course he said, as the way of men is, to try her, and see what she would say.

Ruth took it seriously. "Without you what would become of the whole enterprise? you are the life and soul of it."

"Some better and stronger person would be found," said Casimir. "There is always such a one amongst two or three hundred persons."

"Not such a one as you."

"Do you really think so, Ruth? I hardly thought you had such a favorable opinion of me."

"As a leader, yes," said Ruth.

"And only as a leader?" asked Casimir, somewhat mournfully. And then the young man advanced a step nearer to Ruth and took her hand, saying, at the same time, "Yours, I am afraid, Ruth, is only, as Lord Lochawe would say, a good opinion of me, speaking officially; but his is very different, for I should wrong the dear old man sadly, if I were to say that he has only an official liking for me. Would that I could think the same of some one else, whose good opinion, shall I say whose affectionate regard, I would die to have." Here he took her hand in his and held it.

A great philosopher has written a treatise to illustrate the merits and wonders of the human hand. I do not remember, however, any chapter in which he mentions that more love has been expressed, at any rate in the early stages of love-making, by the hand than by the eye or the voice. Why, even that low order of reptiles, called tortoises, understand the

human hand, and put out their timid head fearlessly when the hand which they can trust handles them.

Ruth did not withdraw her hand rapidly from Casimir's; but neither would she return the slight but anxiously fond pressure which she felt. It was with a soft, lingering, sliding movement that at length she withdrew her hand from his. She thought, poor girl, that it was the last time that her hand would ever linger in his. The thought of his death in a distant country, amidst *savages*, for so she was pleased to designate in her mind the intelligent Indians amidst whom Casimir was to have his future home, came vividly before her; but even at this trying moment she did not fail to maintain her maidenly reserve. She drew back a little; and stood, as it were, a picture of irresolution. Great painters have seized upon many felicitious subjects for the display of their grand art; but I do not remember any picture of surpassing excellence which portrays that phase of love where the maiden stands irresolute, letting, "I *must* not, wait upon I would."

Ruth, for want of something better to do, and impatient of remaining in that attitude which I have just described, moved towards the window, and stepped out upon the balcony. Casimir silently followed her.

Generally in every small country town there is some sequestered place which enjoys the appellation of "Love Lane," or "The Lovers' Walk." Such spots are rare in many-peopled London, but at the rear of Lochawe House there was a secluded place which might well have been called "Love Lane," or "*The Lovers'* Walk." It was a wide open space

bounded, as geographers would say, by Lochawe House to the north, by the high walls of another mansion to the south and east, and having to the west only a small outlet, partly fenced off with iron railings, which led to the busier portions of the town.

At the moment when Ruth looked out, and while Casimir standing behind her, looked over her shoulder, there was a pair of lovers who had availed themselves of the Lochawe Passage, for so it was called, to have a serious conversation. They seemed to know the place; doubtless they had been there many times before; but this was a most important evening for them, as for those other lovers in the balcony above them.

It was that dusky time of twilight, so welcome to lovers. He, I mean the lover in the street, was evidently pleading his cause most ardently. It was evident, too, that the young lady was not yet quite won.

There was animated conversation between them; then they walked up and down together. Then they came to a standstill; and both were silent, while they looked up at the red, nascent moon. He glanced round somewhat fearfully; but he saw that the passage was empty, and he did not notice the presence in the balcony of Ruth and Casimir.

Meanwhile, these two looked on curiously and anxiously, forgetting themselves for the moment, or rather looking on as Hamlet and his mother, and the King of Denmark, might have looked on at the play, *within* the play, that told so much of their own story. *It is* perhaps wrong to betray the feelings of our

heroine, but she did feel a little impatient that the young man, the one in the passage, did not bring matters more rapidly to a conclusion. Ruth also felt a little ashamed at looking on, and experienced the shame of a listener who is compelled by some overpowering motive to listen, though feeling all the time the wrongfulness of so doing.

She had not to wait long. The young man bent down to the girl; and whispered something in her ear, at the same time putting his arm round her waist. She gently removed his arm, but it came round her again as if it had been an inanimate thing, which must move by some inevitable impulse in that direction. And the second time she did not attempt to remove it. There was then a kiss. They walked up and down together once or twice. Then, as they parted, they embraced again, and at once left the avenue.

"How happy they must be," said Casimir softly to Ruth; and, so saying, he put his arm round her waist as the other had done. She merely said, "I suppose we are to play out the play as those two have just played it. It certainly was a pretty scene." Then she removed his hand exactly as the girl in the avenue had done with her lover's; Casimir's arm came round Ruth's waist, in just the same manner as his prototype's; and, in short, the whole scene was re-enacted in the balcony (or rather in the room, for they had retired from the balcony) just as it had been acted in the avenue beneath them.

They both burst out laughing. There was something so comical in the whole affair: but Casimir, *amidst his* laughter, took care to keep Ruth very

close to him. "Do you think, dear Ruth," he said, "if he had asked her to go with him to a distant country, and share his fate as a poor colonist, she would have consented?"

"I think she would," said Ruth, falteringly, "if—"

"If what, Ruth? If what?"

"If she loved him as much—"

"As much, dear Ruth?—"

"As much as I do you, my own dear Casimir."

What need is there to prolong this scene, or to say more than that the departure of the colonists was postponed for a few days, and that Casimir and Ruth went out as husband and wife to their new colony?

What befel them there, and what befel Lord Glenant, Maggie, and the other personages who have figured in this story may, or may not, be told in a future tale, which should describe the fortunes, good or ill, of the colonists who accompanied Count Casimir Maremma in this, the great enterprise of his life.

THE END.

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